

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

CHAPTER I

Darrow's Is Different

Had it not been for those tiny little yellow notes cut thrifflily eight to a sheet of copy-paper and distributed free on Saturday to the staff at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, we should never have begun Monday morning in the state of tension which was so appropriate a commencement for that portentous day, nor should we have ended the whole affair of the Colfax bookplate in such a state of glory. But Mr. Roberts, our newly statistical Caledonian manager, had noted that on each morning of the preceding week an average of nine members of the staff had punched the time-clock between five and sixteen minutes past nine, and he had concluded that the reason could not always have been the "Difference in Clocks," the "Subway Block," or the "Alarm That Never Went Off at All"—important features as these are all of modern commercial civilization. Consequently, at noon on Saturday he had broadcast a general storm-warning in the language of diplomacy, or, to be more plain-spoken, on yellow notes enclosed in our pay-envelopes. I transcribe my copy:

(Typewritten)
"Miss Constance Fuller:
"Nine o'clock Monday please!
"Thomas Alexander Roberts."

I believe that every morning when I enter the silent shop I must unconsciously breathe a prayer of thanksgiving that, although life is by no means always May, at least I belong in Darrow's. I started selling books before it got to be a "New Career for Women," with courses on how to do it, and then obtained, through the college employment bureau, a position in Darrow's. A bright young woman was wanted, "to assist." And at what, pray, could one assist in a bookshop except at selling books? At least, so I reasoned. The idea of doing so struck me with great force, though it struck me alone. On hearing that Darrow's had hired me, my mother exclaimed: "Dear child, I'm so happy for you! I always wanted to work in a store; but had I breathed the fact at your age, I'd have been put out in the snow a la 'Way Down East.'" My brother said: "How much are you going to get? Strike for a raise." And my dear father on learning that I declined to hang around his neck like a beautiful wunally millstone, was nobler of all, for he merely remarked, "Well, Darrow's is different."

It is, indeed. Nope but that overworked adjective describes it. There are many bookshops, but there is no other quite like Darrow's. It is an oasis in the desert of a rushing, prosaic business neighborhood, unaffected picturesque. Sixty years ago, the building was a vast, comfortable corner dwelling, with a stable, doubtless full of fat horses, down the side street. Now that stable is the shipping room; and where the ground-floor dining room used hospitably to receive a dozen guests an evening in addition to the 1800-size family, Darrow's bookshop today receives its customers. The shop also extends over the site of the old kitchen, pantry, and store rooms, and the upper reaches of its lofty walls inclose the old-time first-story parlor.

Every new customer coming in past my desk beside the front door gasps at the noble spread of the bookshelves from floor to ceiling on the long north and south walls, with a gallery running around them at half their height. He will find fiction on the tables, standard works on the walls, classified subject-collections in the alcoves. He may view at leisure the fine collections of old prints and engravings which ornament the gallery railings, and in which we do a considerable business. And he will certainly admire his own reflection in the bright brass cage of our little elevator at the rear of the central aisle, which it is the chief joy of Ulysses S. G. Jackson, our elderly colored janitor, to polish if necessary, to the neglect of his other duties.

It was with Ulysses, as usual, that I exchanged my first greeting on arriving at the bookshop that famous Monday. For thirty years Darrow's and every individual and circumstance connected with it had constituted Ulysses' life. His chief passion, besides brass polishing, was that thrilling daily magazine entitled "Daily Snapshots," which, as everybody knows, consists of three-quarters pictures and one-quarter 14-point type, and which features with double spreads such important news items as "Right Arm of Statesman's Divorced Wife Found in Well." He now folded up his last dust cloth and approached me solemnly, drawing a copy of this journal from beneath his sweater.

"You've been out early for the paper, Ulysses."

"Yas'm. Does you want to see it?" "Yes, what's the news this morning?" For twenty-four hours the country must have been inconveniently free from crimes of extraordinary violence; the editors of "Snapshots" had been reduced to using for a front-page sensation scientific observations of latest visiting foreign headliner, which were summed up in the caption: "Psychic Expert Delinquent Next World."

"Cain't no worse'n this one," remarked Ulysses.

"What's the matter, Ulysses? Have you got rheumatism?"

"No'm. I ain't got no rheumatism. I got a message. Some'n bad's go'n happen."

"Pshaw, Ulysses! something bad's always going to happen."

"No'm, you're hiding from yourself, Miss Fuller; some'n bad's go'n happen. I knows it."

"What bad thing do you think's going to happen?"

Ulysses debated silently, his mouth curved into a crescent, points down. The contemplation of some concrete catastrophe seemed to cheer him. Finally he murmured simply:

"I dunno. Maybe Mist' Darrow's go'n lose some money."

I was much tickled by the fancy. If

Mr. Darrow did lose some money, it would be powerful bad luck for everybody in the house, since, to tell the painful truth, Mr. Darrow was not a remarkably good loser of anything, particularly money.

"Oh, I hope not!" I sighed.

"Yas'm, that's right: I does, too," agreed Ulysses, heartily.

His poise quite restored, he picked up the "Pictorial" and moved off to polish the alcove bookcases. It was a pleasant side of my work that my own special hobby became a knowledge of bookplates. Whenever I could discover and identify a new one, and sell it to some one who liked it, I was more than happy. But certainly there could never have been an apparently more unlikely morning than that of our famous Monday for bringing to light a real treasure among bookplates. Nothing was in my mind except my very important indexing job as I set about assembling my catalogue cards, such as the vanguard of punctual arrivals began to pour in.

Heading the procession came Mr. Roberts, tall, gaunt, keen-eyed. One by one they raced past me with the typical Monday business "Good morning"—smile, grouch, resignation. Then a loud cluck sounded, as one by one they punched the time-clock just inside the shipping-room door in the rear hall, to the right of the elevator shaft.

Miss Wilkes, our "dean of women," her new wistaria velvet fall hat perched like an imperial Russian coronet on her stiffly waved gray hair, showed all her teeth and addressed me as "Dear." I hated with interest that contrary to her custom—for in her exalted position she mingled not with the herd, and well-known social ambitions made her quite inaccessible—she was escorting a lanky and silent but astonishingly pretty young stranger, who had the largest head of soft wavy chestnut bobbed hair and the thickest war-paint I had ever beheld in a long and tolerant experience.

While awaiting the elevator, Miss Wilkes abandoned her convoy, to greet Mr. Edward Case, the shop manager. Miss Wilkes highly approved of Mr. Case. He was a bachelor in the late forties, he lived at a club, he always displayed fine raiment on his tall, well-built person, and was altogether, by her taste, being deemed the most "ashing, if not dardervil figure in our select community."

He was a member of the group about whom legends had grown up. He was more or less traveled and had polished manners, so he could be conveniently provided with a past in foreign parts by those determinedly romantic; and there were few to contradict these dreamers, for Mr. Case was the ranking employee, next to Ulysses, in length of service, and nobody really knew a great deal about him. I once had suggested that this was probably because there wasn't a great deal to know, as the poor man was the only conventional person on the staff.

My other colleagues, who arrived briskly in due season, were: Daisy Abbott, outwardly a fair, frail flower, but really pretty hard-shelled Emily James, plain and thoroughly seaworthy; and George Henry Dibdin, a nice lad who when in France had got to be liked to read, a Red Cross lady in a hospital library having unwittingly given him a lead toward a career which he had speedily proceeded to follow when he came back with his helmet.

Our select clerical force entered and betook themselves to regions above. Mr. Riggs, the stout head ship ping clerk, dashed in distractedly. "Mr. Roberts come yet?" I'm short-handed; one of my men's down sick and the other's still off on his wedding trip—drat him!—and them govern ment books laying a mile deep in yonder!"

And then arrived Mr. Darrow himself, for even he came early that morning, as an example. Very short and stout, stiff, bald, and clean-shaven, he moved down the aisle "like an armored tank," to quote Mr. Dibdin, bestowing a bow on me, one of the employees he spoke to.

Bookselling was M. Darrow's one, his only love. He had not only made his shop different and famous, he had also, years ago, married his sister to an Ashtland. In the trade this achievement recalls a master stroke; the Ashtlands have been known in London for generations as rare-book dealers, so that this political marriage gave Mr. Darrow an international business connection. He was little seen in his own shop, however, and I fear truth compels the statement that we managed without him. To his employees he was known chiefly as a Voice on the telephone.

With his arrival, the whole staff was accounted for, with one exception: Peter Burton, our young traveler. He had been expected back from a rather long trip the previous Friday, but had not arrived. It was his first important trip; Mr. Darrow had hitherto done most of the rare-book buying himself, though he had been training Peter as a future assistant. But a bad cold a fortnight previous had deprived him of his voice for several days, and he had been obliged to dispatch Peter in his stead on an extended tour he had been preparing to take.

Nine o'clock pealed through a silence unmarred by any click from the time-clock, and all of us in the shop settled down to our respective duties. As I always notice whoever passes my desk, coming in or going out, I noticed that our first visitor that morning, who entered at about half-past nine, was a dignified white bearded old gentleman known to some of us, at least, by sight. He moved slowly down the center aisle, and finally entered the placard "Medical Works."

Not for about a quarter of an hour did the door open again; then a rather distinguished-looking young girl in a black fur cape drifted in, but I was

so busy I paid little attention to her. I paid none at all, other than to note his entrance, to the third arrival, a young man. He flushed past me almost before I could look up, and I merely noted his somewhat loud attire and brief-case.

Becoming increasingly busy, I did not look up from my desk again until I gradually became conscious that some one else had not only entered the shop but gone far past me. I raised my eyes, and saw Peter Burton striding toward the elevator, dragging his suitcase with that air of complete detachment from the world and the fullness thereof which belongs only to Nirvana or the lowest depths of desperation.

Without a second glance, I knew Peter's case must belong to the second category. Mr. Darrow, though not given to admiring things about other people, considered Peter's business ability promising. I had made his acquaintance seven years before, when he was a blue-eyed, curly brown-headed cherub of vast proportions, adorned with a bed-ticking apron and attached to the shipping office. There he had contrived, through some oversight with reference to a nail on a packing-case, to tear a barn door in my brand-new skirt one day when I went in with a message. This comparatively mild disaster apparently determined him to run off and enlist in the navy on the spot, and I felt moved to investigate until I discovered the circumstances which caused such extreme grief.

I found them to consist almost entirely of a very refined widowed father with a very medium-sized independent income. There was also a small sister with unconventional manners. As Peter had a vulgar practical taste for making a living, Mr. Roberts was persuaded to find him occupation better suited to an ardent mind than nailing up boxes; and he now promised to become one of Darrow's chief sources of revenue. And it was my self, whom Peter had declared to have been, so far, the greatest influence in his life, whom he completely ignored that frosty October morning!

All that sustained me under the blow was the arrival of our elderly pet college professor, Prof. Royall Harrington, of a history department perched up on Manhattan Heights. I welcomed the companionship of this excellent old-fashioned gentleman, who was much attached to Darrow's, had had an account with us for years, and enjoyed nothing more than spending hours in our society. I had sometimes thought that his rather timid manners had prevented him from making many close friends. Still, he was highly esteemed in learned circles as a leading scholar in American history, and I had heard he had cultivated a public presence in amazing contrast to his diffidence in society. These two assets, combined with a charming voice in which a faint Southern accent occasionally could be heard, had won him some reputation as an orator.

Of course I was the first person he encountered on entering the shop, and he was full of a tale that morning. I had to let the catalogue go, therefore. "I've just had an invitation I like so much!" he beamed. "I'm invited to speak in a little town on the Maine coast that's about to celebrate its hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Carroll Bay's the name. Many years ago it was my summer playground."

"So they want you to come back and help celebrate?"

"Yes, and I'm glad to go now," said the professor, musingly. "I shouldn't have cared to much sooner, perhaps—"

"No?"

"You see, my younger brother and I used to spend our vacations there, usually together—"

"Indeed?"

"And the poor boy was drowned, over twenty years ago, going to the rescue of some fishermen whose motor got stalled during a storm; he was washed overboard on the return trip. The town put up a cenotaph for him in the little churchyard. So, after all these years, as they still seem to remember us both, I believe it would be ungracious not to go up and rejoice with them over their anniversary."

"Such historical commemorations appeal to you, I'm sure," I observed.

"Always. Some call me old-fashioned for sticking, as I do, to the traditions of my ancestors, but I don't care!"

The professor fell to musing, and then, almost unconsciously, he suddenly dropped a confidence, as a lonely person often will:

"Perhaps it was kindest—at least to my brother—that he was taken, when he was. We're not all well suited to bear the blows of life. He was highly romantic, a dreamer; injustice or cruelty would have killed him."

Professor Harrington's voice died away, considerably to my relief. He sat brooding a moment longer, then came to himself, with almost startling unexpectedness, bounding off the desk.

"I must be about my business!" he cried, having I might I have a wee scrap of paper to make a few notes? No, no, this will be quite adequate, thank you!" And declining a proffered pad, he leaned over and fished Mr. Roberts' yellow note out of the waste basket, and at last fluttered smilingly off.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Taken at His Word

"Good-by," he said brokenly, and his frame shook with emotion. "Remember, dear, that even if I can't win your love I shall always be your devoted friend."

The girl blushed.

"And," continued the heart-broken youth, "if ever I can be of service to you, you have only to command me. I leave for Egypt tonight."

"I am awfully sorry," remarked the girl, "to have been the cause of your leaving home, but since you are so kind, please mail this letter for me on your way to the boat."

Adrift With Humor

WRETCHES!

She waited on the corner joyously, then pensively, then expectantly, then casually, then anxiously, and two hours passed.

"Man," she said, "is a perfidious animal, faithless and untrue, incapable of consummating a promise," and so she became a cynic.

Two hundred yards down the street he said the same thing about women—she was on the wrong corner!

GORGEOUS GORGE



She—Isn't the view gorgeous? He—Naturally. A gorge is bound to be gorgeous.

Great but Silent Influence

A great man comes to public view, Triumphant or duplicitous. Fame never puts on record who Conducted his publicity.

Walter Bungled It

Henry—I hear Walter's engagement's been broken off. How's that, old man?

Herbert—He was trying to tell Phyllis how time stood still whenever he looked in her eyes, and it appears the silly ass didn't get it quite right. At any rate, he gave her to understand, that, in his opinion, her face would stop a clock.

Civic Interest

"I've just heard that a gang of bandits robbed the bank in town this forenoon!" said Farmer Fumblegate. "This thing has got to be stopped. I-gorry!" returned Farmer Benover. "Dadbury 'em—they'll go some'er else to spend the money instead of turning it loose here where it came from."—Kansas City Star.

No Address

The mate had fallen overboard. He sank out of sight, then rose to the surface.

"Ahooy there!" he yelled, "drop me a line!"

The captain appeared at the rail and shouted back:

"All right, but what's your address going to be?"—Capper's Weekly.

LIKE ALARM CLOCK



He—How about wedding bells for you and me?

She—Nothing doing. Too much like an alarm clock.

Sudden Contrast

My radio: My radio! You keep me going some. One number is a classic And the next is just a bum.

The More the Less

Editor (rejecting manuscript)—You see, a story has to be just so to get into our magazine. Would-be Contributor—Well, what's the matter with this one? Editor—It's only so-so.

A Tight Fix

Station Announcer—We're sunk! Electrician—What's the trouble? Station Announcer—The "Phantom Soprano" is wedged in the door to the broadcasting room!

Better to Forget

First Manager—Do you think your man will remember everything he learned in his last fight?

Second Manager—I hope he don't. The only thing he learned was to get knocked out.

The Kind

Ritz Clerk—Now, what kind of suit do you want? One for sports, evening, afternoon, work, lounging?

Customer—Well, just an ordinary one—like the one you wear.

Couldn't Make Ends Meet

Tramp—Yus, lidy, I 'ad to give up work 'cos I couldn't make both ends meet.

Lady—Dear me, that was a silly thing to do. What was your work?

Tramp—Contortionist, lidy.—Humorist.

A Soloist

Green—Does your wife perform on any instrument?

Gableigh (wearily)—Yes; she plays a lot on the eardrum.

RADIO

Loud Speaker Volume Is Provided by New Tube

A still larger and more powerful amplifier tube is announced by the Radio Corporation of America. It is designated as the UX-250 power amplifier, and is capable of delivering over three times as much undistorted energy as the UX-210, long the favorite power amplifier tube for maximum volume and tone quality in home reception.

The UX-250 is considerably larger in size than the UX-210, although its base is identical. The filament of the new power amplifier tube is of the improved coated ribbon type, which insures great mechanical strength and long operating life. The plate, which is blackened, is tall and narrow, as in the UX-281 rectifier tube. The standard UX or push type base is used on the new power tube.

This new tube will provide a far greater loud speaker volume, without distortion, than has heretofore been possible, especially in conjunction with auditorium loud speakers and in the operation of a plurality of loud speakers from a common amplifier, as in hospital and exposition work. It is interesting to note that while the plate voltage has not been materially increased over that of the UX-210, the required plate current is three times as great as for the UX-210. Obviously, while the new tube is capable of enormous volume—far more than can be utilized in the largest of living rooms—it is unnecessary to operate it at full output. Instead, it may be employed at but a fraction of its full capacity, thus securing undistorted output at all times with ample reserve power. It is this reserve of power which gives that character to reproduction often referred to as "depth" or "timbre."

Secret Radio Speech Is Purpose of New Device

An electrical machine which apparently understood and translated unintelligible sounds over radio into clear English, was included in demonstrations recently at the University of Wisconsin engineering building before a gathering of Madison units of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Sergius P. Grace, telephone laboratory engineer, gave the demonstrations.

The machine was designed in connection with radio transmission systems to make conversations secret. Natural speech tones are distorted to make them unintelligible to radio listeners. Then an electric pick-up trans mitter is held in front of horn. The original speech in English was clearly understandable.

Mr. Grace also demonstrated and explained an artificial larynx, which enables persons who have lost their larynxes through surgical operations to talk again. Other devices included a telephone receiver by which deaf persons can be taught to receive conversations as vibrations through the fingers, and methods of carrying long distance telephone calls economically over fine instead of heavier copper wires.

FOR THE NOTEBOOK

A defective resistor causes scratchy noises.

Use mica condensers in resistance coupling.

A socket antenna does not use current from the house circuit.

Keep the set away from electrical taps and their associated wires.

A meter is the scientific unit of length and is approximately 3 1/3 feet.

A dry battery, when shorted, will cause the wick on top of the cells to melt.

Grid leaks permit excess electrons to escape, hence prevent detector tube blocking.

Batteries must be kept in a relatively cool place in order to obtain maximum life.

The best radio receiver ever produced is not proof against the home guard experimenter, rough handling or neglect.

Leakage is one of the chief faults of a poor grid condenser, and one of high standard is about the most important part in a receiver.

A switch used on many electrical appliances for varying the current consumed can be used for connecting loud speaker in series or parallel.

Antenna Tricks to Tune Out Annoying Stations

When it is found impossible to tune out a near-by broadcasting station to get others farther away, try running the antenna at right angles to the aerial of the broadcaster and use a wave trap between the lead-in and the receiver. If this does not help, try a vertical antenna. It may be necessary to completely shield the receiver, batteries and all wires leading to the set except the antenna wire, in order to stop the pickup of energy except where it is desired in the antenna.

Sets Can Be "Sharpened"

Single control sets which tend to tune broadly can be sharpened by using midgeet condensers across two sections of the multiple tuning condenser. The midgeets should be placed on the antenna condenser and that in the detector circuit.

"C" Battery

"C" battery reduces the drain on the "B" battery about 40 per cent, and minimizes distortion.

POULTRY

CARE OF PULLETS WHILE ON RANGE

Just "feeding the chickens" sounds simpler than the task really is, if the chickens are to be well fed. The purpose for which the flock is being kept has a great deal to do with the matter. Rations for fattening, maintenance, growth and egg production are all different, and will also be varied according to the age of the chickens.

Twenty-one kinds of chicken feeds, all of them different in their result, and all of them suited to different purposes, are exhaustively analyzed and discussed in a new bulletin by Prof. A. R. Winter of the poultry husbandry department of the Ohio State university. The bulletin, No. 63, entitled "Poultry Feeding Stuffs and Rations," has been published by the agricultural extension service of the university.

In addition to the definitions and discussions of the various feeds, there are given six formulae for rations. Two of them are "starting and growing" rations and the other four are for laying hens. Along with the formulae for the rations there are directions for making simple and efficient feeding equipment for the poultry yard.

Two special fattening rations are suggested, one for hens and the other for young birds. For hens, a ration of corn meal, 40 parts by weight, mixed with 60 parts, by weight, of liquid milk, is suggested. For the younger birds a greater variety of grains is recommended. The formula calls for a mash consisting of 59 parts of ground corn, 25 parts of wheat flour middlings, 10 parts of finely ground oats, 5 parts of meat scrap, and 1 part of salt. This mash should be mixed with enough liquid milk to make a batter that will pour fairly easily.

Egg Production Is Cut by Uncomfortable Pens

If hens could talk, they would probably say harsh things about hot, uncomfortable poultry houses.

Ohio poultrymen are urged to keep that in mind, among other things, by poultry extension specialists of the Ohio State university in their monthly letter to farm poultrymen keeping records in co-operation with the extension service.

A hot poultry house, the specialists observe, is no place for a hen either to eat or to lay eggs.

"Open the ventilators and remove the windows; make the houses cool and comfortable," writes one of the specialists, P. B. Zumbro. "Don't expect egg production if the house is as hot as a bakeoven. Hens won't stay in hot houses long enough to consume their feed."

Another point in summer care of the poultry flock:

"Summer and fall production are greatly influenced by good green feed; old dry bluegrass or dead rye is not satisfactory. Rape is the best thing to plant now for summer pasture."

"Yard off a part of the ground around the house, and plant the rape there, allowing it to get a good start. It will provide good pasture until freezing weather."

Two other practices successful poultrymen observe at this time of year are culling the slackers, and getting control of lice and mites on the birds.

Best Plan to Separate Cockerels and Pullets

As the flock reaches the broiler stage the roosters and pullets should be separated, for the pullets need no forcing but will make better layers if let grow along normally, with plenty of exercise. Broilers, on the other hand, should have only enough exercise for health and should be fed a fattening ration. At the final stage the broilers should be shut in a pen only moderately lighted and fed all they will eat of fine ground corn and semi-solid buttermilk. Some prefer to use a prepared fattening mash, many of which are on the market. Green or succulent feed should be fed also. Lack of exercise causes them to fatten very fast and makes tender juicy flesh.

Duck Meat Breeds

One of the most common breeds of ducks is the Pekin breed. These ducks are white or creamy white in color and are as large as any of the breeds of ducks with the exception of one. They weigh eight to nine pounds and ducks weigh seven to eight pounds. In the meat class this breed is perhaps the most popular over the United States as a whole. Pekins may be mated in the proportion of one drake to every six or eight ducks.

Prevent Chick Loss

Cleanliness is highly important in the prevention of chick losses. Always scrub the brooder floor with lye water and let it dry before putting in baby chicks. Clean litter, free from mold and small kernels of grain should be used and changed often enough that filth does not accumulate. It is better to keep chicks partially confined, when provided with sunlight than to let them out on old ground which may carry disease germs and parasite eggs.

No Two Hens Alike

Every hen has its own individuality. No two are exactly alike, as nature does not furnish duplicates. Some hens quit laying when molting starts, and do not begin again until they have fully completed their new crop of feathers. Other hens continue laying right along. Some hens are cross and even vicious while broody and others are the reverse. Some hens have a very ragged appearance when molting, and others of the same family are seldom ragged.

How Much Water Should Baby Get?

A Famous Authority's Rule

By Ruth Brittain



Baby specialists agree nowadays, that during the first six months, babies must have three ounces of fluid per pound of body weight daily. An eight-pound baby, for instance, needs twenty-four ounces of fluid. Later on the rule is two ounces of fluid per pound of body weight. The amount of fluid absorbed by a breast-fed baby is best determined by weighing him before and after feeding for the whole day; and it is easily calculated for the bottle-fed one. Then make up any deficiency with water.

Giving baby sufficient water often relieves his feverish, crying, upset and restless spells. If it doesn't, give him a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. For these and other ills of babies and children such as colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, sour stomach, loss of sleep, underweight, etc., leading physicians say there's nothing so effective. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper—and millions of mothers have depended on it in over thirty years of ever increasing use. It regulates baby's bowels, makes him sleep and eat right, enables him to get full nourishment from his food, so he increases in weight as he should. With each package you get a book on Motherhood worth its weight in gold.

The Colfax Bookplate

By
AGNES MILLER

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WNU Service
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SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, white-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works."

CHAPTER I—Continued

I then devoted my fingers to the index, and my thoughts to wondering if Peter wouldn't come and explain himself. I whirled to the window for more cards, and when I whirled back, there was Peter himself sitting in the big oak chair at my left. He had stolen down the gallery stairs behind me. I managed not to gratify him by jumping, but I had to stare. He who was habitually as neat as a fresh garden was attired in a suit that wrinkled all over his athletic form; his shoes were dusty; three cinders clung to one side of a much swollen nose. He gazed at me so trustfully that I longed to weep.

"Good morning, Constance. This is a heck of a mess, yes?" he suggested simply.

"Something happened, Peter?" I faltered, not overintelligently.

"Oh, no, nothing. Mr. Darrow's all ready to fire me, that's all."

"Mercy! Why?"

"Oh, don't let me disturb you! You'll find that card-catalogue more interesting than I am."

"Peter, I am obliged to put this catalogue in apple-pie order for this afternoon, when Mr. Darrow has commanded me to expound its principles and workings to his nephew, Capt. Eric Ashland, informing me, as he did, per telephone, that I have his entire confidence. Captain Ashland, as you know, is chief cataloguer for Ashland's of London, and he has come the whole way across just to pay us a visit. I am informed that he keeps stock lists in manuscript in a tennypenny notebook such as was brought over by William the Conqueror. And while I really don't see why he shouldn't if he likes to and can make it work—we couldn't—Mr. Darrow hopes he can get the same system of classification used in the two houses, for the sake of simplifying business; so it is my business to convince Nephew of the complete superiority of the American method. Now I've told you my troubles. Tell me yours."

"Gee whiz! I hope you enjoy your self!" remarked Peter, comfortingly. "Constance, you're a real sport. I'll bet a whole cent against ten billion rubles that you'll forgive me for being naughty, when I tell you my sad story. I've left my happy home, and I only wish it could have been for you."

"For whom was it, may I ask?"

"My stepmother."

"Didn't know I had one, myself, on Saturday."

"Well, I certainly hope your father will be very—"

"Well, he won't. She wore a pink hat and called me 'Petey.'"

"So you had to quit?"

"Not precisely that. The real reason," confessed Peter, distractedly, "was Nancy. She eloped. That is, she did for a while. She got tired of it and came back."

I was distinctly bewildered; for while a fortuitous stepmother in a pink hat is indeed a frightful visitation, I should have been sure that Peter would see his sister Nancy through anything. He said once that, fight against it as you might, you had to get fond of a kid you'd brought up since she was ten. Peter had just parted his lips to explain, when again the front door opened.

This time it admitted, not a customer, but an extra hand sent up by an employment agency for the crisis in the shipping office. He was a rough, unalluring young man; indeed, I glanced at Peter questioningly as we watched him start down the aisle. However, he was Mr. Riggs' business, not ours. My telephone then rang and just as I finished answering the inquiry, Peter and I exchanged another glance. Mr. Riggs had evidently been ready to put up with anybody, for Peter and I heard a click which signified to us that the applicant had punched the time-clock as an employee already.

"What I've been trying to tell you," Peter resumed, "is that I got out of jail early this morning."

"What were you in for?" I inquired courteously but dazedly.

"Disturbing the peace, and assault with intent to kill, I guess. If so, the second item is correct, but the first is a misapprehension, for it happened in Philadelphia. Anyway, when they heard the whole story they let me go. You know a little while ago Mr. Darrow sent me off on a long trip to chase books? Well, the last place, which I reached last Thursday, was Richmond, Va., where I was to look over the late Judge Pulley Leavitt's famous law library, just due to be auctioned. There were a number of books in it which we wanted, among them one that the Legal federation has been forever pestering us to find for them. It's called "Notes on Medical Statistics in the Virginia Code," by Justice Whortley Clark, died eighteen-ten. And since," observed Peter, watching me closely, "that announcement does not seem to unnerve you particularly, I'll add that this American law book contains a Colfax bookplate."

CHAPTER II

The Odyssey of Peter

I now jumped so promptly and openly as to gratify Peter deeply, harassed as he was. I recalled Hugh Colfax as one of the most distinguished engravers of his day, a strange, arresting character, old when the Nineteenth century was young, the stoutest of British patriots. From the outbreak of the American Revolution to his death, he refused to execute any of the orders for bookplates which, in those days of the infancy of design and engraving in this country, cultivated Americans, especially southerners, were in the habit of sending to England. I had once seen and carefully studied several Colfax plates at the home of a collector who was one of our best customers and had invited me to a private view. But an American Colfax would upset all history and tradition.

"I do want to see it!" I cried. "You're sure it's a real Colfax? Do you know Hugh Colfax refused every American order he received, and he could have always named his own price? What's the owner's name? Is it dated?"

"Give me a chance!" begged Peter. "It's more than I got upstairs this morning. Actually, I don't dare leave the building until Mr. Darrow— Oh, h—! there goes that infernal time clock again! Excuse me, Constance; nerves are shattered."

"Go on about the bookplate."

"Well, Thursday morning I had just picked up the catalogue in the exhibition room of the Richmond auction galleries, when my eyes lit on 'Notes on Medical Statistics,' et cetera. I asked the clerk to bring it out. He said another gentleman who had called for it was still examining it, and would I wait. I did, and glanced up the counter casually at the other gentleman, thinking I could get a line on him if he should be a rival bidder. All I could see of him was his back, but it was enough. I considered him to be an exceedingly strange gentleman to be interested in an old law book. He was young and dressed like a bad actor with a good job—bright-blue suit, gray spats, slick black hair. While waiting his pleasure, I wandered off to look at some other exhibits near the door, and while I was examining them, a girl walked in from the street, past me. She was the loveliest girl, Constance, I've ever seen."

"What a relief! I saw I was no longer to be the greatest influence in Peter's life! Sometimes it had been pretty wearing, fond as I was of my little boy friend. Some one else could do it far better, I knew."

"How wonderful, Peter! And the bookplate?"

"I had to watch her; I couldn't help it," he resumed simply. "She hurried forward toward the counter, then suddenly she bounded back as if she had been hit! There was nobody at the counter except that man, and he had his back toward her, and was, moreover, completely absorbed in examining the cover of the book, which he was holding open. She dashed behind a big case of china, and disappeared."

"Well, I looked at some Chinese snuff-bottles and hooked rugs, and then decided it was time for the other fellow to leave. So I asked for the book again, and the clerk told me that a young lady was examining it now, and would I wait! And sure enough, up the counter was the same young lady, having doubtless, from her coign of vantage behind the case of china, beaten me to getting that book. The gentleman of the spats had vanished. I was assuredly—what's the word?"

"Intrigued."

"Correct, especially as I at once perceived that the young lady was completely absorbed in examining the cover of the book, which she was holding open just as the man had; that is, so as to look at the inside left-hand cover. I could see it had bookplate on it."

"Well, that girl suddenly laid down the book on the counter, and fled out of the door. That time I got hold of it. I wondered why in thunder those two young people could apparently be so interested in an ordinary bookplate. The first thing I noticed about it was that one corner was loose—the right-hand corner, under the snake, you know."

"The snake? What in the world—ah, I have it! You mean the serpent, twisted like a capital 'C,' that Colfax signed his best plates with; a circle means eternity; a serpent's wisdom had taught him how to draw immortal designs—modest old chap. Isn't it nice that the Legal federation has already ordered the book, so we shan't have every bookplate collector in the city here to fight for the plate?"

"It wouldn't be the first time it has been fought for!" broke in Peter, bitterly. "You see, I judged those two young folks must be collectors of bookplates who each thought he—or she—had stumbled on a real find in that old law book, and were keeping it dark so as to snap it up at a bargain. Everybody knows that once in a while cataloguers miss a trick, like anybody else. Now, I had general standing orders to buy that book whenever I came across it. I spent the rest of the morning in libraries and museums, tracking down information about bookplates with snakes."

"I finally discovered Colfax, and figured out what you imply: that he was so much against Free States and the Near-West policy that no one had ever thought of his drawing a Yankee bookplate. But of course what nobody thinks of is usually right. I felt sure I'd come across something unique—and I have. I felt sure if I landed book and bookplate, I'd get as solid as reinforced concrete with Mr. Darrow—and I have not."

"But you got it, you say. What did you give for it?"

"Five hundred and ten dollars."

"Peter . . . Burton!"

I was simply aghast. With the best luck in the world, and admitting that a rare bookplate would considerably increase the value of "Notes on Medical Statistics," we could never get such an outrageous price for it. If the Legal federation had not put in a request for it, we might have had to hold it for some time before finding a purchaser who would be especially interested. And Peter, well trained and hitherto cool-headed, not to say un-

impressible, knowing these facts as well as the somewhat thrifty reputation of the Legal federation library committee, had paid five hundred and ten dollars for a book which he might have expected to pick up for perhaps sixty!

How long this blow left me speechless and staring, I do not exactly know. I saw the white-bearded old gentleman saunter out of the medical alcove, cross the aisle into that opposite, the law-book alcove, then come out again directly and beckon Emily James, who was then coming up the aisle with an armful of books, to come and turn on the light for him, as the law-book alcove was dark. I saw him re-enter it, I watched her proceed placidly to her work in the front of the shop, I saw Professor Harrington sliding toward the front door and then out of it, with a pile of books and a quaint farewell bow to me. Then I suddenly heard Peter again, proceeding with his Odyssey:

" . . . so, as there was no use putting it off, directly I got back this morning I told Mr. Darrow what I'd had to pay, and he gave me—well, a scolding. Of course I stood on my orders. I'd been told to buy that book 'whenever' I found it, and he had never set any price limit."

"Peter," I inquired suddenly, "why did you buy that book?"

Peter, scarlet, glared at me. He digested; then he finally burst out: "Mind, I'm telling this to you, not Mr. Darrow! I bought it because that girl didn't want that fellow to get it!"

"What?"

"At the auction she sat across the aisle four rows ahead of me. I've never seen any one look so frightened. The first bid on the book was made by the agent of the auction firm who acts for absent buyers who send in written bids. I raised it, and was thunderstruck to see that girl turn around, and look right at me, with absolute relief on her face! The agent raised my bid; nobody else made any, so, as I had seen that girl bound away from that fellow that morning, I naturally concluded, putting two and two together, that it must be his bid which I was opposing. The bids—his and mine—kept jumping up ten dollars a minute, like a taximeter. Once for two seconds I hesitated, thinking of duty and Darrow, I suppose, and the auctioneer roared off his second 'Going' and the girl looked around at me as if she were dying. I knew something terrible was the matter; I snapped out a new bid, and kept on bidding until everybody in the room was getting breathless and jumpy. The other bidder's limit must have been five hundred, which was the same as giving an order for the book at any price. Well, five hundred and ten landed it in my net. That's all about that, Constance."

"I'm not a good liar," remarked Peter, deprecatingly, "so I will not conceal the fact that something gave me cold chills down my spine when ever I thought of that pesky book. And when I was at dinner that evening my room was entered, and the lock of my suitcase broken."

"Gracious! And the book was—"

"In the hotel safe. And as nothing was missing, I think it was the book the visitor was interested in. After my room was entered, I got it out of the safe and looked carefully all through it. It's an exceptionally clean copy; there was no old will or thousand-dollar bill, or, indeed, any other property, orthodox or otherwise, between the leaves. It certainly is not intrinsically worth so much effort."

"No," I agreed; "even the book plate, by itself, should I be unusually lucky in finding a rather foolish purchaser, wouldn't probably fetch more than seventy-five dollars. Where's the book now?"

"Mr. Darrow has it."

"Did you tell him anything about it besides—"

"The price? Oh, no allusion can hurt my feelings any more! No, not one thing."

"Why, Peter! In your place, I should have explained to him about my great find."

"Yes, you would! When you had just spent five hundred and ten dollars of his precious cash—sunk it in the sea. If I'd told him about the bookplate, I'd have told him how I really came to buy the book, and all about the girl. I decided to let him discover it himself; then he'll be pleased to death, and forget the past and remember the future. The future!" repeated Peter, with sudden anxiety, recalling something further distracting. "Listen, Constance: the kid sister of mine, Nancy, will drive me out of what's left of my mind."

"I told you once—didn't I?—that Mr. Roberts promised her a position here as a stenographer, as soon as she qualified for it? Well, at that business college of hers she met—"

My desk telephone tinkled peremptorily. Too bad, with Peter's arrest, his little sister's escapade, the elder one's nose, all unexplained, that Mr. Darrow should be paying him through the house! But perhaps, I suggested hopefully, our commander-in-chief had already made the joyful discovery about the bookplate. Peter refused comfort.

"So father's got married, Nancy hasn't, I've lost the only girl I could ever stand looking at twice, my business reputation is ruined, and," he concluded, rising, "it's all the fault of that darned Colfax bookplate! What next, I wonder?"

"Murder!" shrieked a girl's voice, ringing and terrified, from the rear of the shop. "Help! Help! He's dead!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Something in Luck

Says Novalls in one of his questionable aphorisms, "Character is destiny." But not the whole of our destiny. Hamlet, prince of Denmark, was spectacular and irresolute, and we have a great tragedy in consequence. But if his father had lived to a good old age, and his uncle had died an early death, he could conceive Hamlet's having married Ophelia, and got through life with a reputation of sanity, notwithstanding many soliloquies, and some moody sarcasms toward the fair daughter of Polonius, to say nothing of the frankest ineptitude to his father-in-law.—George Elliot.

NEARBY and YONDER

By T. T. Maxey

The Keystone State's Capitol

FOR massiveness of construction and outstandingness in its home town, Harrisburg, the impressive capitol of Pennsylvania, ranks high among the beautiful capitols of America. Dedicated in 1906, the cost of building, furnishings and equipment was more than \$11,000,000.

A description prepared by the state librarian relates: "The capitol building is 520 feet long, 254 feet wide and 272 feet high. It covers two acres of ground and is half a mile in circumference. It is larger than St. Paul's cathedral, for the building of which Sir Christopher Wren was knighted. It is longer than Westminster abbey. The building contains 475 rooms. The dome, which has been called 'the heart of the capitol,' weighs 52,000,000 pounds. Every country in the world contributed material for the construction and furnishing of the building, and the most famous artists in the world devoted their talents to making it beautiful."

Each of the great main entrance bronze doors were cast in one piece and weigh a ton. The governor's reception room is 72 by 27 feet. The senate chamber is 95 by 80 feet. The house of representatives is larger and even more ornate. The stained-glass windows in both are celebrated examples of the art. The great paintings which ornament both legislative halls have called forth unstinted praise.

In the dome are set the memorable words of Penn, the founder of the state: "There may be room here for such a holy experiment. For the nations want a precedent. And my God will make it the seed of a nation. That an example may be set up to the nations. That we may do the thing that is truly wise and just."

Continental Slippage

CERTAIN errors disclosed in longitudinal records have given rise to suspicion that this continent may have slipped or skidded sideways. Naval observatory officials, determined to solve this puzzling problem, have worked out a plan of procedure. Leading governments located on other continents have become interested and joined in this most extraordinary undertaking.

A big job. And yet a comparatively simple one! The process is termed world longitudinal determination. This is how they go about it:

For a period of 60 days powerful wireless stations owned by the co-operating governments, and stations in California, China and Africa, forming a world girdle, sent out frequent time signals, each at carefully predetermined times. Meanwhile, leading observatories in America and Europe radio-broadcast accurate time signals. All such signals received were pains takingly recorded by all interested parties. After making proper allowances for necessary lapse time in the process of signal transmission and synchronizing all records, the tabulated result of the combined record, time scientists declare, should disclose whether America has slipped and, if so, which way and how far.

If it develops that continental slippage has occurred, those engaged in the work hold out no hope and in fact have no plan for forcing the continent back to its former position. It shall have to remain right where they find it to be. They do point out, however, that the finding will enable the interested governments to correct their official maps and longitudinal records and eliminate the uncertainty which has prevailed, all of which will be of immeasurable value from astronomical and longitudinal standpoints.

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Cotton in Auto Tires

Most motorists know of the important part that cotton plays in the sturdy carcass of an automobile tire. But it is not generally known that cotton fiber of length required for tire cords is raised in only two similar but widely separated areas. The delta regions of the Mississippi river, in this country, and of the Nile river in Egypt, produce almost all the cotton for the highest grade tires.

Mummy Still in Tomb

The mummy of King Tut-Ankh Amen was removed by Mr. Carter, under the permission of the Egyptian authorities, to the museum of Cairo for exhibition purposes. The inside of the golden coffin, the golden mask with the shroud or pall, were also exhibited for a time and then Mr. Carter replaced the mummy in the sarcophagus or outside case in the tomb October 31, 1927.

The Way to Wealth

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them every thing.—Benjamin Franklin.

Expensive Laugh

It is mighty pleasant to raise a laugh and to tingle to the applause of one's wit, says the modern philosopher, but there is no surer way of rousing the hate of that wit's butt.—American Magazine.

Conscientiously Followed

Jones (to caller)—When we married we vowed to share each other's sufferings as well as joys. As my wife has toothache today she is playing the lute, so that she doesn't suffer alone.—Boston Transcript.

Reward in Well Doing

He that does good to another does good also to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act; for the consciousness of well doing is in itself ample reward.—Seneca.

Scraps of Humor

NOT THAT AT ALL

"My dear sir," said the specialist after a careful examination, "what you need is plenty of exercise. In a case like yours there is nothing better than the motor. It will—"

"But, doctor," interrupted the patient, with a hopeless gesture, "I can't afford one!"

"Didn't tell you to!" snapped the specialist. "I mean to dodge 'em!"—Weekly Scotsman.

A KIND OF MUSICIAN



"Why do you call her a kind of musician?"

"Oh, she's always fiddling with something about her dress."

Bad Investment

He laid his money on the shelf, And let the wealth redouble, And finally he bought himself A million's worth of trouble.

No Middle Course

It seems that one chap rushed up to another one more or less excitedly and cried out, "Binks the lawyer is dead! They found him lying on his back!"

"Binks?" queried the other calmly. "It can't be the same man. If it was Binks he'd be lying on either one side or the other."—Boston Beanpot.

Exceedingly Cautious

"Our minister is so good that he won't even perform a marriage ceremony."

"What's that got to do with his being good?"

"He says his conscience won't let him participate in any games of chance."

A Helping Hand

Grocer—How much wages do you expect, Dinah?

Dinah (looking big-eyed at the large force of clerks employed)—Ah reckons, Boss, when you gets through payin' off yo kin jus' gimme what yo-all has left an' Ah'll try to make out!

GRAND VIEW



He—Isn't the view grand from here?

She—It ought to be, you're looking my way.

Getting Into the Game

The bulls and bears perform in sunshine and in storm. The little lamb draws near And wants to play—Poor Dear!

Thoughtful Bobby

Uncle—Hello, Bobby; you look very thoughtful this morning. What are you thinking about?

Bobby—I was just wondering if a wasp got on a rattle, would the wasp sting the rattle or would the rattle sting the wasp.

Just Natural

Turner—Do you think that I am acting the fool?

Mrs. Turner—Now, John, you know you never could act.

How to Stop

First Card Player—We'd better stop the game now we're even.

Second Card Player—Even! How do you make that out?

"Why, you had all my money a little while ago, and now I've got all yours!"

Similar

Alice—Why don't you tell Rod frankly that you don't like him as well as Ted?

Jean—I can't. I'm not sure, that Ted will propose.

Consistent

"That florist surely keeps in touch with his slogan, 'Say it with flowers.'"

"What's his method?"

"Well, I know he has sent me a bunch of forget-me-nots with each bill."

Doubted It

Gray—They say a man's first thousand dollars is hardest to get.

Green—I can't agree with that. An old stock promoter got mine easily enough.

English Women Live

Longer Than American

Statistics show that English women live longer on the average than American women. English men and American men have about the same expectation of life.

Rollo Briten, statistician of the United States public health service, finds that the expectation of life which decreases gradually the older the person, is higher for English women than for American women at average age between ten and eighty years.

The difference between the two countries in this respect ranges from about four years in young womanhood to less than one year at the age of eighty.

This means that the Englishwoman of twenty may expect to live to be sixty-nine, while her American sister may expect to reach an age of only sixty-four or sixty-five.

No attempt is made by the public health service to explain why this difference in longevity exists between the female populations and not between the males.

Animals of the Wild

Not Dangerous to Men

No wild animal is dangerous to man unless man himself provokes the animal.

The prevalent idea among city-bred human beings that wildest Africa is a man trap where leopards and the like lurk in every other tree, waiting to pounce on the first passing human, is so much plish, and not a little tush.

As a matter of fact, the most dangerous of wild beasts, unless driven to desperation by hunger, will step aside to let you pass, provided you don't make any threatening gestures toward him.

Of course, there are a few exceptions, such as old, desperate, man-eating lions, who are no longer able to stalk their natural prey, animals suffering from previous wounds, or insane animals, such as the rogue elephants. But under ordinary circumstances, a wild animal must be hurt or deviled before it attacks, or must think it is going to be hurt.—Wynant D. Hubbard in the Elk Magazine.

Sees Jazz as Empire's Nero

Nero and his fiddle were no more deadly than the saxophone and its companions, according to Sir Henry Coward, a prominent English divine. Luxury and vulgar pleasure seeking, he says, brought Rome down into the dust, and jazz, he declares, is trending that way because it is taking the minds of the people away from tight thinking and spirituality. Besides, dark-skinned races that hold the whites in awe will cease to think of the European as a superman, and when that state of mind comes to pass, England's hold on its myriad subjects in Asia and Africa will be broken once for all, Sir Henry boldly proclaims.

Archbishop and Reporters

We should enjoy knowing the archbishop of Canterbury. He makes public declaration that he is a slow thinker and speaker and that he sometimes stumbles through an address only to find that the newspaper reporters have caught his meaning and presented it in perfect form. So many people—not archbishops—are continually complaining that the reporters "never get anything right."—Worcester Telegram.

Coincidence in Names

Mrs. Elizabeth Minot went to Augusta, Maine, to make her home in Spring street, going a distance of 300 miles. When she arrived she found that her neighbor was Miss Elizabeth Minot. The women are not related and until Mrs. Minot arrived in Augusta, neither knew the other existed.

The More the Less

Editor (rejecting manuscript)—You see, a story has to be just so to get into our magazine.

Would-be Contrib.—Well, what's the matter with this one?

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
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SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, white-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the place and orders "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store.

CHAPTER III

The Slippers

For one instant all five of us, Peter and the three clerks and I, were paralyzed; then with one accord we plunged down the main aisle, Peter in the lead, when out from the law-book alcove dashed the girl in the long black fur cape. Her face was ghastly, her eyes wide with terror. Next second, she and Peter both came to a halt so violent that she nearly lost her balance. Stumbling heavily, she clutched at a table, shrieking: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" and crashed to the floor in a faint.

Peter rushed around the table to her; Mr. Diddin gave a loud whoop for Mr. Riggs, and dashed toward the law-book alcove. At that moment the elevator cleared the second floor in its descent, bringing down Mr. Case. He at once helped Peter carry the girl to his private office. I snatched up my telephone and summoned Miss Wilkes. Then I turned down the aisle again to see if I could be of any further use in the rear, but I went on tiptoe and only a little way; in a hush that had succeeded the confusion with awful suddenness, Mr. Diddin and Mr. Riggs were carrying the limp figure of the old white-bearded gentleman out of the alcove. His right side was toward me, his right hand dripping with blood. At this moment Ulysses came rushing open-mouthed down the rear gallery stairs, full on the scene.

"Hey, there! Watch the shipping room door until I get an ambulance!" shouted Mr. Riggs to him, making off to a telephone.

Ulysses obediently disappeared. I turned and hurried down the narrow right-hand aisle along the wall, past the shipping-room door, toward Mr. Case's office. Again I was where confusion prevailed.

Mr. Case was not there. On the threshold, Peter was fidgeting distractedly. Inside, the unconscious girl lay on an old leather lounge. As I darted into the office, through which the frosty air was pouring from a window some one had actually thought of opening, Peter stopped me.

"Constance," he whispered, "that's that girl!"

His face was blanched, his hands twitching; he was the image of real fright, far beyond anything I could account for. Badly startled myself, "I did manage to grasp that fact," I retorted tartly. "Get some water, quick, and then go away!"

He vanished, closing the door. I went over to the girl. Her hat of soft crimson ribbon had fallen off, revealing shining black hair above clear-cut, small, regular features of unusual distinction and beauty. Her lips were blue in the chilly air. Her cape was slipping to the floor; and as I picked it up to wrap around her, consternation halted me. With her well-tailored black cloth dress, she wore black satin bedroom slippers!

Whatever could have brought her to Darrow's so attired? All the events of that crowded morning flashed through my throbbing brain; Ulysses' premonition of disaster—absurd, was it—Peter's narrative; the reappearance, from our law-book alcove, of this leading personality in those strange adventures in Richmond with an old law book and its unique treasure among prints, a Colfax bookplate. Then I heard murmurs outside the door. Following my first instinct, I flung the cape over the helpless girl and tucked it tightly around her feet.

The door opened, and Miss Wilkes appeared with the water, and a bottle of smelling salts, but her admirable efforts to bring the girl to proved wholly unavailing. When clanging in the street announced the ambulance, we summoned the surgeon; after a hasty examination, he decided he would take the girl, as well as the old gentleman, to the hospital.

So the ambulance sped away, leaving our establishment in the limp condition naturally resulting from the succession of exciting events detailed by this ungarbled record. Gossiping groups stood watching a policeman taking down stories from eye-witnesses, but I saw Peter nowhere. I learned that the old gentleman's injury was a severe slash across the right wrist. The doctor thought that at his advanced age, the shock had at once overcome him, preventing an outcry. He had been unconscious some time when the alarm was given.

Of course the fainting girl came in for endless curiosity, directed chiefly at me. But even had I wanted to talk, I knew just two facts about her: namely, that Peter had seen her at the Richmond auction, and that she had had on black satin bedroom slippers; and these facts I decided to suppress for the present time at least. I

did not know who she was, where she came from, what she had been doing for an hour and a half in the rear of the shop, whether she knew the old gentleman, how she came to find him. I lost patience at the unceasing questions.

"Is this the catechism, or what?" I finally snapped at Daisy Abbott.

Daisy sniffed in an injured manner, and glanced at Mr. Diddin, who looked at me as if he considered me very cruel and rough.

"I guess we have a right to talk about what happens right before our eyes, especially if it's awfully queer!" she murmured plaintively. "At least, you heard her say, 'Keep it! Keep it for me!' Now, is it ridiculous to wonder what that meant?"

I had actually forgotten that cry of distress, temporarily, in the ensuing turmoil! Daisy certainly hit me amidships, and that time I knew the answer.

"You must think we're mind-readers!" I retorted. "Now, I can't waste any more time talking. I must finish that indexing. Thank goodness I got it nearly done before this rumpus happened!"

I sped down the side aisle to my desk. But oh, my work! Where was it? Where were those neat piles of classified cards? On the floor, in the aisle, everywhere except on the desk! But there was no time for wondering why, or even for vexation. Scooping them all up as fast as I could, I made for the desk, only to find a note stuck between two of my reference books. It read as follows:

"I am ordered to the rear; otherwise, to go this afternoon and buy from two old ladies, whose grandfather was a bishop, his professional library (date about 1840) 'at a reasonable figure.'"

"I have one final request. I had no time this morning to tell you that Mr. Roberts has just given Nancy the position he promised her. She is here, therefore; Miss Wilkes is in charge. Would you add to your innumerable benefits, and go some time or other and speak agreeably to my ill-fated sister?"

"PETER."

Poor Peter! I would do better than that, I resolved, recalling the pretty young vision with the chestnut hair whom I had seen entering that morning with Miss Wilkes. I decided to eat, not work, even for Mr. Darrow's nephew; I would take Nancy Burton with me, in celebration of her first day in business. I stuffed all the cards into a drawer; and went in search of her.

Through the open door of the stenographic department came Miss Wilkes' metallic accents, in exhortation:

"Don't forget that nice dark blue serge we were talking about, dear. Tomorrow, dear, and not more than eight inches off the floor. That will be all now, dear."

As I walked in, I heard the reply to those observations. It was a faint yet distinctly audible short proceed-ing out of the straight, chiseled nose belonging to the tall young lady of the short wavy chestnut tresses. She was standing in front of Miss Wilkes' desk, her height and slenderness accentuated by a bright apple-green knitted frock whose straight lines ceased not less than fourteen inches from the floor, above footgear composed of as many as three patent-leather straps, through which peeped pale-peach chiffon-weight stockings. The large blue eyes of the imperturbable face above the round white collar stared at unremittently at Miss Wilkes as those of a young baby. The red, red mouth was beautifully shaped and firmly closed.

Miss Wilkes greeted me with sweet suspicion.

"Come in, dear. What is it?"

"I beg your pardon! Has Miss Burton gone to luncheon?"

"I am Miss Burton," swiftly announced the apple-green young lady in a clear, shrill voice, transferring her unremittent gaze to my face, "and I was supposed to be gone to lunch a long time ago."

"Then won't you go with me? My name is Constance Fuller."

"I know all about you," said Nancy Burton. "All right, I'll come."

She was a speedy withdrawer; we were on the street in a twinkling. I cast about for a diverting topic.

"Let's go to Ernesto's for lunch! I'm sure you'll enjoy it. They have such good things to eat!"

"That so?"

"And Ernesto is a famous local character. He owns one of the nicest, oddest houses on this island. He not only has a restaurant downstairs, but he lives in the house, and rents some floors as apartments."

Nancy nodded.

"How do you think you'll like your work?" I pursued faithfully.

"All right, say," she broke out suddenly, scattering social amenities to the winds, "if you hadn't come in that minute, I'd have murdered that Wilkes woman! I hate women! Though you," she was pleased to add, "are an exception. Do you know about my step-mother?"

"I have only just heard of your father's marriage."

"There's another woman for you! She said I couldn't be respectable! Listen, Miss Fuller: did you know I eloped?"

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, the girl was so pretty and clever-looking and precocious and neglected and at the same time there was a wild streak of humor in her blue eyes that both aroused my mirth and put you on your guard. I compromised with my feelings, and smiled sympathetically.

"I know no details whatever about your affairs, my dear, and it is not necessary to tell me any if you don't want to."

"But I do, I have no one else to tell!" protested Nancy, not to be done by delicacy out of a recital of her exploits, as the rushing late-luncheon crowd bore us down the avenue toward Ernesto's. "It was like this: Last Saturday I eloped with Brandon Tower. He taught shorthand at the business college where I went, and he liked me, and I did like him awfully because he was so polite and handsome, though now I hate him. Well, then father met my stepmother at a church fair where she was dishing out oyster stew, and she thought he looked

lonely, and so that was that. I couldn't stand her, she picked on me right from the start—said my clothes were immodest, and look where this collar comes to, absolutely to my nose, while the other old cat starts at the other end! Well, Saturday afternoon Brandon telephoned me and asked me to go to the rink. I told him I was sorry, but Peter had just got back from Richmond, and it was his first long trip, so I was anxious to see him right away.

"Of course Brandon knew all about Peter, and that he was a rare-book buyer for Darrow's, because I had told him. Maybe it did sound a little queer to say I was so anxious to see him; Peter's naturally always off on business. The truth was, when Peter got in that morning, he had been so mad about Malvina, my step-mother, that he just managed to be civil and rush out of the house. Well, they were married, and it couldn't be helped, so I wanted to smooth Peter down a little bit if I could, before dinner. But I couldn't say all that over the telephone, and Brandon got so fearfully mad because I wouldn't go to the rink."

"Then Malvina passed me in the hall on her way to a matinee, and said she was going to tell father that I talked incessantly over the telephone to boys, if I didn't instantly stop. I said, 'All right, I will, which answered both her and Brandon; and the minute she'd gone, I skipped out and met him on Sixth avenue, and then—' Nancy gave a skip then and then, clutching my arm in excited climax—"he asked me to elope!"

As on a faint, distant beacon of hope, I fixed my eyes on Ernesto's now just a block down the avenue, one of a massive row of stately granite-pillared houses, built ninety years before as homes for a group of New Yorkers who had been distinguished for combining money with brains. Normandy terrace, as the long row was still called, had been constructed to laugh at the passage of time, though gone were all vestiges of any terrace, and all the graceful winding stoops of a bygone day. Sidewalk and floor space were no longer to be wasted on Manhattan island and all the lower floors of the terrace had been invaded by business. I endeavored to listen patiently to further details of Nancy's narrative, knowing that relief was imminent.

Peter, it seemed, had outwardly borne up nobly under the shock of the news of his father's marriage, had handsomely congratulated both parties, in fact. Then, under pretext of pressing business, he had bolted out of the living room and down the hall toward his own room, to find Nancy waiting for him in the hall. He had cheered her doleful state with a promise to come home early and tell her all about Richmond, and show her the weirdest old bookplate in a book he had picked up there. He then performed the exploit of pitching his suitcase across his bed and two tables and an armchair, to relieve his feelings, and fled.

Hence Nancy's desire to soothe him before dinner. She had then confided to Brandon Malvina's latest threat; whereupon he, outraged, she could see, by so much persecution, had stopped short under the Sixth avenue elevated with the romantic suggestion:

"Listen! Why don't you chuck it? Let's elope!"

Alas for Peter's brotherly sacrifices! Nancy, flattered, excited, and eager to leave home, fell promptly in with the proposal to depart for Atlantic City within an hour, where, she naively implied, she seemed to have an impression that this attractive young man would marry her.

Mercifully at this point we passed between the clipped box-trees beside Ernesto's door, and were greeted rapturously at the door of the restaurant by Ernesto himself.

I had known this worthy Genoese ever since my salary could afford him, but had yet to hear anyone address him as "Mr. Sansoni," though his gray hair, dignified bulk, and stately official manners rendered him more than impressive. Like a dread-naught conveying a chaser and a cruiser he led us down the wide blue-and-white-tiled hallway.

"Not for ten days have you been here!" cried Ernesto to me with almost theatrical reproach, pulling out chairs at a table just inside the door. "You have forgotten Ernesto's!"

"I never could do that," I averred with simple truth, "but we've been so busy I've just been grabbing sandwiches at the drug stores every day."

"My God! that's fierce!" cried Ernesto in fluent Italian, truly shocked, and he recommended frantically the day's special, which neither Nancy nor I opposed, as it included duck, chops, steak, mushrooms, peas, potatoes, beans and spaghetti, all in a secret-formula sauce, served on a mystical but highly important blue plate.

"Still, lots of business is good," he admitted. "I wish I had it."

I glanced inquiringly around the room, where the number of obviously contented patrons seemed to contradict Ernesto's implication that he was facing bankruptcy.

"My third-floor tenant leave two weeks ago, I cannot rent the flat!" he explained woefully. "Everybody say 'Thass notta nice place to live.' 'way downtown. I wanta live uppin the Bronx, I lovea the subway! 'Izza nice place,' bristled Ernesto; "nize cheap flat, nize furniture, nize and quiet at night! Nobody want!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Both Ends

An actor was talking about John Drew.

"Drew and Richard Harding Davis were friends in their famous youth," he said, "and they often traveled together."

"While he was dressing for dinner one evening in Chicago, the young author looked up at Drew and grunted: 'Hang it, I can't get these shoes on.'"

"What!" said the young actor, "swelled feet, too?"—Detroit Free Press.

In New York state a cemetery of 1000 graves was removed where a reservoir was being constructed.

Don't Make a Toy Out of Baby

-Babies Have Nerves-

By RUTH BRITAIN



Much of the nervousness in older children can be traced to the over-stimulation during infancy, caused by regarding baby as a sort of animated toy for the amusement of parents, relatives and friends. Baby may be played with, but not for more than a quarter of an hour to an hour daily. Beyond that, being handled, tickled, caused to laugh or even scream, will sometimes result in vomiting, and in various causes irritability, crying or sleeplessness.

Fretfulness, crying and sleeplessness from this cause can easily be avoided by treating baby with more consideration, but when you just can't see what is making baby restless or upset better give him a few drops of pure harmless Castoria. It's amazing to see how quickly it calms baby's nerves and soothes him to sleep; yet it contains no drugs or opiates. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper. Leading physicians prescribe it for colic, cholera, diarrhea, constipation, gas on stomach and bowels, feverishness, loss of sleep and all other "upsets" of babyhood. Over 25 million bottles used a year shows its overwhelming popularity.

With each bottle of Castoria, you get a book on Motherhood, worth its weight in gold. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package so you'll get genuine Castoria. There are many imitations.

Delving into the Past

Evidence of the antiquity of man, from the caves of Europe and the deserts of the Near East, will be collected this year by an expedition of the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago, headed by Henry Field, anthropologist. From the caves and anthropological sites of France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, Yugo Slavia, Switzerland and Belgium there will be brought specimens and artifacts, together with notes, sketches and plaster casts to be used in exhibits in the Field museum's proposed hall of prehistoric man. Mr. Field will also visit the north Arabian desert and the excavations at Kish in Mesopotamia.

Enough Said

Mrs. Pryor—And do you think the Jones are modern in the strictest sense?

Mrs. Guyer—Goodness gracious, no! Why, they are living within their income, my dear.—New Bedford Standard.

Gifts

He—Will your father give anything toward our new home?

She—He said he'd give you the gate.

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Selfish Lives

Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts has retired voluntarily after 34 years of splendid service, on the ground that:

"Old men should give way in order that younger ones may have full opportunity of authority."

Bishop Lawrence's life has been one of self-sacrifice, and he has always hated selfish lives. In a recent Y. M. C. A. address he said:

"Some of our millionaires in their success talks preach an abominable philosophy. Only the other day a millionaire said to a high school graduating class:

"In this race for success lemme tell ye, young men, it ain't enough to know how to push yerself along—no sree! Ye gotta know how to push the other feller out o' the way."

Postage Stamp

Adhesive postage stamps were invented by James Chalmers of Dundee in 1834.

Name "Dark Continent"

Credited to Stanley

Africa is called the "Dark continent" on account of the fact that it was for many years an unexplored region. Henry M. Stanley, who knew more about Africa than anyone else, traversed its darkest part, and told the story of his travels under the title, "In Darkest Africa." Stanley's white aides, Surgeon Thomas Parke and Lieut. William Bonny, both published books in England after their return home, and others returned with them. So it is untrue that Stanley's white aides perished as claimed by A. Aloysius Smith, alias "Trader Horn." Leopold, king of the Belgians, financed the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha and the exploration of the Congo. That is why the territory came under the Belgian flag.

The simile "Dark as Egypt" may relate to the fact that the Egyptians were superstitious, and, as people who were continually seeking omens, they avoided work on certain days.—Literary Digest.

Prince's Simple Life

on Ranch in Calgary

The prince of Wales, so they say, is developing an American accent. Seven years of annual association with the cowhands and neighboring ranchers at Calgary, Alberta, where he is owner of the EP ranch, have erased much of his carefully cultivated Oxford enunciation and substituted the drawl of the American Northwest.

The British royal heir even jokes about the change in his speech. A favorite story with him is one in which an American acquaintance explains that the difference between a ranch and a "ranch" is that "a ranch pays and a 'ranch' doesn't."

"But everybody in Calgary knows that the prince runs a ranch and not a 'ranch,'" says Chief Long Lance, a neighbor. "By 8:30 every morning he has breakfast and is out inspecting his cattle and barns. One of his chores is hauling manure in a wheelbarrow."—Los Angeles Times.

Color War in Edinburgh

Following the refusal of some restaurants to admit Asiatic and African residents, not because of their conduct, but because of their racial origin, Edinburgh has a color war that has gotten into the house of commons. The secretary for Scotland was asked to take steps, by legislation or otherwise, to stop the discrimination, and he replied that he did not have the power to intervene and did not think legislation along the line suggested would be practicable. A delegation of students representing the Edinburgh Indian association protested recently to the lord provost of Edinburgh, and the members of the organization refused to take part in the recent charity pageant.

None Too Good

"What do you think of his tennis?"

"Oh, I think he's singularly bad in doubles and doubly bad in singles."—Passing Show.



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The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, white-haired old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$10 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter, whom she seems to recognize as the man who bought the rare book in Richmond, Va., a few days before: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"What a shame!" I sympathized. "People are just silly. And maybe it's a little too soon to expect to rent the flat. Your luck will turn."

Ernesto gave a pessimistic-artistic shrug, and moved off to greet some new arrivals. Nancy leaned over the table toward me.

"I want to ask your advice," she announced. "Peter thinks you're the most sensible young woman he knows."

"Thank you. That makes a girl feel so nice and safe!"

Absorbed in a new idea, Nancy continued to lean over the table, and so missed a two-second drama that flashed past on the staircase. Silhouetted against the big hall window, the figure of a young man suddenly turned the corner of the landing, leaped to the hall, posed effectively an instant, back toward me, before a long mirror near the staircase, then, satisfied, flashed past the hall door. The front door slammed. His visored cap had been low on his face, he wore a loud, vaguely familiar suit.

"This is what I want to ask you about," Nancy was saying eagerly. "Do you think it would be all right if Peter and I should take that flat upstairs? Could you and I look at it after lunch? Do you think it would be all right?"

"Why... I suppose so, if you and Peter want a flat. But why...?" "Because Malvina insulted me so about my elopement that I simply won't stay home. Neither will Peter. We've left and we haven't anywhere to go, not even tonight! And we've always lived downtown and like it, and I love to keep house, and I don't see why I should be done out of everything just because... Oh, I never finished!"

I perceived that I was now in for the conclusion of this distressing child's singular romance.

"Brandon came to the house in about half an hour to get my suitcase," proceeded Nancy, systematically; "while everybody was still out. It was packed, standing by the hall back-rack. He waited there while I dashed upstairs for my things; I hadn't expected him quite so soon. I came right down again, but he was already holding the door open, with the suitcase in one hand and his own bag in the other. We got the train all right. As we were getting into Trenton, where it stopped, he suggested going into the diner to get some tea; he said if I'd go in first and keep a table, he'd come right along after he'd moved our things to a better seat that was just being vacated. But I had to come right back for the diner was full; I met him just as he was starting forward with our bags, and goodness, he was cross! I thought he must be terribly hungry, and didn't say anything."

"Well, at Philadelphia, we had to change trains for Atlantic City, and wait a few minutes for the connection. He said: 'Why don't you go buy those picture-postals?' I had suggested sending some home to tell our news. So I went over to the newsstand and turned around to look at him, and... he was racing toward the door with our two bags!"

"What did you do?" I inquired, at last interested.

"I ran faster, another way, and got to the door first, and..."

"Yes, my dear?"

"I grabbed away my own suitcase, and hit him—hard."

"Nancy," said I, in congratulatory tones, "shed no tears over your erstwhile friend Mr. Tower. I think you did a good job with him."

"That's what the Travelers' aid lady said," observed Nancy, complacently. "The station guard got her, right away, because I cried and Brandon... ran! She telegraphed for Peter, and he came for me late in the evening. I was so-o-o glad to see him! And then, as he and the Travelers' aid lady and I were crossing the station to the New York train—will you believe me?—there was Brandon again, snooping behind a bench! Well, like a fool—I suppose because I was so nervous—I screamed."

"Why did he come back?" I couldn't help puzzling aloud.

"I give up," confessed Nancy. "Did he think I would ever, ever, ever, in this world or the next, forgive him for trying to get rid of me, after he'd asked me to go off with him? Well, anyway, there he was."

"What did he do?"

"Ran, of course."

"And I suppose Peter gave chase?"

"Yes; he overtook him, and they had a dreadful fight right there in the station, but Brandon got away, and Peter got arrested, and came home only this morning. The Travelers' aid lady brought me home. And on the train," whispered Nancy, in an awestruck tone, as the last fragment of poetry vanished, "the queerest thing of all happened!"

"What was it?"

"You see, I cried so much I had to have a clean handkerchief. I opened my suitcase to get one, and inside were Peter's gray tweed suit and collars and razors and things and a crumpled old leather law book!"

"Nancy! Was it really Peter's suit case all the time, and not yours?"

"You get the point at once. I hadn't noticed it before, because I hadn't been carrying the bags; anyway, the two suitcases are just ordinary black leather ones, much alike. I haven't had time yet to figure out how they got changed, but at least I changed them back again when I got home. Come on, let's go and look at that flat."

I summoned Ernesto, and explained to him that Miss Burton was desirous of inspecting his vacant apartment. By the happiest of coincidences, she and her brother were now seeking new living-quarters, and shared his contempt for the subway. Ernesto rapidly led us forthwith up two steep flights of stairs, and into a sunny front suite of three small rooms, made by cunning partitioning out of one former enormous apartment.

Nancy eyed with cool appraisal the furniture in the living-room, punched the mattresses, rattled the pots in the kitchenette, and discussed terms with Ernesto. She had not kept house for a refined, genteelly poor widowed father for nothing. Finally:

"Who else lives here?" she inquired.

"In the rear apartment, just behind me," replied Ernesto. "Me, my wife, my four children. Never will you be lonely! Below?" he paused with an air of climax—"lives Mr. Grosvenor!"

"Who's he?" demanded Miss Man nattan, with unshaken morale.

"Most distinguished gentleman! He owned this house, long ago. It was his father's. He sold to me, I rent him one floor, so all his life he lives in one house. Think, for New York!"

"Is he nice?" inquired Nancy.

"Sure! I tell you, most distinguished! Miss Grosvenor, also. They are very quiet lady and gentleman, and most distinguished! Nobody else lives here; everybody else!"

"Well, I guess if my brother and I will do, we'll come," decided Nancy, and with her breath-taking speed snatched a ten-dollar bill from her purse and thrust it at Ernesto. He hustled downstairs ahead of us to make out the receipt for the deposit.

"Nancy," I remonstrated feebly, "wouldn't it be better to wait and let Peter come and see—" Suppose he doesn't—"

"Certainly he will like it! He's got to; I took it on his account—so convenient, right in our business neighborhood! I am perfectly positive it is going to be just the right place for us!"

So they were coming there. But most of Nancy's previous judgments filled me with a curious apprehension that somehow it was going to be just the wrong place for them. My lunch on enterprise had certainly been successful in convincing Nancy that all is not necessarily over at seventeen; nevertheless it had filled me with an inexplicable sinking feeling which even the affectionate Good-speed of Ernesto failed to dispel.

CHAPTER IV

Exit Bookplate

It was very quiet in the shop. Daisy Abbott, noting my entrance, stole forward, loaded to the guards with important news.

"That poor old gentleman! He died at one o'clock, Mr. Case told us."

"Without recovering consciousness?"

"I inquired, spreading out my index cards as a gentle hint that I would be alone."

"Yes; and nobody knows who he is. And employees are not to talk about the accident. Miss Fuller. And, oh, that girl who gave the alarm! She's still unconscious, the hospital people say. Isn't this the most exciting and awful thing you ever had happen to you?"

I agreed fervently; and Daisy evaporated, giving me a chance, while finishing my index, to reflect on the many strange events connected with that mysterious old law book now up in Mr. Darrow's office.

How many persons had shown interest in it! Peter Burton, his unknown rival bidder at Richmond; "that girl" whoever had broken open Peter's suitcase in the hotel, and now, the polite and handsome Brandon Tower! For under whose auspices, if not his, had Nancy's suitcase suddenly become Peter's? "Elopement," for sooth! He had not had even the slightest design against her! His proposal to elope was nothing but a pretext to enter the Burton house; for Nancy, with her artless narrative of Peter's Richmond trip, had informed him exactly where the law book was—of whose existence and value he was evidently somehow aware at ready. Then in the number of the book fanciers was the poor old gentleman of the law alcove.

Yet it was sensible to assume that out of the hundreds of books there, he had specially wanted Carlew's "Notes"? But if not, why was the girl who had a vital interest in that very book, so extraordinarily upset when she found the old man dying? Why did she cry, "Keep it for me?"

Now, whatever value it had as an antique, and for law-book collectors. As the book itself was not a valuable trophy, could there be anything about the plate that might have influenced the searcher of Peter's suitcase?

I resolved to presume on the fact of being one of the employees Mr. Darrow spoke to; to ascend to his office; and to ask his secretary to let me see Carlew's "Notes." Incidentally, I intended to get a look at that bookplate, myself.

I rang for the elevator. Down it clanked with unheard-of promptness,

and out stepped Mr. Case and a tall young man, a stranger.

"Ah, Miss Fuller," said Mr. Case, "of course you're unfailingly ready for us. This is Captain Ashland Mr. Darrow's nephew. He's been looking us over for an hour or so already, and by the way of a climax, has come to see your famous card index. Miss Fuller, sir, can give you more exact information than anyone else here regarding our cataloguing methods."

"Quite so!" murmured Captain Ashland, agreeably; "and of course I am here in search of information, and instruction."

With all the enthusiasm I did not feel on being thus baffled by a person so surprising that he could reach an appointment ahead of time, I led the way to my desk. The captain promptly revealed other surprises. His opening remarks had certainly not been recalcitrant, and he did not look any more complacent than any other keen, prosperous young man in the late twenties. He was dark-haired, clean-shaven, slightly stooped; he had a brilliant rosy complexion, rather small, very sharp twinkling gray eyes, half-concealed behind light spectacles with black rims, and a most amiable expression, in which composure was the leading characteristic.

Moreover, I soon saw that while I might introduce him to new mechanical devices, I could learn far more than I taught, about rare books and literary curiosities. He had been too severely wounded, it seemed, in the Somme offensive in 1916, ever to return to the front. He had therefore turned—rebelliously, I judge, at that hour of history—to acquire a thorough knowledge of his ancestral business. I got a further jab when I saw him take promptly to our rainbow card system.

In listening to his modest but authoritative conversation, for the first time that day I forgot my troubles, and what was still better, other people's. And then suddenly a vivid blaze of life and color came flitting down the aisle of the old, dim bookshop, which had that very morning been the scene of sinister tragedy: Nancy, with her bright blue eyes, her waving chestnut hair, her peach-slip-clad feet and her apple-green frock. Under her left arm was pressed a thin octavo volume bound in calfskin.

"Pardon me, Miss Fuller; I have a message from Mr. Darrow for you," she began carefully and importantly, as if repeating a formula she had been taught. "Will you kindly remove the bookplate from this book, and have it and the book advertised for sale, separately, in the trade press?"

Consumed with curiosity, I took the book. A shiny black label pasted on the back bore the gilt-lettered title:

NOTES

on
Medical Statutes
in the
Virginia
Code
W. Carlew
1810

"You're sure the message is correct?" I inquired. "I understood this book had already been ordered by the Legal Federation."

Nancy's red lips parted in an excited titter.

"They won't take it!"

I was stricken dumb by this devastating information.

"It's too expensive!" confided Nancy with most interesting indiscretion. Captain Ashland was observing her composedly, and with that close attention one bestows on a remarkable foreigner, and I sensed that the next minute she would spill out, giving due credit for same, his uncle's possibly hectic remarks on learning that he had for once overreached himself. Heavens! Had Ulysses hit the bull's-eye again? For Mr. Darrow had certainly lost some money! I gave Nancy a look that frost-bite even her giggle.

"Very well; go to Miss Wilkes, and tell her I will follow Mr. Darrow's instructions. Do you understand, Miss Burton?"

Nancy nodded and retired. I turned toward the captain with the book.

"Here," I remarked, "is a curiosity you'll be glad, I believe, to have crossed the ocean to see. It's a Colfax bookplate."

"I say! that would be a find—an American Colfax!" ejaculated Captain Ashland, almost excitedly. He rose and came around the desk beside me. "Let us see it!"

I opened the first cover, and our eyes rested on the owner's label glued inside, that eagerly sought prize, I recalled, of so many pursuers. It was evident at once that this was what was called a pictorial plate; that is, one with the design in the form of a picture, as opposed, for an instance, to a coat of arms or an allegorical design. Collectors can often tell promptly, also, the nationality of the plate and its artist. In this case the serpent-shaped in a capital "C" had served Peter in identifying the work as that of Colfax, thus making the picture out as of English origin, and fixing its date somewhere in the late Eighteenth or early Nineteenth century.

The design depicted in the foreground a table on which stood an alembic, or old distilling vessel, a skull, a scalpel and other small instruments of scientific appearance. The three objects named were, I knew, purely conventional symbols, often used. They announced, despite the absence of an owner's name, that this had been a physician's bookplate. But from this point the plate took on more originality, for in the distant background of the picture appeared a seascape, where a frigate under full sail floated on the waves. The sides of the picture were framed by two Greek columns of conventional classic style, which formed an attractive setting for the drawing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEARBY and YONDER

By T. T. Maxey

"A Female Stranger"

IN THE little burial ground of St. Paul's church at Alexandria, Va., there is an inscription on a monument that never fails to attract the interest of alert passers-by. What, more, the identity of the woman whose resting place it marks has eluded all attempts to solve the mystery for more than a century of time. It reads—

"To The Memory of A

Female Stranger whose mortal sufferings terminated on the fourth day of October, 1816—aged 25 years and 8 months. This stone is erected by her disconsolate husband in whose arms she breathed out her last sigh, and who, under God, did his utmost to soothe the dull, cold era of death."

It appears that a brig, en route from Halifax to the West Indies, put this couple ashore on July 25; that they secured hotel and physician service; that the woman's face was kept heavily veiled, despite the hot weather; that two hotel guests only were permitted by the man to help him care for her and they only after being sworn to secrecy concerning what they might learn; that he prepared her body for burial, ordered the stone marker with the above description and disappeared after the funeral; that annually for some years he returned and inspected the grave and then his visits ended.

Many years later, as the story goes, an elderly man and woman appeared, ordered the stone replaced by a more costly monument and the following verse added:

How loved, how honored once, avails thee not—

To whom related or by whom begot;

A heap of dust alone remains of thee;

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

Then they too, disappeared, leaving the identity of "The Female Stranger" forever shrouded in mystery.

The Tournament of Roses

IN CELEBRATION of their appreciation of the climate and environment in which they live, the residents of Pasadena, Calif., some thirty odd years ago, founded the Tournament of Roses—having conceived the idea from a floral fête in Nice, France, which since has been held annually on New Year's day.

In the beginning there was no thought of the elaborate floats of this day and age—the good folks merely trimmed their buggies and wagons with flowers and drove through the streets in parade formation. A marked success from the start, the tournament has been elaborated upon and enlarged until it has grown to unbelievable proportions and world-wide renown—the product of the combined efforts of the civic, social and other organizations in constructive co-operation.

Usually there are a hundred or more entries. As many as 100,000 cut blossoms have been used on a single float. The labor of some 5,000 persons, working the major portion of the night before, is necessary to decorate the float, as the live blossoms necessarily must be put in place within a few hours before the parade starts. The cost of constructing and decorating the floats approximates \$50,000.

Many of the flower-bedecked creations, filled with beautiful girls in fancy costumes, represent southern California towns—each vying with all others in friendly but earnest competition, to present the most elaborate or outstandingly unique float.

It is estimated that some 200,000 persons, in addition to those residing in Pasadena, come to witness this gorgeous spectacle which required two hours in passing.

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Larger Than Capital

The Capitol at Washington is 146 feet long and 270 feet wide. The palace of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa is 1,000 feet long, four stories in height, surmounted by a large dome covered with gold, as are also the peristyle pillars in front. It contains 400 rooms and 1,233 windows. The building was commenced 1,200 years ago and the most recent addition is 200 years old. A lammaserie nearby shelters 7,500 lamas.

Golden Gate Amenities

To a certain San Francisco newspaper's assertion, in alleged verse, that "this paper's large and quite enough for any person's need," the Argonaut of that city retorts: "It is quite enough for wrapping an old pair of shoes, or for a few books, or even, perhaps, for the laundry; but suppose it is needed for all three purposes on the same day."

First National Stamps

The first United States adhesive stamps were issued July 1, 1847. Previous to this there were stamps used in certain cities such as New York, St. Louis, Baltimore, Providence and others, but these were not United States stamps.

Inventor's Name Lost

The name of the inventor of the game of dominoes is unknown, but he was probably Italian; the game appeared in Europe in the Eighteenth century.

Man, the Conundrum

You can understand why men being men will fall for a beautiful but dumb Dora, but why some men have married the wild cats they have is simply beyond comprehension.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Newspaper

The newspaper, taken as a whole is the most compelling and brilliant and deservedly successful phenomenon in modern literature.—Arnold Bennett.

POULTRY FACTS

POULTRY BREEDS
BEST FOR FARMER

Which is the best breed of poultry for the Ohio farmer?

With more than 500 farm flocks on which to base an answer to this question, flocks on which records were kept during 1926 in co-operation with county agents and the agricultural college extension service of the Ohio State university, poultry specialists at the university make this answer:

"There are several things to consider, but probably the most important is the individual whim of the farmer."

Before framing this answer the specialists examined the records and analyzed them in "Analysis of Poultry Profits, 1926," a new bulletin published for free distribution by the agricultural college extension service. Copies of the 16-page bulletin may be obtained from the county agent or the university.

Averages used in comparing breeds of poultry were drawn from records of Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, and Rhode Island Reds. Leghorn flocks constituted 50.8 per cent of those reporting, and the average size of the Leghorn flock was larger than for any other breed, indicating that Leghorns are more adaptable to large flocks.

"The Leghorns averaged 13.9 eggs more per bird than any other breed," the specialists point out. "This bears out the contention that Leghorns are better egg producers than other breeds."

"There are exceptions, however, for some of the lowest producing flocks were Leghorns. There was little difference in egg production among the three American breeds, although the Wyandottes averaged 7.2 eggs more per bird than the Plymouth Rocks."

"Cash receipts were less for the Leghorns than for any of the other breeds. This is true despite the higher egg production for Leghorns, and is largely due to increased meat receipts from hens and broilers for the American breeds."

"Total expenses per bird were slightly higher for the three American breeds. This tended to balance the labor income so that it was quite similar for the four breeds. With only 59 cents difference between the high and the low in labor income, it is apparent that there is no practical difference in the profitability of these four main breeds."

Egg-Shell Material Is

Essential for Layers

Oyster shell which is used for poultry is made by crushing the whole shells, after which they are washed three times. Following the washing the crushed shell is dried in rotary dryers, the intense heat of which destroys all foreign and putrid matter, making the shell sanitary and clean. The heating insures freedom from odor and poisonous matter.

After drying the shell is screened into two sizes, for hens and chicks, respectively. The oversized material and dust is eliminated.

The feeding of oyster shell is a good practice in poultry husbandry as the high calcium content provides bone-building material for growing birds and egg-shell material, for laying hens. For this reason the material should be available in feeders at all times.

Poultry Hints

Lack of sunshine often causes leg weakness in chicks.

Overcrowding the house causes roup as well as stunted chicks.

The color of the egg shells has nothing to do with the food value of the eggs.

Eggs cannot be produced without nitrogenous food in some shape. Bones are absolutely essential.

Give the young poultry plenty of fresh air without drafts. An open growing coop will do this.

Remember that the hens which lay the golden eggs are the ones that produce them when they bring the highest prices.

A broiler is a young bird weighing less than two pounds. The best prices are received for the plump, well-developed birds.

The products of the great American hen rank fifth in our agricultural products list, and every year more people are realizing that there is money in hens.

The standard weight of the Pekin drake is nine pounds and of the Muscovy drake, ten pounds.

Many breeders sell the Leghorn cockerels when they weigh about one pound. At this size they are known as squab broilers.

When the hens stop laying they may often be started again by a change of feed, but do not give them much corn in summer, unless, of course, you have cooped them up to fatten for market.

Putting the cockerels in a separate place for fattening for market saves feed. Unless they are to be kept for breeding stock it is better to put them on the market early than to run the risk of having some one steal them.

Air-slaked lime dusted everywhere will aid materially in destroying lice, gapes and roup. Prevent disease among fowls rather than risk curing them after they are affected. Keep the quarters clean, and supply pure water.

Chinaman a Comrade of Civil War "Vets"

Few Civil war veterans know that one of their number is a Chinese. He is Edward Day Cohota, who is still alert at eighty-five. More than eighty years ago, as a small boy of four in tatters on a Shanghai wharf, he took the fancy of a Yankee sailor, with the result that the boy sailed away and never again saw his native land. He finally landed in Gloucester, Mass., the home of Capt. Edward Day, the ship's master. The captain took him to his home and gave him his name, using in addition, Cohota. He grew up in the Day home and enlisted in the Civil war and when the war ended had the great happiness of helping his benefactor in his old age. He re-enlisted in the regular army and saw service on the western frontier. He was retired before the war of '98, much to his disgust. While serving in South Dakota he married a Norwegian. He is now a widower with five living children.—Boston Globe.

Fossil Is Interesting

Porpoises, little brothers of the whales, once swam in the shallow seas that are now dry land in California. A newly discovered fossil, reported by Dr. William K. Gregory and Dr. Remington Kellogg, of the American Museum of Natural History, links California of 100,000 years ago with South America of today, for the bones dug up by a San Diego naturalist, Charles K. Sternberg, closely resemble those of a small group of living porpoises that are now known only from certain rivers of the southern part of South America. The teeth of the newly discovered fossils are shaped like little battleaxes.

Corpse Had Winning Ticket

Just as the undertaker's assistants were preparing to close a coffin in which lay the body of a man at Barcelona, Spain, his widow observed sticking out of his pocket a fractional lottery ticket. To her surprise on examining it she found that it had drawn the third prize in a big lottery, entitling the holder to a very large sum. The man had not worn the suit for some time previous but, according to the custom of the country, was dressed in his best clothes for burial.

Build to Defy Quakes

A form of construction which will offer great resistance to earthquakes and will add to the safety of the dwellers is the aim of builders in Costa Rica. Residences are now being constructed of high-grade wooden frames, and in many instances brick walls are reinforced with concrete pillars at close intervals. This makes a solid frame of reinforced concrete. In a quake, the frame, it is believed, will remain standing and serve as a protection to the building.

Fat Baby Worshipped

Welching as much as a man, a baby in Jolo, in the Philippine Islands, is being worshipped by the natives, who believe that so large a human being must be a Messiah in infant form. Although only seven months old, it weighs 150 pounds, eats ten pounds of rice at a meal and has to be carried to the table by two men, according to reports. Many natives are offering the "Messiah" gifts to secure its favor.

New York for Women

Berlin has the first woman patent attorney in Germany, Fraulein Frieda Herzfeld-Hoffman, a physicist, decided there was more money in advising inventors how to protect the results of their investigations than there was in sitting behind leyden jars and other laboratory paraphernalia. She therefore switched over from science to law and recently qualified.

Guard Children's Health

Supervision of the health of children from birth to five years of age, as well as during the school period, five to fourteen years, has been brought about in Middleborough, a manufacturing and seaport town in Yorkshire, England, through co-operation of the education committee and the child welfare committee.

"Veteran" Wooden Eagle

A wooden eagle fashioned in 1830 by Moody Heath has perched over the Woodstock (Vt.) Inn for ninety-eight years. That it might view the approach of the end of its first century with pride it was taken down, regilded, and put back in position for another vigil.

Yes, Indeed!

The Colfax Bookplate

By
AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
© by The Century Co.

SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, white-haired old gentleman, who saunters into the shop, and carded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter, whom she seems to recognize as the man who bought the rare book in Richmond, Va., a few days before. "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, a shorthand teacher, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. As Nancy and Peter have left home because their father has just married a hateful woman, they rent the third-floor apartment Sansoni has vacated above his restaurant. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland of England, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

It was a most interesting bookplate, skillfully drawn, of charming design, full of tantalizing clues to what one's curiosity as to who had been the long-departed owner, what the story of a life that in some way had combined science with adventure, a century or more ago. Yet, ten seconds after my eyes had rested on it, I was filled with consternation. I felt my face turning cold; was it from the chill of regretful disappointment that began to emanate from Captain Ashland, as he, too, gazed at the bookplate in silence? Finally I stole one glance at him, praying that my judgment might have made an error, however awful, after all. But he shook his head, slowly yet decidedly; and then confirmed my fears with the authoritative verdict:

"It's a forgery!"

I knew it. Every sign pointed to it. And chagrin overwhelmed me. The captain, while disappointed, was philosophical.

"It's sad to have high hopes dashed," he remarked; "but this paper's modern. Its color's wrong, the design's not really characteristic of Colfax style, and—I say! This really is a drawing, not an impression from a plate. By Jove, though, it's clever! I hardly wonder the buyer was deceived."

"Especially as he's just beginning to have enough experience for such work," said I, quickly; "and one way, at least, no harm has been done. Mr. Burton hasn't said anything official about his 'find.' I'm the only person here to whom he mentioned it. He knew I'd be interested, on account of my special work."

"Quite so," assented the captain, with discreet understanding; "but won't the poor chap be no end surprised when you tell him the truth?"

I was plunged into gloom by the prospect. A moment of silence was shattered by the clatter of the descending elevator, wherein, as it hung a moment above the alcove, we could see Mr. Roberts and a stranger. Darrow's was full of strangers and strange things today. I sighed involuntarily; and the captain said with very pleasant warmth:

"It's most kind of you to take so much trouble over me today. I expect I'll be bothering you every day while I'm here."

I gave him permission to bother me at any time; and as he walked up the aisle, Mr. Roberts and his companion came down it, and halted at my desk.

"Miss Fuller," announced Mr. Roberts, with much gravity, "this is Mr. Almy, from the detective bureau. He would like a few minutes' talk with you."

Benjamin Almy took a chair, and proceeded forthwith to business, with noticeable zest.

"I understand you were sitting here all morning, Miss Fuller, and thus saw all the customers come in and go out. Now, could you say about what time that old gentleman entered?"

"Yes; half-past nine exactly. I looked to see the time, for he was the first customer."

"Yes. Now, that young lady who gave the alarm—at what time did she come in?"

"About a quarter of ten."

"But the law student you mentioned to the policeman?"

"I saw him go into the law section, opposite the medical directly after he entered—about five minutes of ten. I think."

"Those were all the customers this morning, were they?"

"All except Professor Harrington. We stopped here as he entered, and we chatted some time before he went to make his purchases."

"Very good. Now, did you see anybody else enter the shop before half-past ten?"

"No other customer. Mr. Burton, our traveler, came in a few minutes before Professor Harrington, and went directly upstairs in the elevator."

"And did you see the old gentleman again after you finally saw him being carried into the aisle?"

"Yes," said I, "three times I saw him cross the aisle and enter the law book alcove, which is right opposite the medical alcove, you see. Then I saw him come out again at once, and beckon to Miss James to turn the light on for him, when he re-entered I saw him finally being carried into the aisle."

"Have you any idea about what time the light was turned on for him?"

I reflected for an instant.

"The exact time I could not say, but it was very shortly before Professor Harrington left, if that fact is of any use. Almost immediately after the light went on I remember bowing to him as he passed out at the door."

"Miss Fuller, do you think anyone besides the persons you have mentioned could have been in the shop this morning?"

"I know no other customer passed me. Of course—"

"And you remember, Almy," interrupted Mr. Roberts, "that Riggs said he was alone in the shipping office all morning?"

"Why, how was that?" I demanded.

"When Mr. Roberts spoke I was just going to mention that applicant for the shipping clerk's job who came in here a little after ten-thirty."

"What applicant?" cried both men.

"Why, the one who came in this front entrance by mistake. Peter Burton was here at the time, and sent him back through the shop to Mr. Riggs."

"Certainly Riggs never heard of him, or we should have, too," said Mr. Roberts.

"I might look into that now, then," observed Mr. Almy, carelessly rising. "You're sure that no one else was in the shop this morning, Miss Fuller?"

I was positive. Mr. Almy thanked me with a bow, nodded to Mr. Roberts, and strode off in the direction of the shipping office.

Turning toward Mr. Roberts, I was astonished to perceive that on that cool afternoon, with the wind rising and the steam heat doing nothing of the sort, he was vigorously wiping a moist brow.

"Tell me what you think of this insane story of Burton's," he said.

"So he told you about his romantic adventures in Richmond? Don't say he actually did something sensible!"

"He came to me with the story just before he went out this afternoon, between Mr. Darrow's hearing the news, and his conference with Almy and myself, which was scheduled to take place while you were instructing Captain Ashland."

"Some afternoon!" I observed severely, in order to show sympathy.

"How," continued Mr. Roberts, even more severely, "this story of Burton's is going to help either the girl or himself, I don't see. It was solely for her sake, on a perfectly wild impulse, that he bought the book; and she follows him here forthwith. You've heard of course, that she's still unconscious?"

"Yes; and the old man is dead."

"Nobody has an idea who either of them is; and that girl is the only person who was in the shop this morning whose actions we have attempted to investigate without any result. There's not a clue, so far, to the mystery of the attack."

"Has Mr. Almy no theories? He looks experienced," said I.

"He has advanced none yet."

"He seemed very keen about this case," I remarked thoughtfully. "Has he any idea, I wonder, as to how the attack on the old man was made? I mean, with what sort of weapon?"

"Whatever the weapon was, it has disappeared," said Mr. Roberts, meaningly.

"Well, that shipping-office applicant did get away somehow—"

"What Almy really wants to know first, however," said Mr. Roberts, "is: What was that girl doing here all that hour and a half?"

I pondered. Having abandoned consideration of the bookplate as an object of chase, the book occurred to me again, and in stronger light.

"Between you and me, Mr. Roberts, it might seem as if she had traced that book from the Richmond auction room to this shop, through press notices of the sale. You see, she said to Peter, 'Keep it for me.' She must have meant the book."

"Must she?" Mr. Roberts shook his head.

"You saw, of course, as did the other witnesses, that the young lady, clutching the book-table suddenly as Burton rushed toward her?"

"Yes."

"I mentioned that the weapon used in the attack must have been very small. Therefore the police are wondering: did the young lady lay anything on that table among the books, and rely on Burton to pick it up and conceal it for her?"

"Do they know he saw her in Richmond?" I demanded uneasily.

"Not yet, at least. And he denies, of course, that he saw her put anything on the table, much less picked it up. But what did happen to that old man? Did she know him? If not, why should she have been so utterly overcome by his condition? Why did she demand Burton's help? These are the first questions to be answered."

"And you think there's no clue here?" I inquired, standing Clarithew's "Notes" on the desk. "You know there was a rival bid for it; and the girl was so frightened at the auction; and Peter did see her examining the book, and he thought—"

"I'm glad you said nothing so vague and conjectural to Mr. Almy," interrupted Mr. Roberts, sharply. "A typical wrangle between two buyers, the examination of a book put up for public auction, the effect of a pretty young fool—do you think such things would be of interest in a police investigation of a murder. Let me assure you that facts and concrete information are much more likely to be appreciated than assumptions."

"I should hope so!" I concurred sweetly. "And speaking of facts: was there really some one in the shop this morning that I don't know about?"

"There was Miss Burton's ex-sultor," replied Mr. Roberts, with such promptness that he momentarily side-tracked me.

"What!"

"He entered in the middle of the excitement, when you were attending the young lady—"

"Then he was after that book!" I cried in consternation.

"He was after the girl!"

"Not at all. I took Nancy Burton to lunch today, and she told me all about what she pleases, for some obscure reason, to term her elopement with a Mr. Brandon Tower—Peter told you something of that, too, I see. Well, Mr. Tower learned from her prattle of the purchase of this book. It seems to have had a curious interest for him: three times in the course of the said elopement he tried to get possession of it! I gave the details, and had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Roberts sit gazing with amazement through the narrative."

Mr. Roberts departed with the law book. I hastened toward the rear of the shop for some volumes I needed. Ulysses was polishing the elevator cage.

Finally he said:

"I don't tell you the truth this morning, Miss Fuller! I know some powerful bad was going to happen, and it did happen; and Miss Case called me a stupidest fool!"

"Mr. Case called you?"

"I couldn't finish the sentence, for amazement. Mr. Case, perhaps the most truly polite person on earth, and some times, it was to be feared, the only polite one in Darrow's, to call Ulysses names! 'Well, it's true something did happen.' I finally managed to admit discreetly."

"Yes'm," said Ulysses, complacently. "Does they know who that poor old gentleman was yet?"

"No," I sighed.

Ulysses drew himself up to his full six feet and stood motionless, his brass-polish can in his left hand, a bunch of waste in his right. His face was expressionless. He announced in a sepulchral whisper:

"I know!"

I was certainly startled, but confident in Ulysses' abysmal private knowledge of anything that might concern Darrow's.

"Who was he, then?" I demanded.

"Miss Charles Grosvenor," announced Ulysses.

"How do you know?"

"I know."

"But how, Ulysses? Please tell me!"

Looking very important, he produced from his sweater pocket a ragged newspaper clipping. At the head of the article was an excellent likeness of the very old gentleman whose identity was in question, and beneath it the caption:

NEW YORKER BORN IN MANHATTAN
Lives 70 Years in Same House
Charles Grosvenor, Eminent Retired Merchant, Reaches 3 Score and 10 at His Birthplace in Normandy Terrace.

"Mr. Grosvenor—very distinguished!"

As Ernesto had observed three hours before! So, in my zeal to aid Providence, I had put Nancy in the way of snatching up that scarce article, a nice downtown flat, thus arranging that Peter should live in the same house which had been the home of the old gentleman who had—just for a fleeting moment, of course!—seemed mysteriously connected with the bookplate which that girl had certainly—But away with assumptions!

"Why didn't you say before if you knew who the old gentleman was?" I inquired severely. "He's been dead several hours now."

"Yes'm, I know that," observed Ulysses, sulkily. "I didn't hardly see him when he's found. Miss Riggs hustled me to watch shipping office, then Miss Case called me a fool!"

The reply was not exactly direct, but I knew it was all I could get. However, I ventured:

"Did you cut this clipping out because you'd seen him here in the shop?"

"I cut out pieces 'bout folks I know," returned Ulysses, primly.

At this point Mr. Case stepped out of his office. I ran toward him with the clipping.

"Look at this!" I cried. "Do you recognize him?"

"Good Lord!" he gasped; "it's the old gentleman! Where's Almy?"

"Right here," answered Mr. Almy, appearing in the door of the shipping office.

I firmly took the clipping away from Mr. Case, and handed it to Mr. Almy as an earnest of what he could expect from my co-operation.

"The old gentleman," I announced. "Is identified."

CHAPTER V

The Yellow Note

I took the train into New York next morning not only ready, as usual with me, for whatever might befall, but much interested in anticipating it, for Darrow's had within the last twenty-four hours become more "different" than ever. I had not long to wait for a sensation. When I unfolded my newspaper, a staid but informing sheet containing, without resort to excess of ink or illustrations, all the news considered suitable for refined minds, I found the following article headed with front-page position:

"The victim of a mysterious attack made in Darrow's bookshop in Fourth avenue yesterday morning was identified as Charles Grosvenor of 14 Normandy terrace, shortly after his death yesterday at 1 p. m. in Mercy hospital."

"He died without recovering consciousness, as the result of a violent slash of his right wrist by an unknown assailant, no trace of whom can yet be found."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What a Question!

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Mrs. Bibbles.

"Over to John Jaggsby's house," said Mr. Bibbles. "He has just telephoned to ask if I could lend him a cork-screw, and I'm taking it myself."

"Couldn't you send it?"

"Mrs. Bibbles," said Mr. Bibbles in cutting tones, "the question you ask me shows why most women are unfit to lead armies and make quick decisions in business deals involving millions. When the psychological moment arrives they don't know what to do with it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1928 Western Newspaper Union)

Life's a pudding full of plums.
Care's a canker that benumbs.
Wherefore waste our education
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes.

—Gilbert.

CANDIED FRUITS

To the one who loves fruit, and color, the luscious boxes and baskets of candied fruits which are so plentifully in the southern states, are most appealing. The price has always been so prohibitory that the large majority have not felt able to afford to buy. But now that we learn how to prepare these fruits in our own homes, and many are doing it, the prices are gradually lowering.

The fruits of any particular locality may be candied as well as the fruits of the South. Kumquats, loquats, pineapples, apricots, prunes and oranges as well as grapefruit. Cherries are grown in all parts of the country and are especially nice when candied.

For the large fruits, peel and core and cut into halves. Puncture the smaller fruits in several places with a wooden toothpick. Cook all the fresh fruits in water, but see that they are kept unbroken. This water may be used to make further sirup.

Prepare at least twice as much sirup as fruit to thoroughly cover. To one cupful of light corn sirup add two cupfuls of water, bring to a boil and pour over the fruit. Cover with a plate if the fruit froths. Allow this to stand twenty-four hours. Then pour off this sirup, measure it and to every four cupfuls add one-half cupful of sugar. Bring to the boiling point to dissolve the sugar and pour back over the fruit. Allow to stand twenty-four hours, drain again, measure and add to every four cupfuls one-half cupful of sugar, boil and pour over the fruit. Stand twenty-four hours, repeat this process, adding the half cupful of sugar each time for six times with an interval of twenty-four hours between each, until the sirup is thick like honey. Let the fruit remain in this sirup a week in a cool place. Drain and place on wire screen where the air may circulate around it and protect from flies. Pack when it is not sticky in waxed paper lined baskets or boxes. Cover and put away in a cool place.

The pits and stones are removed from such fruits as cherries, prunes and apricots before the candying process is begun.

Measure the fruit in a crockery dish large enough to hold it and the sirup to cover it.

Foundation Cake.

With a foundation recipe for cake to use as a base, one may vary the recipe and have a dozen varieties.

Cake No. 1.—Take one-fourth cupful of shortening, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of milk and one teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla extract. Cream the shortening, add the sugar and mix well, then the well-beaten eggs, the flour sifted with the baking powder and salt added alternately with the milk, beating well, add flavoring and pour into greased pan.

Cake No. 2.—Take three-fourths of a cupful of shortening, one and three-fourths cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix as No. 1, except the eggs; the whites and yolks are beaten separately and the whites are folded in at the last.

For a nut cake add one cupful of finely broken nut meats to the batter just before putting into the pans.

For a raisin cake add one-half to three-fourths cupfuls of raisins to the batter—four them first.

For chocolate, add two squares of melted chocolate to the batter with one tablespoonful more of milk.

If a marble cake is desired, divide the batter and stir in the chocolate batter when in the pan; put it in alternate layers with the white.

For cup cakes, bake in gem pans in a hot oven.

For layer cake bake in layers in a hot oven and use any desired filling.

Butter Frosting.—Take one-third of a cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupfuls of confectioner's sugar gradually, blending well; add one-half teaspoonful of flavoring and one tablespoonful of milk. Spread on the top and sides of the cake.

Boiled Frosting.—Take one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of water, one egg white and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the egg white stiff, cook the sugar and water until honey-like, then add two or three tablespoonfuls to the egg white, beating well. Re-slash the sirup to the heat and boil to the hair stage, dip a fork into it, and if it hairs remove and pour over the egg; beat until cool, add the flavoring. If frosting becomes too hard add a tablespoonful of boiling water, half a teaspoonful at a time.

Nellie Maxwell

Plant Generates Gas

The plant known as dittany generates gas which can be lighted. It is covered with glands that secrete a volatile oil, which in hot weather evaporates, making the air about the plant inflammable. It grows in southern Europe and central Asia.

Cleaning Paintings

To remove fly specks from oil paintings try washing them with warm suds made with a pure soap that does not contain lye, using a soft cloth.

Infertile Eggs Best

Eggs are one of the largest factors in poultry profits and as they deteriorate rapidly in hot weather they must have good care to bring the highest prices. If you have roosters in your flock get rid of them. Fertile eggs cannot bring the prices that infertile ones do for they spoil too quickly. If you want to keep your roosters for next year's breeding, build a park for them where they will have shade, and give them plenty of feed and clean, fresh water.

POULTRY

REMOVE ROOSTERS FROM HEN FLOCKS

Now that the hatching season is over and fertile eggs are no longer needed, every poultryman should remove all of the male birds from his flock. For, says C. S. Matt, assistant poultry husbandman at the New Jersey experiment station, the production of fertile eggs for market purposes is never desirable, though it cannot be avoided during the hatching season.

On many farms there is a desire to keep over some of the better cockerels and the temptation is to allow these to remain in the flock. The number retained, however, should be reduced to a minimum by careful selection. When this is done the few that are kept should be segregated. It must be remembered that a new crop of cockerels will be reared during the coming season and good, vigorous cockerels are usually better than older birds anyway.

The exception exists on those farms practicing pedigree mating. Where this is done it is absolutely necessary to keep over all of the male birds until one knows what their daughters have done. A proved male is practically priceless and as one cannot determine in advance exactly what his daughters will do it becomes necessary to keep the birds over until they have had a chance to show their ability.

Male birds that are kept should be given plenty of sunshine, green food, and yellow corn. They will not need much animal protein. A free range and whole yellow corn fed twice daily will take care of their needs until the next breeding season. If kept confined, cod-liver oil should be provided in addition to the corn and green food. One per cent in the grain would provide sufficient oil. Under confined conditions it will also be necessary to be on the watch for lice and mites all of the time. These can be kept under control by painting the roosts with a carbolineum product and, by dusting the birds with sodium fluoride.

Fatten Broilers Before Sending Them to Market

Profitable gains usually will be made by broilers that are fattened for a period of two weeks before they are sold. However, one should not expect to fatten broilers for longer than a two weeks' period, as the gains will not be rapid and profits are likely to disappear. Cockerels should be separated from the pullets and confined to a small yard. A roosting shed should be provided for the fattening birds.

A satisfactory mash mixture for fattening broilers is one composed of two parts of cornmeal and one part wheat middlings. This should be mixed with milk and fed for fifteen to twenty-minute periods three times daily. A liberal feeding of cracked corn should be given late in the afternoon. If liquid milk is available, it can be kept before the birds during the fattening period and no water need be given. Plenty of water should be provided if no milk is fed.

Slow-Feathering Chicks Common in Some Breeds

"Slow feathering or 'naked' chicks are quite common in general purpose breeds, and sometimes occur in the lighter breeds," says Prof. C. W. Carick, Purdue university. "Such chicks are usually those that lack the vigor necessary to grow rapidly but chicks may also become stunted from improper feed, chilling, or crowded conditions during the first few weeks of their lives. 'Whatever the cause may be, little can be done to make such chickens profitable. If pullets, they lay poorly and are likely to be susceptible to disease. They should be marked with leg bands when five or six weeks old, and marketed as soon as they reach sufficient size, otherwise they may feather out slowly and be kept in the flock to produce similar chicks next season."

By constantly culling out these low-vitality chicks, one can practically eliminate them in the future offspring.

Good Laying Mash

A farmer who raises corn, wheat, and oats can work them into a good laying mash. It can consist of 100 pounds of ground corn, 100 pounds of ground oats, 200 pounds of ground wheat and 100 pounds of meat scrap. The addition of 2 per cent bone meal, 2 per cent ground limestone and 1 per cent fine salt will furnish minerals. Adding 50 pounds of bran to the 500 pounds of mash helps to give it more bulk, when ground wheat is used in place of bran and middlings.

Prevent Diseases

It is an established fact that most of the tuberculosis in fowls is found in the older birds. When the older birds are eliminated, the principal spreaders of tuberculosis are eliminated. Therefore the sale of birds after they have completed most of their first year laying cycle is not only the method of securing the highest production per hen but also a method of helping to prevent spread of diseases such as tuberculosis and other ailments.

Is THIRTY the Love? Deadline?

Dr. George A. Dorsey is a great scientist, and a great student of human nature. For years he has studied human beings, not only in the civilized drawing rooms of the world, but in savage jungles, strange tropical lands, impenetrable Arctic countries. His recent book, "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," shows a startling insight into every process of the extraordinary mechanism we call man. Doctor Dorsey is married.

By GEORGE A. DORSEY,
Ph. D., LL. D.

"No man over thirty can fall in love." Isn't that just like a philosopher! But perhaps Doctor Durant never said it. Or perhaps he was merely trying to establish an alibi. I don't know the facts in his case, but I can see how a man married at thirty-one and cooled off at thirty-two, might counter his wife's "You don't love me any more!" "I try, but I just can't; I never did love you, I only thought I did. No man over thirty can fall in love."

Why is there no fool like an old fool? Because he was a fool to fall at all, but the older he is the harder he falls.

Five years ago I met an old friend on the fast St. Louis-New York train. I had known him all my life, but never had I seen him so radiant in countenance or so resplendent in new clothes and shiny shoes. My random "You must be on your way to your wedding" made his old plump cheeks (he was only sixty-five) crimson, and, caught in the act as it were, he could only stammer: "How did you know?"

I didn't know, but all that I know of human nature and of the significance of being born human led me to believe that this nice old widower hadn't blossomed out for nothing. I could think of nothing but love that could drive him out of his rut and rusty routine into fine raiment and an excess fare train to New York.

A few weeks later I met the bride. She could not have been more than sixty, but she was as radiant as had been her lover on his way to claim her. Today, after five years, they are as much in love with each other as ever, and—note this point—his devotion is such as would tickle the vanity of the most exacting girl of eighteen married to a youth of twenty.

I said "note." It is bad enough to say that no man over thirty can fall in love, but to add that he cannot become devoted to a woman is to salt the wound to human capacity.

More is known about what man can do than about what he can't. In fact, to put an arbitrary limit on man's capacity is to disclose the limits of one's understanding of human nature. An ordinary man of thirty can grow no taller; the pituitary gland normally sets limits on increase in stature after twenty-five. The exceptional man can grow taller after he is thirty; his pituitary has not yet limited his growth. Normally, and speaking biologically, men can fall in love till they are fifty or sixty, a few till they are sixty or seventy, but some reach sex senility before they turn thirty. There is no arbitrary or fixed limit to the functioning of the love impulse—certainly no arbitrary limit at thirty years of age.

The depth of a man's love for a woman could well be believed to be greater at forty than at thirty, or at fifty than at twenty. The usual fare-ups of youth have been well styled "puppy love"—playful, fleeting, hesitating, ephemeral, and too often deaf, dumb and blind. Even savages recognize the fact, and some do not consider a man fit for enduring love and whole-hearted devotion until he is thirty years of age. They think, and not without reason, that love cannot ripen until the man has matured.

Cannot fall in love? Speak for yourself, Doctor Durant. Some can, I know. How do I know? I am reminded of the man who called up a lawyer to explain his trouble with the officers of the law. "But they can't put you in jail for that," replied the lawyer. "Maybe they can't; but I'm in."

I'm in—for life, committed at the age of fifty-five. And as for "true devotion," perhaps I'm not the one to speak; but if forced to answer, would ask first: Just what do you mean by "devotion," Doctor Durant—if you really said it? Conjugal fidelity? Or such constancy for the welfare and happiness of a loved one as amounts to a zeal only to be surpassed, if at all, by devotion to a helpless child? If the former, age has nothing to do with it; if the latter, I don't know how old a man would have to be not to be able to become truly devoted to a woman.

Why don't I know? By the same token that prompted the old colored woman who, when asked how old a woman had to be before she could no longer fall in love, replied: "I dunno, honey; you'll have to ask somebody older'n I is."

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Fire Fanned by Rocks

Coal mine fires that rage underground long after all attempts to suffocate them have failed, are kept alive by "breathing rocks." In the opinion of Prof. W. Spencer Hutchinson, metallurgist of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. By "inhaling" air when the barometric pressure is high, he says in Popular Science Monthly, these porous rocks fan the underground fires.


Made Dancing Popular

The first public dance hall was opened in London in 1788 by an Englishman named Tickson. The first shelter soon proved inadequate and he built a large hall known as the "Grande Chaudiere."

Lessened the Effect

"Our ancient philosophers," said H. H. Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "told many truths, but in most cases had the misfortune to make them sound uninteresting."—Washington Star.

Nurses know, and doctors have declared there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box:



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocloaceticacid of Salicylicacid

Hare Evidently Had Good Ear for Music

The late Rev. R. Eastcote of Exeter, England, once told the story of five choristers who, one Sunday evening, were walking along the banks of the Mersey in Cheshire. After a time they sat down on the grass and began to sing an anthem. A hare passing with great swiftness toward the place where they were sitting stopped at about twenty yards distance from them.

She appeared to be highly delighted with the music, and as soon as the singers ceased returned slowly to the wood. When she had nearly reached the end of the field the choristers began to sing again.

The hare stopped, turned round, and came swiftly to the same place and remained listening in seeming rapture and delight until the singing ceased when it returned to the woods.

Harvest for Harpist

An elderly harpist was plucking the strings of his instrument on a Philadelphia street corner when a prosperous looking business man strode by. The man paused and whispered to the musician. A pleased expression came into the harpist's face as he nodded and swung into the strains of "La Paloma." Off came the man's hat and he began to sing. Song followed song and soon a crowd had gathered to listen to the deep rich baritone. Then the man passed the hat, and with a courteous gesture handed the coins to the old man and walked on.

The Woman Driver

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Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive siliaminate insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.

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Nothing so mar's an otherwise beautiful face as the inevitable lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet. ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder, insures foot comfort. It's a Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning, Shop all day—Dance all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y., in a Pinch. Use Allen's Foot-Ease

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Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 27-1928.

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
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SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer to come in is a dignified, white-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 for a book at an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Sudd nly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, a shorthand teacher, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland of England, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's. They examine the bookplate and find the bookplate to be a forgery.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"At the same time, the young woman who discovered Mr. Grosvenor unconscious on the floor of the shop was identified as his granddaughter, Miss Julia Grosvenor, of the same address. She was also in Mercy hospital, having sustained an injury to her foot when giving the alarm, and being rendered unconscious by it for several hours.

"Detectives under the direction of Sergt. Benjamin Almy were immediately assigned to the case from headquarters. As yet, however, no motive or clew bearing on the attack has been found, nor any trace of a weapon discovered.

"Henry Ballard, attorney-at-law, Mr. Grosvenor's legal adviser, expressed himself as greatly surprised and shocked at the accident.

"I had not seen Mr. Grosvenor for some months," said Mr. Ballard. "My occasional transactions for him extended over the last ten years, since his retirement from business. He had no family but two grandchildren, who are cousins. One of them, Miss Julia Grosvenor, so unhappily the discoverer of this distressing attack on her grandfather, is a most charming and attractive young lady, and recently returned from completing her professional education in Italy. The other is a young man named Charles MacIvor, who, I believe, does not live in New York."

"The dead man was rated as being worth close to a million dollars. The address of Charles MacIvor could not be obtained up to a late hour last night."

I had no quiet moments in the shop that morning. No yellow notes were needed to make the staff punctual, or even ahead of time, that Tuesday Daisy Abbott had been the first to arrive on the scene, and had found a group of reporters waiting outside for Mr. Darrow, and a photographer from Daily Snapshots, who, with more acumen than some of his confreres the correspondents had displayed, was taking a picture of the victim, to quote next day's caption.

Daisy's importance got on every body's nerves somewhat, except the virtually nonexistent ones of Captain Ashland, who had come down unaccountably early to join us in gazing at the scenery. But a happy diversion was imminent. Suddenly we were joined by Nancy, looking like the rosy dawn in an extremely new frock, and followed closely by Peter.

"Do you think this dress is all right, Constance?" (Constance!) "Don't you think dark-brown flat crepe is really much better than blue serge, after all? I got it down in Grand street, last night. Of course the skirt's nowhere near eight inches off the ground, but how could I possibly let down a knife plaited hem—What in the world is the matter, Peter darling?"

"For Heaven's sake shut up, Nancy! And if you ever call me that again here I'll have you fired!" hissed Peter giving his affectionate sister a high, fraternal glare. Nancy shot a glance of solicitude at his handsome purple countenance, and addressed the meeting:

"He would drink three cups of coffee this morning! Peter says my coffee is so good! But three cups do make him nervous. Still, this morning—the surprise, you know. He needed some thing."

"The surprise?" echoed Daisy Abbott, as quick as lightning, in a sweet elder-sisterly tone nicely calculated to give Nancy the encouragement she did not at all need.

"Oh, you don't know! Why, what do you all think? That beautiful girl who fainted right here yesterday lives in the floor below us in Normandy terrace!"

This time I just managed to over haul Daisy.

"I think there's something you don't know, Nancy," I shot in, after a swift glance at Peter. "Have you heard that the old man who was hurt here yesterday morning has died?"

"Mercy!" gasped Nancy, for once astonished. "When? Yesterday afternoon? No, we loyal and disciplined specimens of young womanhood—

that's what Miss Wilkes says all the stenographers must be—didn't get to anything like that. I expect we are too young. All we knew was that there'd been an accident. Why didn't you tell me about the poor old gentle man, and not let me talk so much Peter, dear?"

"Elevator's waiting," announced Olysses ingratiatingly, at this crucial instant. Peter hurried his sister into it, politely waved Captain Ashland in ahead of him, slammed the door in the face of the amazed operator, and let the car shoot up, as the clock struck nine.

Thinking he had remained down stairs to speak to Mr. Case about some business, I resolved to get a word in first. But as I turned to call him, he was already coming down the aisle.

"Whatever am I going to do with that confounded kid?" he broke out.

"She's most efficient," I sighed, "though I cannot always follow her technique. I've a piece of news I hate to break to you, but here it is: that Colfax bookplate is a counterfeit! You were deceived—I almost was, it's so clever—but it's not an engraving it's a drawing."

For a minute Peter looked as if he had been hit on the head, hard. Then finally he gasped:

"In that case why does everybody want it? I'll bet anything that old man, too, was after it!"

I nearly hugged him! For, independently, he had plainly arrived at the same conclusion which I had reached, and abandoned as foolish and had all the time longed to stick to: namely, that some irresistible interest was inherent in that bookplate for . . . "everybody!" One other piece of information I demanded.

"What makes you think the old man was after the bookplate, Peter?"

"You heard what she said to me! Peter's tone showed no overwhelming respect for my mental processes. "Keep it . . . for me." She remembered me from Richmond; the only thing she associated with me was that bookplate to be a forgery."



Daisy Abbott Was Discovered in Hysterics at Her Desk at the Rear of the Shop.

book; the thing she wanted in it was the bookplate, for I saw her examining it closely. So, naturally, I think her grandfather—who, you know, collected Virginia books—was after what she was after. See?"

But I had no time then to hug my satisfaction. The dear public was taking unusual interest in our quaint bookshop where a local citizen had met his end. Then in the middle of the morning, Daisy Abbott was discovered in hysterics at her desk at the rear of the shop, and sobbed out the sad news that Mr. Roberts had just given her a week's notice. It seemed that on his early morning tour of inspection of the building, Mr. Roberts had found her letting the "Daily Snapshots" man take her picture on the roof, to illustrate an interview for his special palladium of liberty. Gallivanting that particular morning, and disobeying specific orders not to discuss the accident, rubbed him the wrong way, and Daisy was out of a job.

Itain finally brought us some slight respite with the multitude, and I seized the chance to start work again on the rare-book catalogue. I sought the shelves of the history alcove whither I had been healed the previous afternoon when interrupted and while collecting some books I needed, I heard Daisy's voice.

"Absolutely, I didn't tell him any thing; that is, hardly anything," I heard her mutter fiercely; "nothing that was a secret, anyhow. You both heard what she said, just as well as me!"

"She says to Burton, 'Keep it for me!' Sure, I heard her. That's what you told him, is it?" inquired the sympathetic voice of George Henry Diddin. "And for that you get fired!"

"Right! It was indiscreet and indecorous . . . and offensions! If it wasn't immoral, too, believe me, I'd like to know what in time this 'it' thing was, anyhow!"

At this point a volume noted in the catalogue as "Framingham, Southworth: Orations on the State of Nation during the War with Mexico . . ." a stickler I had resolved to get rid of this time, or perish, landed on the floor with a loud crash for which I promptly apologized around the corner of the alcove. The apology was received in the spirit of truest courtesy, and the session at Daisy's desk broke up.

I picked up the gallant Framingham, who had come to the rescue of a lady in distress at the price of an exceedingly awkward fall, out flat, back upward. And as he left the floor, he dropped a note at my feet.

It was yellow. It seemed dimly familiar. I picked it up. It bore a list of history books, neatly written in tiny precise letters. Remembrance of Professor Harrington's visit the previous day shot across my mind, for those books were such as he would buy, and he had retrieved my yellow note from the waste-basket. That was all. I crushed it carelessly preparatory to casting it back into the basket, when suddenly—maybe because all my nerves were on edge with yesterday's accident and its in-

creasingly mysterious complications—it seemed to me that for dimly second-sheet paper that note crushed stiffly. Feeling curiosity enough to unfold it, I flattened it out, and turned it list side down. Yes, it was nothing but my yellow note. It had been torn—ah that was why the crushed paper had folded stiffly and scripped my hand. There were three rows of little tears on the note. Indeed, each one a series of slits. I wondered vaguely why Professor Harrington had concealed his book-list in Framingham unless he had thought to give it permanent burial; why he had chosen to carve a pattern on it. I stuffed the yellow note into my sweater pocket, and resolved to look at it again some time when I had no catalogue to write.

When I had flitted from shelf to shelf long enough to collect notes for nearly two pages of catalogue, a tinkling of my desk telephone summoned me to Mr. Roberts' office. I stepped up, as requested, and there was Mr. Almy.

"Sit down, please, Miss Fuller," said Mr. Roberts. "Mr. Almy would like some information."

Mr. Almy turned his clear gray eye on me.

"Miss Fuller," he inquired, "what do you know about this janitor of yours, Olysses Jackson?"

"He is always affable; but he gives out about as much information as a department of state. I nearly swooned when he chose to present me with that clipping last evening."

"How did he come to have it?"

"He said he had seen old Mr. Grosvenor in the store, and so, when his picture appeared in the paper, he cut it out. He has worked here thirty years, you know, and Darrow's, to its smallest detail, is his whole life."

"What time did he give it to you?"

"About half-past four, perhaps five minutes before I landed it to you."

"Then he knew who Mr. Grosvenor was, long before he said so. Olysses should not have held back this information. I wonder what made him do so."

"Well, I believe he got sulky and held back the information because his feelings were hurt."

"How were his feelings hurt?"

"Well, for one thing, he was sent to watch the shipping office door instead of being allowed to see all the excitement in the shop. For another, he alleges that Mr. Case spoke to him roughly."

"Mr. Case!" ejaculated Mr. Roberts, decidedly stirred.

"Yes, of all people."

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Almy.

"Olysses alleges," said I, "that Mr. Case called him a superstitious old fool! How, when, and where, were not forthcoming; possibly Mr. Case was just as excited as the rest of us. It is, to be sure, quite true that Olysses is superstitious. But anyway, he did a useful thing in identifying Mr. Grosvenor, however much he took his time in doing so."

"You may be interested to know," observed Mr. Roberts, "something about the wound suffered by Mr. Grosvenor."

"Yes, indeed."

"That slashing of his right wrist snapped a tendon. The doctors believe it was the pain of this suddenly broken tendon which made him faint, though an artery had been cut."

"It must have been a very dangerous and peculiar wound."

"Yes," said Mr. Almy; "there were numerous slashes on his wrist, each about half an inch long. They were on the inside of the wrist, all parallel to the base. It was a very strange wound. The wrist was badly mangled; the wounds had apparently been made with a small, sharp, thin blade. Their number certainly gave the impression that the attack was not only unusual, but spiteful as well. If the artery was severed, you see, and the old man rendered unconscious for some little time, death would have inevitably resulted. The purpose of all those other slashings is not clear."

"Were't they dangerous . . . or painful?"

"Only moderately; they would never have prevented the victim from struggling, or crying for help."

"In that case," I inquired hesitatingly, "mightn't their presence suggest suicide?"

Mr. Almy shook his head.

"Other facts don't bear that reasoning out," he answered. "In the first place, the blow that cut the artery was dealt swiftly and forcibly. Now, Mr. Grosvenor, the doctors report, had a weak heart and every appearance of a man who had lived for years under a heavy nervous strain. He was also right-handed. He could not possibly have dealt such a forceful blow against his own right wrist. Then, as you know, the weapon, whatever it was, had been removed. Consequently, some one attacked him. It is my business to find out who that was. And as I understand you are willing to assist me in doing so, will ask you now to remain here while I try to get some further information from your fellow-witnesses to the discovery of that accident in the shop."

Mr. Almy turned briskly to the desk telephone. I turned to Mr. Roberts, a private given contradictory orders by two generals. In the language of eyebrows, I inquired:

"What's going to happen to the rare-book catalogue?" But I couldn't make him understand me; and, indeed, before I should have had time to present my case more clearly, I bounded—literally, bounded—Daisy Abbott, whom the telephone had just summoned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Seemed Too Much for One

A little girl was traveling in a street car with her mother, a woman of very slight build.

Presently an extremely stout woman boarded the car, and sat down opposite the little girl.

The car started off with a jerk, and the little child contemplated the woman opposite her for some minutes, then, turning to her mother, inquired in a loud voice:

"Mother, is that all one lady?"

Keep Bright

Keep your mind bright and you won't get blue.—Forbes Magazine.



Remedies Recommended to Cure Noise in Sets

Disturbances in radio sets caused by electrical appliances, and other noises that reflect back into the electric light lines, are attracting the attention of the committee on inductive coordination of the National Electric Light association and the Radio Manufacturers' association.

The committee has brought out two important points that should be given very careful consideration by engineers working on sets to be operated direct from the light socket without intermediate batteries. These problems are fading, due to voltage fluctuations, and noise.

The electric light companies are naturally interested in keeping the voltage of their lines as uniform as possible. There is, however, an economic point beyond which it is impractical to go. While the voltage fluctuations—often are kept within 5 per cent, they frequently fluctuate 5 per cent. Five per cent is scarcely noticeable at a light socket and accordingly, has been taken to represent good practice.

A radio set operating directly from the light lines must be adapted to a 5 per cent voltage fluctuation from normal. This means that there will be a total swing of 10 per cent. The lighting companies have experienced considerable difficulty in the way of complaints, due to the volume of the set swinging in and out with these minor voltage fluctuations. The coordination committee, accordingly, asks that engineers designing socket power sets give consideration to ballast lamps or some other device that will take care of fluctuations. The other alternative is to have the set designed so that a fluctuation of this sort will not noticeably affect the volume. Most of the current design is along the latter line.

With a battery-operated set, disturbances on electric lines get into a radio set only through radiation. When, however, sets are connected directly to the light socket, minor disturbances that will not cause enough radiation to be noticeable may get into the set and cause a bothersome background of noise. This can be taken care of very readily by suitable filter arrangements. The power companies are taking active steps to reduce this noise level, but much of it is beyond their control, and the set manufacturer must provide his own remedy.

FOR THE NOTEBOOK

Excessive voltage or defective insulation will cause condensers to break down.

The average radio receiver is used three hours a day, or about 1,000 hours a year.

An antenna from 40 to 50 feet high is the best for escaping great barrages of static.

Light machine oil will remove finger marks from the panel of a receiver and control knobs.

Sulphate begins to form when a battery is in a run-down state.

Motorboating is caused by residual ripple in the plate voltage supply.

More than one set can operate from the same aerial wire with the use of special circuits.

A high inductance choke coil is effective when it is connected in series with a grid leak or a plate coupling resistor.

Low "C" batteries cause many troubles and noises in the radio receiver. They should be renewed at least every four months.

The simplest remedy for fading is to have a variable volume control at the receiving end.

The tube is the weakest element of the set.

Mounting Resistors for Better Heat Radiation

In laying out the power resistors in a plate supply unit there is usually a distinct advantage to be gained by mounting the resistors vertically.

This results in the use of minimum baseboard space and, what is more important, in better heat radiation. The radiation from a body depends largely on the temperature of the body and the temperature and velocity of the surrounding air. When the resistor is mounted vertically there is a "stack" effect which results in accelerated air circulation and hence better radiation of the heat. The term radiation is really not accurate in this sense, since the heat loss due to the air circulation is technically called "convection," but the former term has come to connote all losses, including those due to convection and conduction.

Tubes and Battery Are First to Cause Trouble

If your radio set becomes weak and noisy after several months' use, writes H. B. Conch in Capper's Farmer, make sure that the "B" battery is in good condition, and that the tubes are not played out, that the grid leak still leaks and that all wire connections are good.

The tubes and the battery are the first to get weak and cause trouble. Tubes are supposed to give 1,000 hours of service. Some do and some do not. Have a good extra tube on hand and use it to replace suspected tubes in the set. If results are better after making this test, you will know it is time to renew the weak tubes.

Canned Applause

German fans who recently heard so much applause after the renditions of an orchestra from the Langenburg station formed the opinion that the group was performing before an enthusiastic audience. It was only a phonograph record containing the reproduction of a crowd applauding.



Scrap of Humor

STUBILITY

An Oxford undergraduate, a son of the vicarage, discovered he was uncomfortably short of money, so he spent some time concocting a letter that would have the right effect upon a somewhat severe parent.

When finally completed, the letter read as follows:

"My dear father, I wonder if you will oblige me very greatly by sending me a copy of this month's parish magazine, and a five-pound note? P. S.—Don't forget the parish magazine."

Ancient

Bride—Boo, hoo! Walter doesn't like my cooking.

Her Mother—How do you know? Does he say so?

Bride—He didn't come right out and say so, but he told me he liked fruit cake to be at least six months old—and we've only been married five weeks!

WHAT FLAVOR?



"I shor got in a jam yestiddy, Jim my."

"What kinda jam, Bill?"

"Think it was strawberry."

Not Responsible

Husband (anxiously)—My wife seems not to have the slightest interest in life.

Doctor—What makes you think that?

"Well, I've tried her with golf, billiards, football and racing, and it's just like talking to a stone!"

Wonderful

"You know Boothby—great fellow for detail."

"He is, that! He's the sort of chap who would go and get married and be able afterward to tell you whether it was Mendelssohn, Lohengrin or Tannhauser they played during the ceremony."

THE BEST



"Slim Kid—What d'you like best about school?"

"Fat Kid—Goin' home from it."

Business View

"You seem to have a good deal of faith in doctors," said Barratt to his invalid friend.

"I have," was the reply. "A doctor would be foolish to let a good customer like me die."

Tolerance

Housewife—I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood.

Tramp—Don't apologize for it, ma'am; I've seen worse.—Montreal Star.

Easily Named

Very Friendly Visitor—Did you have any difficulty in choosing a name for baby?

Fond Mother—Not the slightest. You see, dear, we've only one rich relative.

What Does It Matter?

"Did you really understand the learned lecture you heard last night?"

"No, but that didn't matter, I had a free ticket."—Gemutliche Sache (Leipzig).

All Did It

Magistrate—It seems strange to me that you could keep on robbing that enormous corporation for so long without being caught.

The Prisoner (brightly)—Well, the corporation was pretty busy itself.

Making Them Work

"Score one for the husbands."

"What row?"

"Some of them are finding their hitherto frivolous wives make very fair chauffeurs."

One Last Request

Doctor—About nine patients out of ten don't live through this operation. Is there anything I can do for you before we begin?

Dusky Patient—Yessah. Kindly hand me mah hat.—"Selected" by the Congregationalist.

Thorough

Mr. Snapp—My motto is: What is worth doing is worth doing well.

Mrs. Snapp—A notice that whenever you make a fool of yourself.

Old Timepiece Still Record Passing Hours

Six thousand eight hundred and ninety years of ticking! That's the record established by the contents of four drawers in the wardrobe department of the Paramount studios at Hollywood.

These drawers are given over to ancient watches which are used in the making of pictures. They have been gathered from all parts of the nation during the past 15 years.

There are 121 of these antiques and all are in perfect working order.

Of men's watches there are 43 silver and 20 gold ones. These are augmented by 42 silver and 16 gold watches for women. The men's collection contains one one hundred fifty years old, six one hundred years old, 17 made more than seventy-five years ago, 21 which are sixty years old and 18 used for forty-five years or more.

The two one-hundred-fifty-year-old watches are the prizes of the collection. One is a Swiss chateleine watch worn at the belt.

Tribute Not Heavy

The republic of Andorra has just paid its annual tribute of 1,400 francs (about \$56) to its two "co-princes," the president of France and the bishop of Urgel, Spain. For 649 years Andorra has paid tribute and enjoyed undisturbed sovereignty in its mountain valley. It became a republic in 1806. Andorra claims about 5,200 inhabitants.

Cute in a Baby—Awful at Three—and it's Dangerous

by Ruth Brittain



Thumb sucking does look sweet in a baby, but it is disgusting in the three-year-old and sometimes it lingers on until fifteen or sixteen! The habit may cause an ill-formed mouth or induce adenoids; and it always interferes with digestion. Pinning the sleeve over the hand; attaching mittens, or putting on cardboard cuffs, which prevent bending the arms at the elbows, are some of the ways to stop the habit.

Another bad habit—irregularity in bowel action—is responsible for weak bowels and constipation in babies. Give the tiny bowels an opportunity to act at regular periods each day. If they don't act at first, a little Fletcher's-Castoria will soon regulate them. Every mother should keep a bottle of it handy to use in case of colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, loss of sleep, or when baby is cross and feverish. Its gentle influence over baby's system enables him to get full nourishment from his food, helps him gain, strengthens his bowels.

Castoria is purely vegetable and harmless—the recipe is on the wrapper. Physicians have prescribed it for over 30 years. With each package, you get a valuable book on Motherhood. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper so you'll get the genuine.

No Competition

Emily—I am the happiest woman in the world, because I am marrying the man I want.

Winnie—Oh, that's nothing. True happiness comes to a girl by marrying the man somebody else wants.—Tit-Bits.



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every drug-gist has it, but don't fail to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word genuine printed in red:



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetateester of Salicylicacid



"AS NECESSARY AS BREAD"

Mrs. Skahan's Opinion of Pinkham's Compound



Saugus Centre, Mass.—"I have taken 10 bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and would no more be without a bottle in the house than I would be without bread. It has made a new woman of me. I used to be so cross, with my husband when I was suffering that I don't know how he stood me. Now I am cheerful and strong and feel younger than I did ten years ago when my troubles began."—Mrs. JOHN SKAHAN, 20 Emory St., Saugus Centre, Mass.

COMPLEXION IMPROVED

... QUICKLY Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which many times cause pimples. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages. CARTER'S LITTLE PILLS

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Placed anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies.

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
© by The Century Co.

SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, white-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placard "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, a shorthand teacher, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland of England, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's. They examine the book Peter paid \$510 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery. Constance is appointed by Mr. Roberts to assist Detective Almy in his investigation of the murder of the elderly gentleman.

CHAPTER V—Continued

She beamed flatteringly on Mr. Almy, and held out tribute to him, looking somewhat askance at me. "You wanted me to bring you this, you said," she breathed. He flipped over the carbon pages of her salesbook in businesslike style. "You sold five books to Professor Harrington at ten-fifty-one yesterday morning, did you?" he asked. "What did he do when he bought them?" "He left the shop." "Very good. Now, Miss Abbott, will you describe to me what you saw and heard when the alarm regarding Mr. Grosvenor was given?" "I was putting some books into the first alcove on the right of the main aisle," began Daisy, willingly and thrillingly, "when suddenly I heard a scream: 'Murder! Help! Help! He's dead!' Then Miss Grosvenor—of course I didn't know then who she was—dashed out of the law-book section just as I reached the aisle, and shrieked at Mr. Burton, 'Keep it for me!' I simply couldn't imagine what the girl meant. . . . ?" "Then what?" "Then she clutched at a table and fainted." "Miss Abbott, did you see Miss Grosvenor hand to Mr. Burton, or in any way convey to him, an object of any sort?" "No," said Daisy, promptly and with obvious relief. "Did you see him take anything from her, or off the table?" Daisy drooped again. "N-no, n-not exactly—" Mr. Roberts appeared to be courtly apoplexy, but Mr. Almy leaned forward confidentially, if not tenderly. "Now, listen; you want to help me, don't you?" "Oh, yes!" breathed little Goldilocks. "Then just tell me anything that in your judgment might help solve this baffling mystery. You might know something nobody else did!" "Oh, yes!" breathed Daisy, fluttering her eyelids over this violation of the Scriptural injunction against strong meat for babes. "Well, if this is of any use, this is what I had in mind; you see, first both Mr. Burton and Miss Grosvenor stopped short in the middle of the aisle just as if they recognized each other. It was awfully quick, but it did happen; I saw it. But neither of them spoke a word. Then, instantly after Miss Grosvenor had stopped short, she stumbled. Then, instantly, both of them grabbed toward the table at the same time, just after she'd shrieked. 'Keep it!' That's absolutely all I saw then. Mr. Almy, and it's absolutely all true. But of course, I don't know whether any of that is useful to you—" "You may safely leave that decision to Mr. Almy, Miss Abbott," b served Mr. Roberts, and opened the door. Daisy bestowed a freezing stare on him—being fired, she was now a free agent—a sweet smile on Mr. Almy, and nothing at all on me, and departed. "Get Dibble now," said Mr. Almy, without further comment, and soon the keen George Henry appeared on the scene. As he had been the first to reach the law alcove after the alarm, Mr. Almy referred to the fact that he had seen no signs of a struggle, according to his testimony given the policeman. "No, sir, and I looked sharp for a weapon, too," said Mr. Dibble; "but not any. There was only the old man, lying hunched against the lowest shelf, on the rear side of the alcove, facing toward the back of the shop." Mr. Dibble was dismissed with thanks, and asked to send Miss Jones up from the shop. As soon as the door was shut, Mr. Almy asked me: "Where were you during all that time?" "In Mr. Cuse's office, trying to revive Miss Grosvenor," I replied, wondering if I were in for more searching questions. But Mr. Almy merely gazed at the desk blotter until Emily appeared.

"I understand you sold a copy of Schuler on Wills yesterday, Miss James," began Mr. Almy. "Yes, to a young man. He had a brief-case. He seemed to be a law student. I inquired if he wished something in law books. He mentioned Schuler. We had the one copy. I found it at once. He gave me the exact change, one dollar and a half and took the book without wrapping. He left the shop directly. It was just before ten o'clock, as you can see from this duplicate sales record which I have brought you." "Very good. Now, Miss James, as you were the one person here who had any dealings with Mr. Grosvenor, will you please describe just what took place between you and him?" "It was almost nothing," said Miss James. "He stepped from the law-book shelves as I was coming up the aisle with some books for the front shelves, and asked me to turn on the light." "As you passed up the aisle, did you see the young lady who has been identified as Miss Grosvenor?" "No, I first saw her when she rushed up the aisle, screaming." This was all Miss James knew, and it was now lunch time, and I was ordered to come straight back to Mr. Roberts' office after luncheon. And there was Peter ahead of me, alone with Mr. Almy, and I could see a trifle flustered. Mr. Almy began briskly: "Miss Fuller, Mr. Burton says he was sitting at your desk between ten-thirty and eleven-fifteen yesterday morning, when your chat was interrupted by this applicant from the employment agency, whom you yourself mentioned to me. Can you describe his appearance, Mr. Burton?" "He was about six feet tall, a big broad-shouldered chap; had fair hair and complexion, and wore a gray



I Looked Up to See Mr. Roberts Peer- ing Over the Barricade of Books Sur- rounding the Scene of Operations.

sweater and an old soft hat—gray too, I think." "I nodded in corroboration. Mr. Almy then asked: "Did either or both of you see him enter the shipping office?" "No, you can't see the door from Miss Fuller's desk," answered Peter; "but he did go in." "How do you know?" "I heard the time-clock ring at most immediately." "About what time was that?" "Well, I came down to the shop about ten-thirty," reflected Peter; "he came in a few minutes later. I guess it was about twenty minutes of eleven." Mr. Almy plunged his hand into the desk drawer, and next minute spread out a pile of punched time-clock cards. "Here are yesterday's records," he said. "Look them over." We did. "There's no time, you see, punched on any card between eight-fifty-nine and noon! And furthermore, Mr. Riggs denies positively that any one ap- peared to work for him yesterday." "What does the employment agency say?" I demanded. "That they got a request from Dar- row's at nine o'clock, and sent a man up as soon as possible. But he never reported back to them. And I might mention that none of the three clerks in the shop saw him, either." "Nevertheless," said I, "that man came in just as Mr. Burton described; the time clock rang about ten-forty; and, furthermore, it rang again, ten minutes later." "That's so, it did!" ejaculated Peter. "I remember. I looked at my watch when we heard it." "There's no record of either of these rings on these cards," said Mr. Almy positively. "Well, I can't tell you what didn't happen," said I, rather exasperated. "But I have told you what did." "Nobody said anything for a while. I almost believed that Mr. Almy had been convinced that the time clock had rung, and that Peter and I were deciding it hadn't, when a sudden question came: "Mr. Burton, were you at all acquainted with Mr. Grosvenor?" "Not even by sight, sir," answered Peter. "I had never even seen him in the shop, like some of the other employees." "Or were you acquainted with his granddaughter?" "Never met her in my life." "Several people heard her say to you, 'Keep it for me!' Do you know what she meant?" "I couldn't possibly say," replied Peter, without a tremor, "for she was just on the point of fainting, and seemed to speak almost without consciousness of the act. I thought her mind was elsewhere to tell you the truth; I thought she had lost track of her surroundings, from the way she looked, so dazed and helpless. Then she toppled right over before I could reach her." "I see," said Mr. Almy. We were all silent a moment, then Peter said: "I'd like to ask a question; that is, if there's no harm in it. Is it known yet how that attack on the old gentleman was made?"

"I have a theory," said Mr. Almy. I think the attack took place from behind the rear of that law alcove. There was no outcry, no struggle; it's plausible, therefore, to suppose that the old man didn't see or hear his assailant. The position in which Dibble found Mr. Grosvenor lying—hunched against the bookcase, facing the rear—is strange. If some one had got behind that alcove, and slashed the old man's right wrist across the book shelf as he was reaching for a book and was therefore slightly off his exact balance, he would probably have fallen in just that position. You know there was a large gap on the shelf in front of him, caused by the removal of that big book Dibble found on the floor. That shelf is about four feet above the floor, an easy height for an attack on an outstretched arm." "You think the attack was all planned out carefully?" I ejaculated in horror. "Well, all I will say now is that Mr. Grosvenor had evidently been watched and followed. . . . And so I've answered your question, Burton." "Yes, sir," said Peter; "thank you." And as Mr. Almy signified that he needed him no longer, he left the office. When the door was shut: "Miss Fuller," said Mr. Almy, evidently not despairing of trying to startle some one that afternoon with unexpected questions, "what do you know about Burton taking an apartment yesterday at Fourteen Nor- mandy terrace?" "This," I answered: "He and his young—very young—sister were intensely vexed by their father's sudden remarriage; the stepmother is evidently most unsympathetic. Miss Bur- ton, on an impulse, ran away from home with a young man who was not, after all, the prince, and she then—very sensibly to my way of thinking—ran promptly back. The stepmother, having finally achieved a wedding ring herself, was scandalized at the stepdaughter's seeking farther for one; the brother took his sister's part; and the two young folks decided to leave home. They hadn't a place to lay their heads Monday night, until I happened to be trying to divert this unhappy damsel with luncheon at Ernesto's, and he chanced to mention that he had an apartment vacant. She is a somewhat impulsive young lady, and took the apartment forthwith. She had never heard of the Gros- venors; neither had I; Ernesto didn't know his tenant was dead; Peter didn't know I was taking his sister to luncheon; and I didn't know I'd take her to Ernesto's until after we'd left here. I trust, Mr. Almy, that I have now made clear the connection between Mr. Grosvenor's death and the Burton apartment at Fourteen Nor- mandy terrace!" Mr. Almy treated himself to a smile; a little one, but a smile notwithstanding. "You present your case ably," he said; "now, if you have nothing else to do, I wish you'd go home." "Go home! When I have to make a catalogue—" "Exactly. Make a mental catalogue, for ready reference, of all this rare in- formation you've heard today." Orders had to be carried out. And, being of a generous disposition, I added a mental questionnaire, for fu- ture reference, to the catalogue; it went as follows: How did the professor's book-list—Daisy's testimony had identified it as his—get into Framingham's "Ora- tions"? Had Brandon Tower any connection with that law student? "If so, had he come twice to Dar- row's for Claribew's 'Notes'?" Why had the twice-rung time-clock left no record? What had become of the man from the employment agency?

CHAPTER VI

Julia's Story

Having spent a profitless evening in the study of these queries, I resolved the next morning that nothing but a convulsion of nature should again dis- tract me from the rare-book catalogue until it was finished. But the clatter of my typewriter keys had hardly be- gun when the convulsion of nature occurred, in the form of a persistent boozing which gradually resolved it- self into my name. I looked up to see Mr. Roberts peering over the barricade of books surrounding the scene of operations. Mr. Almy would like to see you at once, in my office." "You can do the catalogue later," said Mr. Almy, next moment. "Mr. Roberts didn't say so," I ob- served severely. "He did to me." "Indeed!" I remarked restrainedly. "Well, then, now what?" "This: 'I'm going to ask you to go and see Miss Grosvenor.'" (Choking off a violent impulse to re- fuse point-blank in a few well-chosen words, I demurred gracefully: "Oh . . . a stranger . . . to go and see her now? Her grandfa- ther can't be buried yet." "I thought of that," said Mr. Almy. "The funeral will be over by the time you go. You haven't heard the ver- dict of the inquest? 'Death at the hand of person or persons unknown,' as was expected. Miss Grosvenor will be able to see you." "Mightn't she refuse to?" "She cannot, if I send you." "But why should you?" "For one thing, because she asked me to." I fell into a chair with my mouth wide open. "I don't really think I understand," I confessed finally. "It seems not. So kindly give me your full attention a few moments." I concentrated an intelligent gaze upon Mr. Almy. "It is important," he began, "for you to know a few special facts before you call on Miss Grosvenor at her home at four o'clock this afternoon. The first is, her position in her grandfather's household was most unusual and diffi- cult." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

When Soil Freezes

Soil does not freeze at 32 degrees, but requires a temperature of 2 to 3 degrees below the freezing point of water.

RADIO

Sets Work Miracle With Small Amount of Power

The sensitiveness of the ordinary receiving set of today is a modern miracle of radio energy. Its efficiency—compared with that of the broadcasting transmitter affords probably the most striking contrast in radio engineering. Commissioner Caldwell, in charge of technical advances for the radio board, says: "An eight hundred millionth of a watt, a power so faint as to be beyond the grasp of the mind, is sufficient energy to operate an ordinary receiving set. Mr. Caldwell has figured. He says the power taken by an electric iron would operate 500,000,000,000 such sets. "The ordinary \$100 set will receive fair programs with a signal intensity of 50 microvolts per meter. Assuming an antenna height of five meters, giving 250 microvolts available potential, and assuming an antenna resistance of 50 ohms, Ohm's law shows that the primary energy received out of the ether by the set would be one eight hundred millionth of one watt. "This tiny power is, however, a perfect fabric of all the complex fre- quencies, tones and shades of the or- chestra or quartette it carries, and when amplified produces the rich and compelling sound pictures we know so well. And even this amplified energy in the loud speaker is small as power goes, registering less than one watt." On the other hand, the average broadcast transmitter requires a guard area surrounding it at least 25,000 times as large as its dependable ser- vice area and probably less than 1-100th of 1 per cent of its radiated energy is received usefully by all the radio sets in its range, Mr. Caldwell says.

Give Cure for Static

From Smoke Consumer Many cases of radio interference are caused by electrical precipitators, which are used to prevent smoke and noxious fumes or material from leav- ing a chimney, radio engineers at the bureau of standards say. The precipitator operates by estab- lishing a highly charged electric field inside the chimney of such a nature and direction that particles going up the chimney are charged and driven against the wall, where they stick. Precipitators cause interference, the engineers explain, because the high voltage then used is obtained from a rectifier which produces sparks and generates radio-frequency current as well as the direct current which the precipitators need. If the precipitator is so designed and arranged that the distance be- tween the rectifier is only a few feet, or if the entire apparatus, including all leads, is housed in a metal build- ing there is usually no trouble, but if the rectifier is separated from the chimney the wire which joins forms an antenna which will radiate and cause interference for 20 miles or more. Interference from these eliminators can be eliminated, the engineers de- clare, by placing a grounded wire screen entirely around these wires and thoroughly grounding the wire screen and the rectifier. If screening of the various parts is impracticable damp- ing resistances can be inserted at various points in the wire line which will reduce the power radiated.

Farmers Buy Receivers for Fun, Not Learning

The main reason farmers buy radio sets is to obtain entertainment, and not chiefly for educational purposes. It was disclosed by a questionnaire recently sent to farmers by the Colorado Agricultural college. The questionnaire was distributed in order to determine the best kind of program for the college to present during its weekly broadcast from Sta- tion KOA. It was revealed that programs of pure entertainment held the greatest in- terest, with mixed programs of en- tertainment and information next in preference. Purely informative pro- grams ranked third.

About 'Dead Spots' in Some Short Wave Sets

The broadcast listener who is using his short wave "converter" for the first time frequently finds there are one or more points on the dial at which the receiver cannot be made to oscillate. This phenomenon, which is familiar to all amateurs, results from the fact that the receiver is tuned to the resonant frequency of the antenna or to a harmonic of this frequency. When the two are resonant consider- able power is absorbed by the anten- na, which makes it difficult to produce oscillations in the receiver.

Copper Sulphate May Be Used When Soldering

Sometimes it is desired to solder a piece of iron such as a diaphragm used in a receiver. This cannot be done directly for the solder will not take no matter how much flux is used. If a few grains of copper sulphate are first rubbed over the clean bright metal and then the soldering flux applied, it will be found that the solder will readily adhere to the iron. Care will have to be ex- ercised, as the copper placed on the iron by this method is at best, only a thin film and comes off quite readily. Also, remember that copper sulphate is very poisonous.

The V-Shaped Antenna

For best results the antenna should run in a straight line, but if the an- tenna is stretched from one corner of the front of the house to a pole in the center of the rear, and from there to the opposite corner on the front, very good results can be expected. The lead-in should be taken from one end of the wire at the corner of the house.

FARM POULTRY

GROWING PULLETS NEED EVERY CARE

The young growing pullets need every advantage because the profits from them this fall will depend large- ly on their growth and maturity. "There are four essentials in devel- oping young pullets," says C. F. Par- rish, extension poultryman at the North Carolina State college. "First give them a good range on ground not occupied by the hens nor where mature stock has been kept, supply plenty of fresh air in the poultry house, give them sufficient growing mash and scratch feed and see that shade and green feed is available. From the green feed, the pullets get certain food elements and iron which is essential. If natural shade is not available an artificial shade may be made by driving four stakes in the ground and covering them with sacks. Sunflowers or corn may also be plant- ed to supply this necessity." For those young pullets still in the brooder house, the heat should be de- creased as fast as possible and the house ventilated. The stove should remain in the house for at least two weeks after the fire is out to use in case of cold rains. Feed the scratch grain far away from the house each day so the birds will go out and eat more green feed. For roosting, Mr. Parrish advises the placing of temporary perch poles in the brooder house when the chicks are about seven to nine weeks old and do not need heat. These poles should be about fifteen inches from the floor and slanting at an angle of 45 de- grees. One-inch mesh wire might be used in front of the poles to make the birds climb up.

Egg That Has Life Very Essential for Success

Whether breeding chickens, ducks, geese or turkeys, the first essential for success is to get an egg that has life. Strong, vigorous parents that are well- fed and well cared for produce such eggs. The general principles of breed- ing apply to all poultry, says a writer in Wallace's Farmer. Well fed, but not overfat, is the ideal condition. Enough feed to keep the flock active during the day; a liberal feed at night. Green feed and animal feed, clean water, no lice or mites; fresh air without draft at night, together with plenty of room, are conditions that favor eggs with life in any local- ity. There are no rules for growing poultry that must be followed absolu- tely. There are the general prin- ciples of clean food in abundance with work on the part of the fowl to get it; clean houses, clean yards and fresh air, but success comes with about as many different systems as there are breeders. Bone meal, meat scraps and buttermilk furnish bone and muscle building material; corn, wheat and oats add the necessary fat and energy; green feeds give life and health. Upon the character of the seed depends the harvest.

Light Brahmas Good for the Small-Patch Farmer

The lower your fences are, the heavier may be your breeds of poultry. One of the best breeds for the small-patch farmer, or the business man or wage earner living in the suburbs—the man who cannot afford to put much money into expensive wire netting—is the Light Brahmas. They stand confinement in narrow quarters, and they also stand cold weather. They are less subject to disease than some of the other breeds; they make good layers, and average in weight, when fully grown, about 11 pounds; so when you market your surplus stock you have something to sell. But if you have plenty of space for your chickens the cheapest breeds are the nervous, restless ones, which means that they are good foragers for food, and will not need much feeding. The Brown or White Leghorn and the Black Spanish are among the best foragers. Other breeds which do well in the small patch or acre lot are the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds.

Chickens Eat Feathers

Chickens eat their own feathers be- cause of the lack of the following feeds: 1, meat; 2, green food or bulk; 3, salt. One-half pound of fine table salt should be put in the dry nest and this should be kept before the hens at all times. They should get plenty of green food. In the winter time, cabbage, mangels and root crops answer fairly well. They should have plenty of animal food such as beef scraps, fish scraps, skim milk or but- termilk.

Alfalfa Is Favored

If time is lacking to prepare green feed for chicks, it pays to buy high grade commercial alfalfa leaf meal. A few hundred pounds will furnish green feed for a lot of chicks. Many of the best chick starting mash con- tain a little alfalfa meal. These mashes should be used according to the di- rections of the manufacturers, but chicks on a starting mash containing alfalfa meal often seem to thrive without the other source of green feed. The cost is comparatively small.

Remedy for Lice

Lice live on the hens. When the fowls have free range they often keep these vermin checked by wallowing in the dust. A surer remedy is so- dium fluosilicate—and here's an easy way to use it, which is recommended by the poultry folks, says the Farm Life. Simply mix one part of the sodium fluosilicate with three parts of fine road dust, and put in a box in the house where the hens can get into it. They'll soon be free of lice and happy and lay more eggs.

The Kitchen Cabinet

Blended are they whose furniture is so inexpensive or so shabby that children and dogs are not excluded from its sacred precincts—Henry Merwin. CHOU PASTE DELICACIES There is such a variety of fancy cakes and desserts that one may pre- pare with chon paste that it is a goo- recipe with which to become familiar. To the untrained cook, the making of chon paste seems diffi- cult, but if di- rections are followed carefully, even the most inexperienced will have good results. The proper mixing and baking are the important things to remember: Take one cup- ful of hot water, one-half cupful of butter—a mixture of lard and butter may be used—but of course butter is better, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and place over the heat, as soon as the butter is melted bring the mix- ture to the boiling point quickly, then add one cupful of flour, all at once, stir briskly until smooth and continue cooking and stirring until the mix- ture leaves the sides of the pan in a golden creamy mass; now remove from the heat and continue stirring until it begins to cool, pour into a cold bowl and wait until it is slight- ly warm to the touch. Now we are ready to add the eggs, using three and adding them without beating one at a time, beating the mixture well after each egg is added, beat until the mixture becomes creamy; it will seem as if it will not blend, but keep beating until it does become as smooth as satin. Drop in spoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven at first then in a moderate oven. If one before taking from the oven—it must feel light and buoyant. The best flour to use in making these pudd- ings is a combination of equal parts of pastry and bread flour. Eclair are made with the same paste, but they are made in long, nar- row fingers and allowed to stand five minutes before putting into the oven. Small puddings will bake in less time but the ordinary sized cream puff will need thirty minutes, the first ten in a hot oven and finish in a slower heat. With a pastry tube one may make various shapes and kinds of cakes, using the same chon paste. Prune Pie.—Wash one-half pound of prunes and soak in cold water to cover. Cook in the same water until soft. Remove the stones, cut prunes into quarters and mix with one table- spoonful of lemon juice and enough sugar to taste well. Reduce the liquor to two tablespoonfuls. Line a plate with pastry, fill with the prunes, dot with bits of butter and dredge with one tablespoonful of flour. Cover with an upper crust and bake until well browned. Summery Dishes During the warm weather of sum- mer, as the appetite is not so keen, more dainty and less hearty foods are enjoyed. Here are some old standbys: Ice Box Pud- ding.—Take one-half cupful of min- ute tapioca and add to one pint of hot grape juice, place in a double boiler and let stand over hot water until cooked and clear. Add one cupful of sugar, remove from the heat and add one-fourth cupful of orange juice, one small bottle of mara- schino cherries cut fine, using the juice. Cool and before the tapioca is thick pour into a greased mold lined with split lady fingers or strips of sponge cake. Chill twelve hours. Un- mold and slice. Serve with whipped cream. Luncheon Salad.—Dissolve one en- velope of gelatin in one cupful of cold water, then add one and one-half cup- fuls of boiling water, one-half cupful each of lemon juice and sugar. When the mixture begins to thicken add one cupful of finely cut celery, one small green pepper cut fine, a handful of dates, cut into small pieces and three tart apples cut into fine bits. Add one-half cupful of almonds shredded and soaked in a little orange juice to soften. Turn into a well chilled mold and set away to harden. Serve with mayonnaise dressing. Cheese Souffle.—This will make a nice luncheon dish. Take three table- spoonfuls of tapioca, cook in a cupful of milk until clear, stirring often. Add one cupful of grated cheese and stir until melted, then cool and add three egg yolks well beaten, one teaspoon- ful of salt and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a greased casserole forty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once. Rice Pudding.—Take one-third of a cupful of well washed rice, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of sugar and one quart of good rich milk. Place in a buttered baking pan and bake slowly, stirring occasionally for an hour, then add one-half cupful of raisins, stir again often and bake for another hour. Serve with a hard sauce or with cream. Every day one should have one lib- eral serving of some cooked leafy green vegetable like spinach, chard, cabbage, beet or turnip tops. Nellie Maxwell

Expression Had Meaning

The expression "smart as a Phila- delphia lawyer" is traced to the fact that in the early days of the history of Pennsylvania there were an ex- traordinary number of lawyers in Philadelphia, many of whom were noted for their brilliant intellect.

Superfluos

A New York bandit was cured of criminality by three operations, two more than were performed by the old time vigilantes.—Detroit News.

The Aviator

Absolute dependability is aviation's first law and that is why I use dependable Champion Spark Plugs. Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive sili- manite insulator spe- cially treated to with- stand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compres- sion engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight un- der high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions. CHAMPION Spark Plugs Toledo, Ohio Dependable for Every Engine Very Simple, But— Almee Semple McPherson, the beau- tiful evangelist, said to a girl report- er in Los Angeles: "It is a simple thing to be good, and yet it is a difficult thing. Listen: "A student at the University of Cal- ifornia was training for the pole vault. He went to a famous trainer and said: "What's the matter with me? Al- most every time I try to do a high vault my right leg knocks the cross- bar off the pins." "The trainer looked at the student thoughtfully and then answered: "Raise your right leg a little higher." At the Soda Counter "Tell me what you eat," boomed a sage at the soda counter, "and I'll tell you what you are." "Countermand my order for shrimp salad," piped a little man in the crowd. A leading industry in one Texas county is growing rose plants, 40 car- loads being shipped from one town alone in a year.



THERE is nothing that has ever taken the place of Bayer Aspirin as an antidote for pain. Safe, or physi- cians wouldn't use it, and endorse its use by others. Sure, or several mil- lion users would have turned to some- thing else. But get real Bayer Aspirin (at any drugstore) with Bayer on the box, and the word genuine printed in red:



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Send me \$1 bill for jar of hair ointment—my own secret. Re- sults guaranteed. WALTER PETERSON, 208 Brokerage Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

RICH MAN'S CORN HARVESTER

Poor man's price. Only \$25 with bundle tying at- tachments. Sold in picture. Free catalog showing picture of harvester. Progress Co., Salina, Kansas

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNTU Service
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SYNOPSIS

On a certain Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, seller of rare books at Darrow's Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's. They examine the book Peter paid \$510 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery. Constance is asked to assist Detective Almy in his investigation of the murder of the elderly gentleman. The girl who fainted, Julia Grosvenor, turns out to be his granddaughter. She can throw no light on the mystery.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"It seems that she was the only child of his younger daughter Mary, who has been long dead. With the name or whereabouts of her father, she was never acquainted by any one. She tells me her grandfather would never mention either of her parents. He seems to have had an unreasonable grudge against the girl, which is partially explained by what I can learn of his character. On this point, and on the old gentleman's antecedents, Mr. Henry Ballard has been of some service to us. Mr. Ballard says Mr. Grosvenor never mentioned his granddaughter except once. That occasion was just after the girl had finished her artistic studies in Italy, where she had been for several years learning stained-glass designing, and had come back here to live. Mr. Ballard, knowing his client's health to be rather precarious, made some suggestion to him in regard to making proper provision for the girl in case of his death. This Mr. Grosvenor wholly declined to do. He told Mr. Ballard that his grandson, Charles MacIvor, the son of his elder daughter—he had just the two children—was his only legitimate heir, and he had no wish but to see the whole estate go to him."

"It's a wonder he acknowledged his granddaughter at all if he wouldn't do anything for her," said I.

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Almy reminded me, "he did a number of things for her; more than plenty of people with his disposition and traditions would have done. Mr. Ballard himself admitted. He had her educated properly, her artistic gift was developed, he gave her the protection of a home. The truth was, Miss Fuller, that this Mr. Charles Grosvenor was an unusually poor man. His father bought that fine Normandy terrace house in what was, a century ago, a very exclusive neighborhood, having come to live here about 1830, though a Virginian by birth. The little Mr. Ballard and I can learn about him tells us that he was a distinguished physician; he was especially known for his ability in handling yellow-fever epidemics. Now, Mr. Charles Grosvenor, Mr. Ballard says, was full of typical southern family pride, but it was called on to suffer so many crushing blows that he became embittered, and indeed, practically a recluse."

"I think I understand," I observed. As Mr. Almy paused a moment, "His younger daughter was the mother of this unwelcome child, and as he had no son, the family name ended; you say his grandson is named MacIvor. That must have been indeed a terrible blow for such a man as you describe Mr. Grosvenor to have been. His wife is not living, I suppose?"

"No, she died, unfortunately, while he was still quite a young man. He outlived all his immediate family. His elder daughter, Charles MacIvor's mother, died a few years ago, after a disastrous marriage which ended in a divorce. Indeed, the whole family history is tragic, and deepens the mystery surrounding Mr. Grosvenor. He had no intimates but his grandson, who was a great favorite with him."

"And he didn't live in New York, I understand?"

"No, his residence was Richmond; actually, however, he spent a good deal of time here, making his home in Normandy terrace. We've found out from his cousin that he sailed for Buenos Aires on Saturday; he's been intending for some time to enter business there. We sent a radio to the liner; but have had no reply as yet."

"Then Miss Grosvenor is alone? A difficult situation for her?"

"I'm afraid her situation has always been difficult. Until about this time she would have been too young, and too dependent upon her grandfather to show resentment at his ignoring her as he did, or to oppose him; especially as she is an extraordinarily reticent and delicate sort of girl."

I was becoming interested.

"You've talked with her?" I suggested.

"Yes. She seems to me the most solitary human being I've ever met. All the family she has now, at the age of

twenty, consists of one cousin who is out of the country. Her grandfather sent her away to boarding-school for years, and the young people she knew there, of course, are scattered. Then she went to Italy to study for three years, and came back eight months ago, so that practically all the friends she has now are mere business acquaintances."

"Oh, I think that looks as if she had been intentionally cut off from other people; don't you?" I demanded. Even taking such pride as Mr. Grosvenor's into account, he must have realized that she was blameless in that matter, and in all other respects apparently a credit to him. Then, from your description, he was the exact type of old-fashioned man who in variously objects to having any woman connected with him work or enter a profession, and, however badly he treated her, he did acknowledge her as his granddaughter. Oh, I'll never believe that such a total lack of sympathy with her during his life, and a decision to leave her stranded at his death wasn't due to some powerful motive!"

"Feminine intuition, maybe; certainly not pure reason!" commented Mr. Almy, who had heard me out, however. "Well, it might be of the greatest value to find out what the motive was. If it existed. The truth is, that Miss Grosvenor, on her side, had evidently no high regard for her grandfather. She has said nothing whatever against him, but it is evident that she very bitterly resented the way he treated her, and furthermore, this long-pent-up resentment seems to have burst out violently last Sunday afternoon. She does not know this yet, but she and her grandfather were then overheard quarreling bitterly."

"Oh, dear!" I faltered. "About what? I suppose somebody listened?"

"Somebody did; but unfortunately his command of English was not equal to the situation. All he can definitely state is that the quarrel apparently



"And There in Front of Me, Lying on the Floor, I Saw My Grandfather."

concerned some book. He heard the word 'book' over and over again, and sticks to his story; though a book might seem a strange object of violent dispute between an old man and a young girl."

I managed to give no sign of the fact that that word "book" had made my heart stop short for a second, and then make up six beats at once; nor of the fact that it had spurred me to great eagerness for the proposed visit where I had previously felt only reluctance. I inquired:

"Shall I ask Miss Grosvenor any thing special this afternoon?"

"No. Let her talk, rather than get her to talk. Don't under any circumstances press her. She was told you took care of her when she fainted here; her reason for asking you to visit her is to thank you for your attention. She asked for you before I told her you were working with me in an attempt to clear up the mystery about her grandfather's death."

"If the invitation still stands, then," said I, thoughtfully. "I can at least go on from there."

So a few hours later I passed between the box-trunks flanking Number 14 Normandy terrace; and there in the hall, as he had a right to be, was Ernesto.

"Do you know if Miss Grosvenor's in?" I asked. "I've been sent from Darrow's to see her in business."

"Yes, she's in," responded Ernesto, hesitatingly.

"Well, I think she'll see me."

"You could try. She don't see any body but that old fellow—lawyer; he came once—and police."

"She's not all alone here, I hope."

"Her housekeeper sleeps here, now. My wife, she's been to see her, but the young lady don't talk. She don't know many people, see?" Ernesto again hesitated discreetly, but a chance to talk was too much temptation. "That old fellow, her grandfather, he didn't treat her so good."

I appeared amazed.

"She worked hard, didn't she?" I suggested.

"Sure! And she is beautiful young lady, and the old fellow's rich. But he don't give the money to her."

"Kept it, did he?"

"Yeah-h-h! And he gives it to the young fellow. You know—grandson. Ernesto here bestowed on me a wink of an utterly classic description, which I officially ignored, but readily interpreted to mean that Mr. Charles MacIvor was a good and versatile spender of the ancestral cash. With dignity I ventured on the remark that it was unfortunate that Miss Grosvenor's cousin should be unavailable at this critical time."

"Bah-h-h! He's not so good she couldn't do without him! I know him; he's all the time here. She likes him pretty good, I'm sorry. The old fellow liked him real good. He says he's in the wooden business, too, but I say he's in . . . what you call . . . tele-ure business! Always a good time if you got money, notha? All right, you go see the young lady."

Having mounted the first flight, I rapped with a brass knocker on a black door in the front of the second story hall. An elderly maid-servant admitted me, and ushered me directly into the front room.

It was a very long room, still used as designed ninety years ago, for a drawing room. Handsome rosewood furniture filled the apartment. The thick carpet was blue with pink rose wreaths; blue brocade curtains draped the windows, through which I caught a glimpse of the long line of fluted gray balcony columns. In the shadows at the back of the room I caught the glitter of tall glass-doored bookcases.

The effect of the room was intensely grand, formal, forbidding. Amid pairs of ruby-glass plates, and china dogs, and painted vases, the one touch of individuality was a miniature walnut work table inconspicuously placed among some books on a little table in a corner. It was complete in every detail, though only about ten inches high, and I thought must be very useful to its owner, if she were as fine a sewer as she was an artist. And then a door opened, and she came into that strange, formal, brightly-colored room, a sharp setting for a somber, arresting personality.

Julia Grosvenor was in black, as I had seen her before; her face was still perfectly white; but now self-possession characterized her bearing. She came forward with a certain grace despite her limp on the right foot, which I should of course have expected, but which, for some reason, surprised me for an instant. Through my mind unaccountably shot that sentence from Daisy Abbott's story:

"After Miss Grosvenor stopped short, she stumbled."

"How do you do?" She touched my hand, and sat down on the long blue sofa opposite me. "I am glad to see you . . . again."

Her voice had that clear ringing note I had heard before. I said:

"Oh, yes, you've seen me at my desk."

"I meant," she rejoined very directly, "that I saw you when you were taking care of me last Monday. I came to one instant when you were covering me up with my cape. You were bending over, and didn't see me look at you. I fainted again immediately."

"No, I didn't know that until now," I said, trying to show no surprise.

"I told no one. Miss Fuller—" her voice sank—"did you notice my slippers?"

There was nothing to do but meet her directness.

"Yes," I answered point-blank. "I said nothing about them, though. I thought you could explain them yourself at the right time, if, indeed, it should ever be necessary."

She looked at me with evident gratitude, and said not one single word.

"I suppose you know," I resumed, "that Mr. Almy wants me to help him clear up the mystery of your grandfather's death. I am an entirely unofficial assistant, but I do wish, Miss Grosvenor, that it lay in my power to do something to help you."

"I'm under great obligation to you already for your attention to me when I was so ill," she said cordially; "but I'm afraid I can't even help myself much. I couldn't even tell Mr. Almy if my grandfather had any enemies, if there was any reason for an attack to be made on him. Indeed, I haven't really been very clear in my mind as to what I saw at the time I found him in Darrow's on Monday morning. I thought perhaps, however, if I could talk with you, knowing you were there at the time, that you might help me recall part of what I fail to remember."

"That's a good idea," said I, looking at her keenly, and remembering what Peter had said to Mr. Almy about his impression that Julia Grosvenor had lost track of her surroundings when he encountered her in the aisle. "I suppose," I hazarded, "the shock you suffered robbed you temporarily of your memory to some slight extent. Nothing unusual about that."

"I shouldn't wonder," she agreed. "Well, to begin at the beginning, you know my grandfather collected literature about Virginia? He had a big collection, gathered just in the last few years, too. Last Sunday we saw in the paper that Darrow's had bought a number of Virginia books from Judge Leavitt's famous library, and I planned at once to see if any of these would interest my grandfather. So on Monday I went to Darrow's. As I am not familiar with the shop, I spent a good deal of time, perhaps more than I realized, searching for the books in those many alcoves. Finally I found some of the Leavitt books in the history section, and I followed the shelf on which they stood, around into the next alcove, and—"

She broke off a minute, her lips trembling.

"And there in front of me," she finally continued, "lying on the floor, I saw my grandfather! His right wrist was cut, blood was spurting out of it. I remember turning, running into the aisle, and stumbling, and then, they say, I screamed for help. I don't remember doing so, or anything else, except that one instant I saw you, until I found myself in the hospital. Mr. Almy thought maybe you could help me fill up some of the gaps."

They were certainly numerous enough. Miss Grosvenor had given no definite idea of how she had occupied her time in Darrow's; she had made no allusion to the difference she had had with her grandfather. And I frankly doubted that she was telling the truth when she intimated she had no recollection whatever of seeing Peter, as of course, her narrative implied. I resolved to find out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Auk Probably Extinct

The auk was a marine bird belonging to the same family as the razor-bills, gullinots, and puffins. The great auk was at one time a frequent visitor to the Orkneys and the Hebrides islands off the coast of northern Scotland and Ireland, but no living specimen has been seen for sixty years and the bird is believed to be extinct. The egg was as large as that of a swan. It is now highly prized and as much as \$1,500 has been paid for a single egg.



NOT MUCH TO SEE

E. Perry Wall, who was known in his youth as "king of the dudes," strolled one spring morning on the Monte Carlo terrace with his chow dog and a New York friend.

"The way the women are dressing this year is awful," said the New Yorker. "Such thin, transparent fabrics! Such short skirts! Look, there's the young Countess Caraway, sitting by the Berlioz bust. Now Wall, honest— isn't that gown of her's awful?"

"I don't know whether it's awful or not." And Mr. Wall chuckled and tugged at his obstinate chow dog's leash. "I can't see it when she's sitting down."—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

VERSE



Post—I seldom descend to the mere ly lyrical—I write blank verse.
Editor—Yes, I'd call it that, too—blankly, blank verse.

Sacrifices

Though hard is the official grind,
Which sets our hearts a throb,
Somewhere, somehow, we always find
Some one to take the job.

But Not to Him

The argument had been all on Mrs. Brown's side for the most of the night, and Brown was distinctly fed up. "You seem to think a cold in the head means nothing to a woman," stormed his wife. "I don't know of anything more annoying."

Her husband peered over the newspaper he had been endeavoring to read. "No?" he countered, with a rare flash of spirit. "How about the lock-jaw?"

Or a Thunderstorm

"That is really very nice," persons had told Mr. K., in referring to trip-lets born recently at his home. Mr. K., in turn, beamed in a friendly manner, and elated at his being father to three new sons.

"It was quite a son-shower," he said. —Indianapolis News.

NOT SECOND-HAND MAN



Little Girl (reading Bible)—Mother, who was Moses?
Mother (thoughtlessly)—Why, Moses who?

Rough on Reggie

"Let me collect my thoughts," said he. Then came a rather lengthy lull. "I fear," the girl said finally, "you find collections pretty dull."

From Chagrin

Binks—Why are you so sure Julie wasn't kissed when they turned out the lights?
Jinks—Because she was the only girl who was blushing when they were turned on again!

Her Happy Privilege

Nitt—I used to be on my girl's mind all the time, but—
Witt—But what?
"But she changed her mind."—Judge.

In Command

The Groom—I understand your daughter has gone out in service.
The Butler—You have been misinformed, my man. She has accepted the management and control of a private household.

Lucky Devils

Aunt Jane—Well, Ethel, I see you've landed a man at last.
Angler's Daughter—Yes, auntie, but you ought to see the ones that got away.—Boston Transcript.

Some Luck

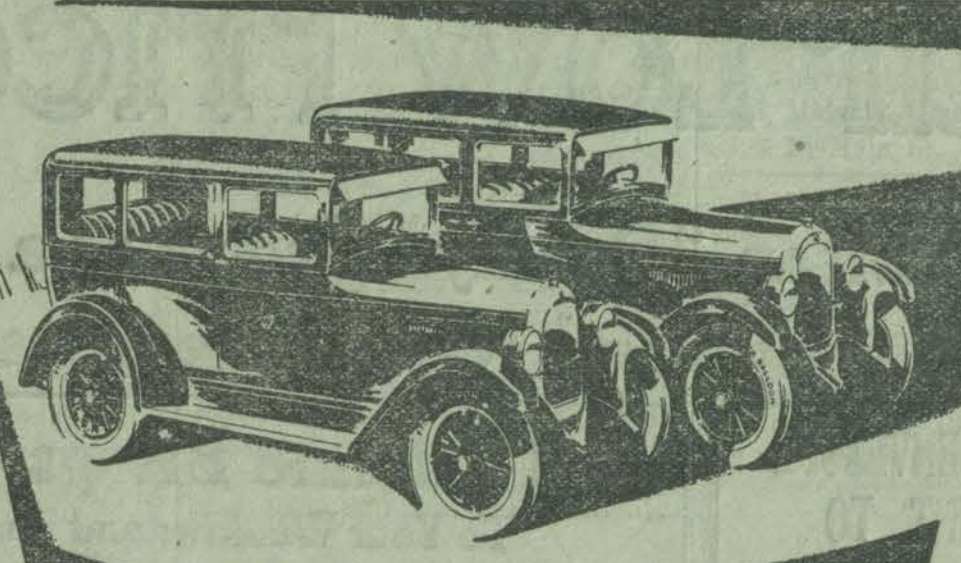
First Burglar—Did you have any luck in that house?
Second Burglar—You bet! I found a packet of love letters and I'll copy them and send them to my girl. That'll win her for me.

To Handle the Pipes

Cinema Manager (to proprietor)—By the way, sir, there's something the matter with the pipes of the organ.
Plutocrat—Well, get a good plumber in.

LOWEST PRICED SEDANS on the market

2,000,000 WILLYS-OVERLAND CARS AND GOING STRONG!



with quality, beauty and style dominating

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The perfected Whippet Four offers such desirable features as full force-feed lubrication, silent timing chain, extra leg room and powerful 4-wheel brakes. The new Whippet Six, in addition to these, provides a 7-bearing crankshaft, Invar-strut pistons and many other advantages.

Such notable values as these Sedans are possible only because of the skill and experience gained in the production of more than 2,000,000 motor cars.

Whippet

Four-cylinder Touring \$455; Roadster (2-pass.) \$485; Roadster (with rumble seat) \$525; Coach \$535; Coupe \$535; Cabriolet Coupe (with collapsible top) \$595; Whippet Six Touring \$615; Roadster \$685; Coupe \$695, Coach \$695. All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, Inc.
TOLEDO, OHIO

Carrier Pigeons Not Far Behind Airplane

Three carrier pigeons recently wheeled into the air above Hammondsport, N. Y., at 9:01 in the morning, circled overhead, and headed for Auburn, N. Y., 50 miles away. At 9:49 a. m., the first of the birds arrived, making the trip at nearly a mile a minute and losing by only three minutes a race with an airplane.

Stop watches, motor cars and airplanes have only recently solved one of nature's greatest mysteries—how fast a bird can fly. Through modern observations made from the swiftest vehicles on earth we know now that the bullet-like flight of swifts and swallows, and of them alone, can reach speeds of fifty to two hundred miles an hour—a mark to put all but the speediest airplanes to shame. Only four racing motor cars on earth have gone faster.—Popular Science Monthly.

Nature Best in July

Behavior of almost any of the preying insects to be found in July are worthy of observation, says Nature Magazine. A digger wasp with its paralyzed prey, an ox warble fly driving a herd of cattle frantic, or a lady-bird beetle greedily gobbling up plant louse after plant louse hold our interest readily. On the other hand we may turn to the varied means by which insects protect themselves from their enemies. The canker worms that look so like a twig that they deceive us and birds, the pear slugs that look like nothing living, are only two of the more interesting. July is the month of luxuriant nature splendor.

Illiteracy Statistics

Six per cent of the population of the United States is illiterate. Germany and Denmark have only 2-10 of 1 per cent illiterate; Switzerland, Netherlands and Finland have less than 1 per cent; Scotland and Great Britain less than 2 per cent; France less than 5 per cent.

Buddhist Missionaries

Contrary to the custom of centuries, Buddhists are turning to missionary work, emulating their Christian brethren. A party of priests has set up a Buddhist center in London and will devote itself to the conversion of England.

Right on the Job

Major (inspecting the morale of colored troops for their baptism of fire)—Sam, what would you do if on parade you were suddenly confronted with the enemy?
Sam—Sir! I sure would spread de news.—Vancouver Province.

Leader

"Flourishing garden," commented Alfred.
"Yes," said Eloise, "that man is the George Washington of our suburb."
"As to how?"
"First in peas."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Forcibly Struck

"What struck you on your first visit to Chicago?"
"A motor lorry."

Very often people invest in Wall Street and sometimes get rich.

CUTICURA

Best For Both Mother And Child



Regular use of the Soap, assisted by the Ointment when required, not only cleanses and purifies the skin of children and adults, but tends to prevent clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples and other unsightly conditions.

Send 5c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Tubes 50c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 24, Malden, Mass."

Look to Salmon Supply

One fish for every person in the United States was liberated from salmon hatcheries in Washington state during the year ended May 31. A total of 123,625,000 salmon were turned into ocean tributaries in that time. Since 1900 2,875,000,000 salmon eggs have been hatched by the state so that its third industry, employing 100,000 men and returning \$75,000,000 annually, might survive. More than 11,000,000 salmon are caught each year in Washington waters.

New Aid for the Blind

A new invention will enable blind people to read ordinary print. The apparatus uses the photo-electric cell in connection with a loud speaker. The blind person scans the printed page with a beam of light. When the beam falls upon black letters the loud speaker is silent; when it falls upon the white background, buzzing is heard. Thus guided entirely by sound, the reader can follow the letters.—Popular Science Monthly.

Water Power

The origin of the water wheel as a prime mover is lost in antiquity, but it was used in ancient Egypt, and the screw named after Archimedes is still part of the foundation of a modern turbine.

A Contribution

"Help the babies, sir?"
"With pleasure. I was a baby myself once."

HUSBAND DISTRIBUTES BOOKLETS

Wife Tries Compound

Every year the Pinkham Medicine Company distributes about 30,000,000 booklets from house to house. Mr. Ted Hinzman does this work in Lodi, California. His wife writes: "It was in these little books that I read about so many women being helped by the medicine. I thought I would give it a trial and I can truly say that it has done me good. My neighbors and friends ask me what I am doing to make me look so much better. I tell them that I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.
60c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE
Faced anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and safe. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed.
DAISY FLY KILLER from your dealer.
HAROLD SOMERS Brooklyn, N. Y.

WORLD CRUISE \$1000
New s.s. "Caladonia" sails Jan. 16, 1929, and up
Havana, Panama, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, Japan, Hong Kong, Manila, Bangkok, (Siam), Java, Sumatra, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Naples, Monaco, Havre (Paris); Europe stop-over in spring. Hotels, drives, guides, fees, etc., included.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE
s.s. "Transylvania" Jan. 30, 66 days, \$600 up
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

BOOKS Any book you want
—by mail, C. O. D.
Deseret Book Co.,
44 East So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

KODAK FINISHING
We employ professional photographers
SHIPLERS COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS
144 So. Main St. Salt Lake City, Utah

TRACTOR OIL. Wholesale, High Grade
Pennsylvania Heavy Tractor Oil, 40 gal. @ 60c. 10 gal. @ 75c. Gallon trial \$1. Southern Oil Co., Gen'l. Bldg., Washington, D. C.

GRECKLE OINTMENT
For 2nd satisfaction, it does the work. \$1.25 and 60c.
Kresoleo Ointment makes your skin beautiful, \$1.25.
FREE BOOKLET. Ask your dealer or write Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2925 Michigan Ave., Chicago

RICH MAN'S CORN HARVESTER
Foot and a half price. Only 25c with handle using attachment; sold in every state. Free catalog showing picture of harvester. Progress Co., Salina, Kansas

"Be true to your teeth, or your teeth will be false to you"
Dr. Painless Parker
174 1/2 South Main Street • Salt Lake City

"Heaven and Hell"
The most interesting of the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg
The renowned theologian, philosopher and scientist, 632 page book treating of the Life after Death, sent without cost or obligation on receipt of
Write for complete list of publications
SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Inc.
Room 1274 18 East 41st St., New York

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 30-1928

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
© by The Century Co.

SYNOPSIS

On a certain Monday morning Miss Constance Muller, seller of rare books at Darrow's Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified old gentleman, who enters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$500 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, who that morning working at Darrow's, Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, an elopement which was cut short when Peter attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's. Who examines the book Peter paid \$500 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery. Constance is asked to assist Detective Almy in his investigation of the murder of the elderly gentleman. The girl who fainted, Julia Grosvenor, turns out to be his granddaughter. She can throw no light on the mystery. Constance calls on Julia, who seems relieved when told her cry, "Keep it for me!" was not unheeded.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I'll go on from the point where you called for help, then," said L. "I saw you enter the shop, but not again until you ran up the aisle. I was talking to Mr. Burton, who travels for us. We heard your scream; then you came running up the aisle as Mr. Burton rushed down it. You stopped short." I continued carefully, "then you stumbled—I glanced away, for the poor girl was pale than ever and beginning to breathe hard—and you called out, just as you fainted: 'Keep it for me!' Don't you remember that?" She controlled herself, and nodded. "I do now," she said quite frankly. "but you have recalled it. It was completely obliterated from my memory, no doubt by shock. It's a shock to recollect it, too."

"I'm so sorry to upset you."

"Anything's better than a gap in your memory. What... what did you... people think I meant?"

She had remembered Peter, then, when she saw him in the shop, and since Monday, had been conscious that something had happened which might menace her, yet had been quite unable to recollect what! Evidently, after all, some shock, whatever form it had taken, had affected her memory in this particular. On that point she had told the truth. I answered quickly:

"Why, nobody could tell, Miss Grosvenor, what meant by an involuntary, half-conscious exclamation like that, and you said nothing further."

She smiled for the first time, I thought with an air of relief, and rejoined:

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for helping me to piece that recollection out. You have no idea how foolish it made me feel, being unable to remember what had happened when I was still conscious! I do appreciate your taking the time to come here to help me, when you must be so busy. I understand from Mr. Almy your work is with the rare books Darrow's is so famous for. I suppose you no sooner buy such things at Darrow's than they are all snapped right up by collectors?"

"They go pretty quickly," said I. "For instance, a few of the modern books from Judge Leavitt's have been sold already."

As Julia Grosvenor had listened to this reply with much more than mere polite interest, I risked another feeler:

"All the old books from such a collection, however, are likely to be held in reserve for special advertising, and not to go on sale for a few weeks. In this case, for instance, we should want to offer the best books to customers who we know have a special interest in Virginia—literature relating to Virginia."

"I see. My grandfather's interest in that line was partly due to the fact that his father was a Virginian, and partly to his own acquaintance with the state."

I saw it was time for me to go; for I had given Julia Grosvenor the information she desired: first, if I had not tied her strange footgear in the shop that Monday; secondly, if she had in any way given herself away before she entirely lost consciousness; and thirdly, if Clariel's "Notes" had yet been sold. I was pleased to have satisfied her, there was evidently so very little that could, with the confidence of such a reticent nature. I would call it a day. I rose, and so did she.

"I do hope, Miss Fuller," she said sweetly, "that we may meet again in happier circumstances."

I left the solitary girl in the darkening shadows of the curious, brightly colored old drawing room. Her strange story was to remain appermost in my thoughts, whatever my occupations in the next hours.

By Thursday afternoon I had actually got the rare-book catalogue under way. I had made a report to Mr. Almy about my Normandy terrace visit, and since then he had not called on me for anything. So I had spent Thursday morning assembling the books to be advertised, and I was now ready to write an elegant literary introduction to the catalogue.

"I shall begin," I decided, "with our parallel in the annals of collectors' opportunities," and reached across the desk for one of a row of eight newly sharpened pencils. Instead, I picked up the telephone receiver. "What is it?" I inquired, answering the summons without too much enthusiasm.

A refined accent far off in the distance announced itself as Mr. Darrow. "About that... ah... catalogue, Miss Fuller?"

"Yes, Mr. Darrow?"

"You know what I mean?"

"The new rare-book catalogue?"

"Ah... I was thinking about Clariel's 'Notes.'... You know what I mean?"

"In connection with the catalogue?"

"Ah... possibly you might include it."

"I will do so."

"In the interest of culture we might favor the private collector above the trade."

"Yes, Mr. Darrow."

"Then about that... ah... order I sent you... You know what I mean?"

"Certainly you must remember! It had to do with the bookplate in that book."

"To remove it and advertise it for sale?"

"Have you not done so? Why not?"

"Because the copy for the trade journal advertisements doesn't go out until Friday afternoon."

The rest was silence for about thirty seconds. Mr. Darrow was so anxious to be cross to somebody, disliking, as he did, to have murders in his shop, that it was simply cruel not to give him a chance. But I was obstinate; and when the thirty-first second had ticked off my wrist-watch, he remarked graciously:

"Suppose you remove it promptly and include it in the rare-book catalogue. I believe—Captain Ashland is my authority; I am not his equal as a judge—that that bookplate has rather more than common interest... You know what I mean? Make sure that you advertise it as an extraordinary curiosity, a faked masterpiece of supreme historic and artistic interest and value. Thank you... You have my entire confidence, Miss Fuller!"

"Not a wholly bad idea, in itself," I reflected, hanging up.

So first of all I sent for the book from Mr. Roberts' safe. When it arrived, I got out my apparatus for removing bookplates from old books, an operation I frequently performed, since a worthless book that had belonged to some interesting person might bear his valuable plate. This apparatus consisted of a small shining aluminum saucerpan, which I filled with expensive bottled drinking water conveniently on tap near by a hot-point device; and a beautiful new white sheet of blotting paper.

Having dropped the hot-point into the water, I sat contemplating the worn leather cover of Clariel's "Notes." I somehow, at the moment, did not exactly like the idea of separating book and bookplate; they seemed to be mysteriously united in a common purpose. I could not, however, define the purpose, nor could I well suggest to Mr. Darrow to think again. I thought about Peter, whom I had not seen since Tuesday, as he was constantly out on business; I thought about Julia Grosvenor, and still rather shook my head over her. Everything seemed dismal—No! Here was something entirely heartening out side the window... Inside the shop Captain Ashland, rosy and cheery, slammed the door in the face of the gale, shook his beautiful dripping tweed coat and hat, and made for my desk with a keen glance that took in every detail of my occupation, and a smile like sunrise.

"I say, isn't this jolly!" cried the captain. "Only!"

"If it only were!" I groaned, ruefully regarding the steaming pot of water and the fair white blotter, which certainly created the mirage of a tea tray outside in an afternoon desert of gloom. "What I am really supposed to be doing is to be soaking off this everlasting bookplate with this hot water."

"Orders, eh?" said the captain, at last. "Oh, you should be having tea. Why not? There's plenty more water outside."

"Yes, we have no drought—of water," I countered, realizing that any foreign visitor to these shores feels cheated if deprived of a sample of typical native humor relating to our characteristic civilization.

"You certainly should have tea," he observed. "You Americans take your business so seriously! Now, over in my shop we think we ought to know something about books, and all that—we've been going along somehow since seventeen-seventy—and yet we always knock off every afternoon for tea. Don't you think you ought to have tea?"

I felt my powers of resistance gradually leaving me; the captain was extremely purposeful, despite affable mien, I wondered dimly how the Revolution and all that had really ever held out against the British mentality.

"It never occurred to me in the light of a duty," I began, and then suddenly it did. Captain Ashland, who plainly wanted tea, with a passion inconceivable to those reared at soda fountain, was making a visit possibly to a certain great importance to the house, and Mr. Darrow's confidence in me would become more entire, no doubt, if I pleased his nephew. "But now you point my duty out to me," I finished.

"I see it clearly. As you suggest, it is of a patriotic character. Our Constitution forbids cruel and unusual punishments. You shall not go without your tea." Mentally I added, "And I shall delay removing that bookplate!"

"I say, am I putting you out horribly?" beamed the delighted captain. "One never drinks tea in a shop in America, does one?"

"There's precedent for it here; sixty years ago this room was a dining room." The captain looked relieved. "The water's nearly boiling. Won't you sit down, like King Alfred the Great, and watch it so it doesn't burn while I get the tea things?"

The captain informed me earnestly

that King Alfred watched cakes, and that water wouldn't burn; and mounted guard while I withdrew. But at the end of the aisle I was halted by Mr. Case, in the act of bounding out of his office.

"Miss Fuller! How much of that catalogue is done?"

"All the notes. I'm just beginning to write it."

"It must be finished by noon tomorrow."

"What kind of notice is this? It can't be done! You know I've lost the whole of this week—"

"And Mr. Darrow has just dumped still more work on me—"

"What's that?"

"To include and feature that book the Legal Federation won't buy—"

"Clariel's 'Notes'?"

Exasperated by the new orders and interruptions, I snapped:

"Yes. You know about it, do you, Mr. Case? Then I needn't waste time explaining," when, even in the dim light filtering into the aisle between the two rear alcoves, I perceived the sudden change of expression on his face, from worry to angry amazement: I had been too abrupt. "Of course I'll do my best," I added hastily and repentantly. And if he didn't interrupt me again, most generously!

"I'm afraid I don't break bad news well! My excuse must be that it was as much of a surprise to me as to yourself. But I didn't know about your extra work."

"I shall have to think of something exciting to say about that particularly dull book; and to get rid of a bothersome bookplate in it which is some base imitation of a Colfax, Captain Ashland says," Mr. Case nodded thoughtfully, but said nothing. "Please, why the new order for the catalogue copy to be ready—good gracious!—tomorrow noon?"

"Because Mr. Gregory—the printer, you know—has just sent word that the threatened printers' strike has been called for next Thursday, unless both sides agree in the meantime. If our copy's ready tomorrow, it can be squeezed through; otherwise, we run a big risk of having no rare-book catalogue for the holiday trade."

"That would never do. But how can I possibly—"

"Oh, you can't finish single-handed. The rest of the shop force is to assist you, if necessary doing overtime; and all will be suitably recompensed for a loyalty which can be counted on to support the firm's reputation even at a sacrifice of comfort!"

"I guess we are all human beings and willing to stand by in an emergency," I observed. "Your figure of speech means, I take it, that we'll all chaperon each other and work here all night?"

"Not quite; only till ten-thirty or eleven, since there are five of us," smiled Mr. Case. "That ought to help you pretty well, oughtn't it? And you'll have all tomorrow morning for finishing touches."

Suddenly Mr. Roberts, in a state of agitation, shot through the shipping office door, and started for Mr. Case's private office. Then he saw us in the aisle and bore down.

"Has Mr. Case told you about the catalogue, Miss Fuller?" he demanded. "Will you get to work on it at once? I've told Miss Wilkes to send you a stenographer for the rest of the afternoon. Mr. Darrow is exceedingly concerned over this new mishap; he fears Captain Ashland will get a most unfavorable impression of the business. So do your best. Is there anything else you require?"

"I require," said I, "to have Captain Ashland removed from my desk, where he is sitting in the expectation of having angels or ravens or something bring him a cup of tea."

"What?"

"Yes. He came in and saw me heating water to remove a bookplate, and took it so hard that the kettle wasn't boiling for tea, that with that very impression that the number of untoward events which have occurred here since Monday might rather prejudice a stranger. I really didn't know what to do but to offer to make him some. Do you mind, Mr. Roberts? You know English people think the world is coming to an end if they don't have their tea; and if they do, they don't care whether it does or not."

"I believe you did right," admitted Mr. Roberts, grudgingly, while Mr. Case smiled graciously, and observed that Darrow's was different, anyhow. "Tea's nonsense, of course; but it can't delay you more than a few minutes. And it's a very nasty cold, wet day."

I sped through the shipping office to the Jackson apartment beyond. Olyses' wife, a lively person of dusky good looks, considerably younger than her husband, Mabelle by name (pronounced as usual), was enchanted with the idea of a party and willingly lent me the machines for afternoon tea, of which I hid in a liberal supply, and also her silver-plated pot with the gilt wild roses. When I came back to my desk with these spoils, I was not astonished to see that Captain Ashland was being entertained by Mr. Roberts and Mr. Case. And a little distance away stood Nancy, primly clasping her notebook and pencil. I perceived that in this emergency Miss Wilkes had selected her least experienced stenographer to send to me. Moore alongside Nancy was Dennis, the stockroom boy with a blissful and entirely various smile on his face, and her typewriter clasped on his stomach.

"I sent Dennis to bring my typewriter down because Miss Wilkes said I could use yours and I knew better," began Nancy. "Put it on the little table in the corner Dennis. Where do you want the books on the table put, Constance?"

"Well, since you consult me," I replied, possibly with slight acidity, "I suggest that you leave them where they are, for you are to begin work on them. If you please, Miss Burton list them as follows: Title; date of publication; name of publisher; number of pages; pretence, index, notes bibliography, if any; material of binding; folio. Here is a sample form please follow it exactly. Make two carbons, and allow a separate sheet for each book."

"Yes, ma'am," said Nancy, and crashed into her typewriter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Short-Wave Use Proved on Long Ocean Voyage

Merrits of the short-wave outfit were demonstrated by M. B. Anderson, twenty-year-old wireless operator of the American barkentine, E. R. Sterling of Seattle, during her stormy voyage of nine months from Adelaide, Australia, to London, via Cape Horn. Anderson owns the amateur transmitting station A5MA in Adelaide. Having communicated with amateurs in all parts of the world, he seized the opportunity of a job as wireless operator in order to visit some of them, and to carry out some experiments.

During a terrific gale in the south Atlantic, when the ship was unmoored, he endeavored for five days, without success, to get into touch with land. 340 miles away, with the commercial 1,000-watt spark transmitter on 600 meters. But on bringing into play his 30-watt short-wave set he got a message through to Seattle, the ship's home port, almost at once, with the assistance of an amateur in Michigan.

He kept in communication with Adelaide and Seattle most of the trip, and when the ship was still south of New Zealand, 1,427 in Winnipeg, Canada, was worked on 35 meters.

Equipped with a three-tube receiver, with a tuning range of from 15 to 30,000 meters, Anderson received press messages throughout the voyage. The British high-powered station at Rugby on 18,740 meters came in well off Australia, but later he took press from New York on 40 meters.

Reception of short-wave broadcast stations proved a boon while the ship was tossed by a gale in an icefield near Cape Horn. The American stations 2XAD and KDKA came in well, and Captain Sterling, the owner master, was able to pass many a weary watch with a concert from New York or Sydney to cheer him up.

Anderson's set is a compact one. The receiver and transmitter are on one panel. A small motor converter worked from 6-volt batteries supplies 500 volts D.C. to the plates of the transmitter tubes. A three-coil Meissner circuit, with the choke-control system of modulation for telephony, is used.

By-Pass Condenser and Shielded Grid Tube

Due to the fact that the shield-grid of the new 222-type tube is connected directly to the 45-volt tap of the "B" battery, it has commonly been assumed that it played a negligible part in causing instability and other troubles which arise from the use of a common "B" battery. Actually this shield-grid has a mu or amplification constant with respect to the plate of between 40 and 50. This means that any variation in its voltage produces a change in the plate current 40 or 50 times as great as the same change in plate voltage would produce. For this reason it is important to see that any common impedance through the "B" battery is eliminated. This should be done by connecting a by-pass condenser from the shield-plate terminal of the socket to the negative filament terminal. The fact that the circuit is not unstable does not indicate that coupling is not taking place since any disturbance in the shield of that tube which will produce "negative" regeneration or tend to reduce the amplification.

Body Supplied Amount of Resistance Needed

Eugene F. Grossman, operating engineer at the National Broadcasting company in New York, is known as the "Human Grid Leak."

When the first concert of the New York Philharmonic orchestra was broadcast from WPA 49 years ago it was discovered, just before the program was to go on the air, that a grid leak was missing from one of the amplified units. Grossman placed two of his fingers in the clips that usually hold the grid leak and his body of ferret the correct amount of resistance needed. The amplifier functioned perfectly and the broadcast concert was a success.

Should Use Great Care in Selecting Proper Tubes

Care must be exercised in the selection of A. C. tubes for the particular receiver or purpose. When choosing a tube for a receiver of the commercial type the purchaser has little, if any, latitude. This is due to the fact that almost every manufacturer is using different filament voltage on tubes of the same general type. Because of the difference in characteristics of the various tubes, particularly the difference in filament voltage requirements, it is advisable to use only the tubes originally specified for the receiver.

Need Good Amplifier for Best Tone Quality

To get the best tone quality from a receiver, a good amplifier must be installed in the circuit. This means a unit capable of reproducing all the musical frequencies from 30 cycles so as to take in these low notes of the piano and the orchestra, to at least 6,000 cycles, so as to include the noticeable high notes and also the so-called harmonics and overtones, which are the things that distinguish one musical instrument from another—a sort of tone or shading proposition.

Why Tube Fails to Light

If the vacuum tube does not light it may be caused by many other defects besides a burned-out tube. The "A" battery switch or connection may be open, dirty contacts of the rheostat socket or tube tips, or the tube may not be seated properly in the socket.

Be Charitable!

Remember your neighbors. Maybe they would like to listen to their own sets for a change.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

'Tis true that when the dust of death has choked,
A great man's voice, the common words he said
Turn oracles, the common thoughts he voiced
Like horses, draw the griffins—
this is true
And acceptable.
—E. B. Browning.

FOODS YOU WILL LIKE

Sometimes, when tired of meat dishes, here is a good one you will like:



Pea Roast.—Mix three-fourths of a cupful of stale bread crumbs with one-half cupful of cooked pea pulp (cooked peas passed through a sieve); one tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of walnut meats finely chopped, one egg slightly beaten, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to season, one-fourth cupful of melted butter and three-fourths of a cupful of milk. Turn into a small pan lined with waxed paper. Cover and bake in a slow oven forty minutes.

Baked Halibut.—Arrange six slices of fat salt pork in a dripping pan. Cover with one sliced onion and add a bit of bay leaf. Wipe two pounds of fresh halibut and place over the pork and onion. Mix three tablespoonsful of flour with the same of butter and spread over the fish. Cover with buttered crumbs and strips of salt pork. Bake fifty minutes. Serve with gravy made from the pan, adding one cupful of milk. Season with salt and pepper.

Steamed Apple Pudding.—Mix a rich baking powder, biscuit dough and roll out. Place four apples peeled, quartered and cut into eighths in the center of the dough, sprinkle with a tablespoonful of sugar, salt and nutmeg to taste. Wrap the dough around the apples and place in a buttered mold or steamer. Steam one and one-half hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Fruit Punch.—Pour one cupful of hot tea infusion over one cupful of sugar and as soon as dissolved add three-fourths of a cupful of orange juice and one-third of a cupful of lemon juice. Strain into a punch bowl over a large piece of ice and just before serving add one pint of litchia, a pint of ginger ale and a few slices of orange with one dozen marshmallows.

Chocolate Souffle.—Melt two tablespoonsful of butter, add two tablespoonsful of flour and when well blended add three-fourths of a cupful of milk. Bring to the boiling point. Melt one and one-half squares of chocolate, add one-third of a cupful of sugar, two tablespoonsful of hot water and stir until smooth. Combine mixtures and add the yolks of three beaten eggs, then add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and the whites of three eggs beaten stiff. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

Serving Swiss Cheese.

These suggestions for using cheese will add variety as well as piquancy to the summer meals, while even increasing the food values:



Deviled Cheese Sandwiches.—Cut thin slices of whole wheat bread into two-inch rounds, spread with butter and arrange water-like slices of Swissland cheese on each. Add mustard, paprika, and saute them in a little butter. Serve garnished with water cress or serve with water cress and French dressing as a salad.

Cheese and Grapefruit Salad.—Peel and remove the pulp from a grapefruit, using care not to break the sections, arrange them on very thin slices of Swissland cheese, petal fashion, border with cress or lettuce. Garnish with a cube of currant jelly or a ripe dressing made with fruit juices.

Geneva Salad.—Dice Swissland cheese and mix with an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes, moisten with French dressing and heap on lettuce. Serve garnished with slices of Bologna sausage cut very thin.

Cheese and Cherry Rings.—Cut white bread into slices one-fourth inch thick, then shape with a doughnut cutter into rings. Dip a batter made with a beaten egg, one cupful of milk and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Fry in deep fat. Spread each ring with preserved cherries and top with cubes of Swiss cheese. Serve hot.

Scallions, Toast and Cheese.—Wash and cook until tender young green onions in salted water. Drain well and arrange on slices of toast on each of which has been placed a thin slice of cheese. Pour over a little hot melted butter and serve hot.

Cheese which is our most concentrated food has been called hard of digestion; the reason for this is that it is not well masticated or is eaten after the stomach has been well filled with food. Cheese is a food and should be treated as such. It contains no waste, is highly nutritive and will take the place in the diet of all meats. Being compact, it is harder of digestion unless it is eaten with coarser food like crackers which need to be well chewed.

Nellie Maxwell

Natural Ice Discarded

The city of New York is supplied artificial ice, and the Hudson valley natural ice crops have gone largely into the discard, along with the Maine ice cut, so far as the metropolis is concerned. The ice plants in the city make 30,000 tons a day.

Awakening the Deaf

An electric clock for the deaf has been patented by a Bavarian. At the hour fixed the clock bounces a rubber ball on the head of the sleeper.

NEARBY and YONDER

By T. T. Maxey

Vilas County

COUNTIES, like cities, states and nations, get a great kick out of possessing something unusual to set them apart from other similar communities. Nature, in her benevolence graciously bestowed landscape or other outstanding differences to various counties scattered among our states. In many instances where nature failed to especially endow a county, man has ambitiously come forward and produced some offsetting contribution.

When it comes to lakes, Vilas county, in northern Wisconsin, steps up and proclaims itself "it," modestly hinting that their excellencies, Mr. and Mrs. Public and all the little Publics, take off their hats to her rare and unmatched collection.

Vilas proudly claims that some 1,200 lakes are confined within her wide-fung borders—the smallest, no one knows, the largest perhaps being Trout lake, which is about five miles long by three and one-half miles wide. They run the full gamut of lakedom, in shape and description. Being entirely of glacial origin, they are for the most part limpid sheets of liquid blue or green, basking peacefully in the sun, reflecting quite clearly their timber-lined banks and, needless to say, perhaps, provide refuge for numberless numbers of the finny tribe.

A somewhat unusual feature of these particular lakes is that they are in the main connected by streams navigable for canoes. It being said that one can slip a canoe into the Manitowish river at Boulder Junction, for instance, and by making portages around dams, paddle his way down to the Mississippi river and float out into the Gulf of Mexico.

Ak-sar-ben

AK-SAR-BEN is decidedly a western invention which has developed into a nationally known institution, with Omaha as its headquarters. It had its origin in 1885 and was organized as a knock-out entertainment feature for the Nebraska State fair, intended to "promote a better spirit of co-operation among the business men of Omaha, the state and the West."

Like most kindred organizations, it has its king and its queen, with their long line of attendants to their royal highnesses, and holds forth during the fourth week in September each year.

The red-letter day in its history came in 1910 when Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was initiated. "Here's where you get a touch of Hades" he was told as seven red devils took him in hand and "took him in." "Bully," roared the colonel, at the finish, "I have had the best time I have had in many days."

The name Ak-sar-ben—which is simply Nebraska spelled backward—smacks of oriental flavor—"The Syrian Ak meaning head of the family; Sar, Arabic, the household, and Ben Hebraic, meaning brothers of the household, combined to give the meaning of the organization, the king, the body of the knights and the household—in short, all!"

Its colors, red, yellow and green, were chosen because they are symbolic of the principal state products and form an appropriate fall-festival color combination—red for beef, green for alfalfa and yellow for corn. The organization boasts 160 acres of land adjoining the city and a grandstand seating 10,000 people.

Oyster Culture

The various countries which raise oysters for market besides ours are England, France, Germany, Holland, Spain, Italy, Australia, China, Japan, Canada, Mexico and certain parts of South America and Algeria. In these various countries there are about ten different species of oysters, all of which are similar in structure to our own, though some do not grow quite so large.

Life's Friendships

We have to learn to do our loving in this world over a good many rough places and around a great many sharp edges. If we insist that our friends be made to order, we shall never have any friends. We must take people as we find them, and expend our desire for perfection in shaping the friendship we give rather than in expecting it in that which we receive.—Exchange.

Superstition Traced

The superstition that it is unlucky to light three cigarettes with one match has its origin in the fact that in the old Russian funeral service three altar candles were lighted from one taper. It was considered an act of impiety to make any other lights in groups of three, and therefore ill luck would follow such an act.

Process of Briquetting

In briquetting charcoal it has been found necessary to use certain binders, such as gums or starches. Briquetting has also been accomplished by using tar or pitch as a binder and then subjecting the briquettes to a low temperature distillation in order to drive off the volatile material from the tar and pitch.

Valuable Tobacco Box

One of the world's most remarkable tobacco boxes is in Canton hall, London. It is more than a foot square and four feet high, and it weighs 100 pounds. The original box of 200 years ago has been enclosed in others added from time to time, all encased in silver. It is now insured for \$25,000.

Blood in Human Body

The quantity of blood in the normal human body is 7.7 per cent of the body weight.



NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid. Kamella, John Original, Nationally Chartered, Strongest "Protestant Woman's Order" in World, Controlled by Women, Write Salina O. Cooper, 1408-N, 12th St., Birmingham, Ala.

MEN'S WEAR: New Selling Method. Men or Women, Sharp Styles, New Designs Weekly, Popular prices. Big profits. WES. NEVIN, 526 Federal St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? Our Chart From Adam to Christ Answers This Question. Why so many Denominations? Our Chart God's Cartoons of Worldly Nations Answers This Great Question. Who is the Man of God? Rev. 12:17 What will take place when His Power takes the President's Chair? These and Every Seemingly Impossible Question Answered from the Bible. No Credit! Just Bible Truth your Child can Understand. Christ and Guides, \$3.

THE BIBLE CHART COMPANY Box 373, Sta. A, Los Angeles, Calif. AGENTS WANTED

To Cool a Burn

Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Skeleton of Extinct Bird Found in Rocks

The prehistoric rocks of Wyoming have yielded up parts of the skeleton of a huge flightless bird that lived on this continent many hundreds of thousands of years ago. The fossils were found last summer, but their discovery was announced for the first time before the recent meeting of the American Philosophical society in Philadelphia by Prof. William J. Sinclair of Princeton university.

The bird was similar to other giant extinct birds found on this continent, but constitutes a new genus, which has been named *omiorhamphus*. It had no wings, and was a ground dweller like the modern ostrich. Instead of the specialized clublike toes of the ostrich, however, it had more primitive feet with short curved claws. In some respects it resembled the moa of New Zealand, which became extinct during the memory of the native tribes of those islands.—Kansas City Times.

There's a Difference

A young fellow who never has been known to go out of his way to take an airplane ride was told the other day that he was included in a "get off the earth" party to go up one afternoon with a visiting pilot at the Mars Hill airport.

"Well, I can't say that you seem particularly overwhelmed by the invitation," one of his companions remarked.

"Overwhelmed, yes," answered the young fellow, "but I don't think it is anything to get up in the air about." —Indianapolis News.

Her Recipe

Some friends were kidding Blanche Mehaffey about her life marriage, which is almost a record in Los Angeles courts.

"But," said one sweet young thing, "coming to Blanche's defense, 'you can talk all you want, but I don't see what protection anyone has against love at first sight!'"

"I can answer that!" cut in Blanche. "Love at first sight can generally be cured by taking a second good look." —Los Angeles Times.

Electricity in India

As part of a program for electrifying rural India, villages and farms within a radius of ten miles of the main centers of electric power distribution will be supplied with power lines for irrigation purposes at the expense of the Mysore government. The demand for electric irrigation pumps has suddenly increased as a result, and the government has a long waiting list of applicants.

Double Uniform for Him

Tailors at the Los Angeles county jail faced a new problem when Perry Wolfe, seventeen years of age, was booked on a charge of vagrancy. When they began fitting the youth in the official prison uniform it was found necessary to piece two uniforms together to cover the frame of the prisoner, whose height is 7 feet 3 inches.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Stops the pain of Corns and Bunions and you can walk all day in ease and comfort. Nothing gives such relief to hot, tired, aching, inflamed or swollen feet, blisters or calluses. A little ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE sprinkled in each shoe in the morning will make you forget about tight shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe. Always use it for Dancing and to Break in New Shoes. For Free sample and a Foot-Ease Walking Toll, address ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, 1c Roy, N. Y.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease

RICH MAN'S CORN HARVESTER Poor man's price. Only \$2.50 with bundle of 25 attachments sold in every state. Free catalog showing picture of harvester. Progress Co., Salina, Kansas

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

?

WNU Service
© by The Century Co.

SYNOPSIS

On a certain Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, seller of rare books at Darrow's Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's. They examine the book Peter paid \$510 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery. Constance is asked to assist Detective Almy in his investigation of the murder of the elderly gentleman. The girl who fainted, Julia Grosvenor, turns out to be his granddaughter. She can throw no light on the mystery. Constance calls on Julia, who seems relieved when told "cry." "Keep it for me!" was not unheeded. Darrow orders Constance to remove the bookplate from the book.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

-10-

In emulation of her cheerful industry, the water in the little aluminum pot began to bubble merrily, and three minutes later—the correct time, I believe, for tea to draw—Captain Ashland was drinking the brew which, with the crown, waits the British empire. The two other gentlemen did not have to be coaxed long to join him, so my judgment in laying in plenty of tea proved correct. The captain sat happily in a big oak armchair, Mr. Roberts accommodated his length of limb to the radiator, and Mr. Case leaned gracefully on a filing cabinet, all chatting cozily of this and that, while the rain descended and the wind blew, and Nancy contributed a one-act educational sketch, cabaret-fashion, with a partner in the person of a messenger boy who came in with a package for Darrell's on Fifth avenue.

"Isn't this ripping?" cried the captain, radiantly. "Of course I know it's not manners to ask, but mayn't I have another cup?"

As he leaned forward to pass his teacup, his glance fell casually on the worn calfskin binding of Claribew's "Notes," still on top of the desk. He picked the book up deliberately, opened the cover, and again gazed with interest at the laboratory interior giving on the distant sea. "I fancy Miss Fuller thinks I'm never happy unless I'm stopping some one else's work and doing none myself," he observed. "This time she was all ready to soak off this bookplate, when I did what you call horned in, and asked for another American tea party!"

Mr. Case smiled politely. "Yes, we're to sell the book and bookplate separately, I hear."

"One often does better that way," observed Captain Ashland. "I don't know about prices here. I understand the book was expensive—five hundred and ten dollars, wasn't it? What would this curious bookplate likely fetch?"

Horror and amazement filled my soul and that of Mr. Roberts, whose glance intercepted mine as the captain thus calmly added, to the list of disasters he had witnessed at Darrow's in less than four days, the fact that he was informed of the worst fluke in buying that had befallen the house for years. Who had told him? Not I, nor Mr. Roberts, nor Peter as surely; yet all of us might have sooner than the uncle who so desired, for some mysterious reason, to impress him favorably, Mr. Case was equal to the situation, however, choosing, as he did, to answer the first of the two questions.

"I hadn't heard what was paid for the book," he said.

"I'm especially interested in this bookplate," went on the captain, finally accepting his teacup, "because when I saw it here at Miss Fuller's desk the other day, when I was studying your index, I noted directly how closely it resembled the work of one of our most famous engravers, Hugh Colfax, though it was, unmistakably, a counterfeit."

"How did you observe that?" inquired Mr. Roberts. "Yes, I will take another cup. If you please, Miss Fuller. And may I look at the print, captain, if you have finished with it?"

"But it's not a print, you see," said the captain, passing over the book. "It's really a drawing, an awfully clever imitation of a fine line engraving. I'm hardly ashamed to say I didn't detect the forgery until I had looked at the plate hard. Many a collector has been fooled by imitations inferior to this one. Still, there are suspicious things about it: for instance, the paper, Colfax always favored a peculiar shade of brown."

ored himself by some secret process—probably involving walnut-juice—which, however, died with him. He was a great artist, full of whims. I've seen many of his prints, all done on that shade of paper, and, of course, on a paper a century or more old, made of linen rags. This is of modern manufacture, made of wood fiber."

"Colfax died about eighteen-thirty didn't he?" I inquired.

"Yes; he was about seventy-five, I believe. The arithmetic gave me another reason for doubting the authenticity of this drawing," said the captain, looking whimsical. "Colfax, you see, was a patriot first and an artist afterward—"

I laughed and helped him out: "He never would accept orders from Americans because he absolutely opposed the Revolution. And as it seems likely that this old American law book must have been the property of an American, it doesn't seem likely that the plate would have been designed by Colfax."

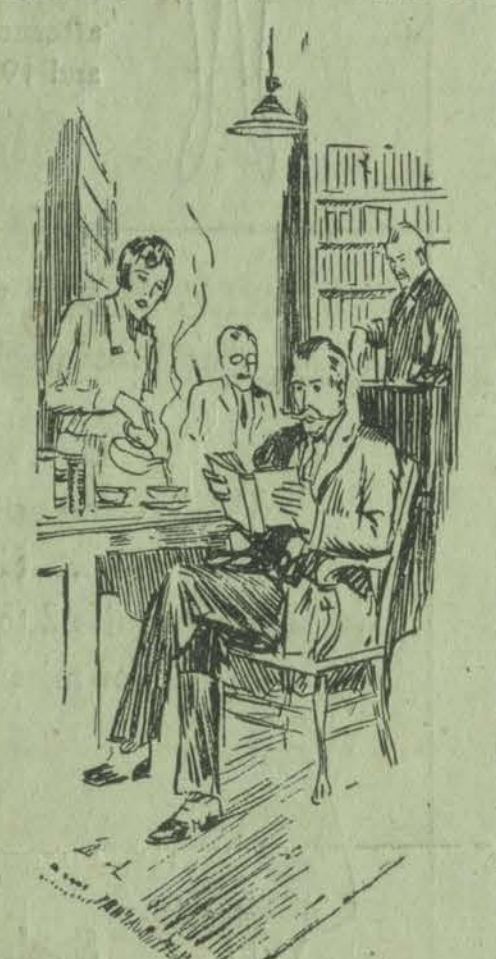
"Especially," added the captain, "as the design is pictorial. As was natural enough in a man with Colfax's royalist sympathies and aristocratic clientele, he almost always made heraldic designs for bookplates—that is, designs showing the family coat of arms. Only something out of the common would have led him to make a pictorial plate, if he ever did."

"May I have a look at it now?" asked Mr. Case, as Mr. Roberts closed the book to drink his nonsensical tea.

"Rather an imaginative picture, isn't it?"

"All except the immediate foreground," agreed Captain Ashland. "That table covered with old instruments—I don't recognize many of them—looks very realistic, and the alembic and skull are conventional owners' symbols used on many a doctor's bookplate. What the rest of the picture signifies, one could hardly tell without knowing something about the owner."

"The ship looks realistic, to me," observed Mr. Roberts, absolutely unable to refrain from differing with some one any longer. "Maybe the



What Would This Curious Bookplate Likely Fetch?

owner was a sailor. And what about those good strong pillars? Maybe he was an ex-sea-captain. They always build a good substantial house somewhere, to retire to."

"Such classic columns," said I in structively, for I couldn't let Mr. Roberts contradict and not do so myself, "are often used as a purely conventional frame for a bookplate picture."

Mr. Case nodded approvingly, but the captain, intent on making another point, noticed one of us. He said:

"And there's an unmistakable gleam away in the signature; did you notice it, Miss Fuller?"

"Yes," I assented; "the 'circled serpent,' as it's called, is quite wrong."

"Yes, his tail is in his mouth, as it should be, but the mouth is open not closed. It's a very strange error in detail, for the general execution of that drawing shows a marvelous grasp of Colfax's characteristic method—bold, a few fine lines of shading, wonderful clearness in the smallest details. It's just the difference between the master and the imitator."

"Another instance where a closed mouth would have been the part of wisdom!" suggested Mr. Case, lightly. He closed the book and put it into my hand, and as I laid it on the desk, Nancy's cheerful chatter ceased. She looked at me expectantly; I saw she had finished all the work assigned her, and was looking for more.

I was just about to give her some directions when she stepped up quietly and pointed to a pile of books in front of me.

"Shall I take those now?" she asked. "Yes, please," I said, "and then place them all on the wagon to be returned to the shelves."

She avidly swooped up everything in sight; yes, thanks to her industry, "Claribew's" "Notes" would be listed, after all! Her enthusiasm for work seemed contagious. The teapot was now drained, and Captain Ashland moved that the session should adjourn with a rising vote of thanks and inquired eagerly, as he took his leave, if I did not really think we really ought to have tea every day.

CHAPTER VII

Night Watch.

"Tell me, shall you be able to sell the book and the bookplate separately for five hundred and ten dollars together?" demanded Nancy.

I had to wait one whole second before deciding what to say, and it took her far less than that to transfer herself to the large oak chair just vacated by the captain, and a thick pile of papers to my desk. "Please look at my work and tell me if it is right, so I can go on," she requested. "And what about the five hundred and ten dollars?"

"If you want to get on at all, you will have to occupy yourself with what concerns you," I said.

nearly died; after I'd said I'd do what she told me!"

"You haven't mentioned that occasion."

"And how ago she asked me to help you, though it would be an ordeal especially since I was inexperienced. I said I was here to learn; besides, all my letters were finished, though the other girls weren't. Then she asked me, very sweetly, to inquire of Mr. Case, who was always so nice, whether there had been any offer yet for that old law book she had sent down to you by me on Monday afternoon. She said her cousin, Magistrate Juddes, would give a hundred dollars for it if that would be enough."

"And you have not asked Mr. Case? Nancy, it's vulgar to wink."

"And I am really most refined, as anybody can see. When have I had a chance to ask Mr. Case anything? I had only time to stop in the stock room and look at their telephone directory while I was telling Dennis to go up and say I found my typewriter would be required, after all; and there really is a Magistrate Juddes. And now it's no use asking Mr. Case. Miss Wilkes will just have to accept the fact that the book's going into the catalogue. Listen, Constance; where do you keep it?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I'm worried about it, on Peter's account. I want it to be safe. Maybe with a fake bookplate, he'll be in a worse hole than ever. Perhaps if you have it right by you, you might have a chance to make somebody buy it for more than Magistrate Juddes would offer."

I felt touched.

"Nancy, dear," I promised, "I'm going to write the most alluring possible advertisement of that volume, and also of the bookplate, no Juddes shall lay his marauding fingers upon it until the world is apprised of all its charms; and until Juddes or some similar Juggins with money to waste comes along, it shall remain here in the lowest left-hand drawer of my desk."

Nancy went back to work, satisfied; we labored steadily through the evening of "Good nights" from the evening exodus. Only Peter did I stop one moment.

"I'm going up tonight to a place called Raynes Forester to buy a lot of horrible old trash," he informed me discreetly, viewing Nancy's back. "Kid's doing better, eh?"

"She's a great worker," I compromised.

I looked at Peter's downcast face, and a thought that had occurred to me over the steaming kettle reverted. I felt convinced that he was carrying some heavy secret burden relating to Julia Grosvenor. I had never forgotten that state of frantic alarm which had seized him on the threshold of Mr. Case's office last Monday, though ever since his manner had been so calm as to be almost unnatural, particularly when he and I had been talking to Mr. Almy. If I could have only told him of my visit to Julia, of her recognition of him in the shop, her relief on hearing that he had denied all understanding of her exclamation! But knowing that that visit was confidential, I merely said:

"Buck up, Peter! It's up to you to come back from Raynes—whatever it is—with your shield or on it. Others can be relied on to keep the home fires burning."

Peter looked grateful, but said nothing, for at that instant Nancy swung round and saw him. He put man's first question to woman.

"When are you going home?" he inquired sternly.

"At six o'clock," said Nancy, sweetly, viewing him with calm appraisal. "Constance, come and have dinner with us."

"No, thank you—thank you both very kindly," I repeated as Peter urged the invitation on me brightly.

"If you won't come to dinner to-night, you must come and stay with me all night tomorrow," declared Nancy, tenacious as usual of her wishes. "Or I'll be all alone."

"That's a fine idea!" exclaimed Peter. "Yes; it was mine," said his sister. "Will you come, Constance?"

"I shall be delighted, my dear, to help the eight other occupants of the house bear you company."

"One for you, Nancy!" cried Peter. "Well, Constance, good-by till Saturday at the latest. I'm off for Plymouth Rock and way stations!"

Nancy and I worked alone in the silent shop without further interruption. The silence of the big building was restful and unbroken, save by a distant, infrequent rumble of late traffic. Not until I had nearly finished dinner, sent in to me, did I hear a single sound in the shop. Then, unexpectedly, far back I heard a faint movement.

It was repeated. It came again, muttering footsteps sounded on the left hand aisle. Next minute a dim figure materialized in the dusk as I turned, and to my relief ever more than my surprise, I recognized Mr. Case just as he started back in amazement, close at my left.

"Why, I thought you'd gone to dinner," I said matter-of-factly.

"I thought you had," he countered. "Everybody else has who's going to work tonight. I was just doing some of my work now, because I like a late dinner hour. The rain has nearly stopped. Why don't you go out and get something better to eat?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Prosaic Shepherding

Shepherding is becoming a science in France. A school of shepherding is operating at Rambouillet. The school is a government institution, fostered by the ministry of agriculture. It teaches many things that the shepherds with their crooks, painted by artists and described by poets, never bothered about. There are no picturesque costumes. Students are not judged by their ability to sing or pose. They have to study the work of shepherding with a view to making a profit on sheep. About all the romance left in the profession is the sheep dog.

Of Indian Origin

Tennessee is an Anglicized form of an Indian word—Tennessee, said to mean either a curved spoon or river with the great bend.

POULTRY FACTS

FEED AND CARE ARE NECESSARY

To get good summer egg production it is necessary to feed and care for hens even more carefully than in the winter time, in the opinion of Charles N. Keen of the Colorado Agricultural college. Poultrymen are mistaken if they think that just because they have good range for their laying flock they can do away with the mash and scratch feed.

"Experiments have shown that best results are obtained when the consumption of laying mash is increased and scratch feed decreased during the summer months," says Keen. "It is a good practice when the hens begin to let up in production to moisten enough of the fine mash from the feed lopers to last the hens about twenty minutes. Feed this at noon each day. This practice will increase the consumption of protein-carrying mash so essential for egg production. During the winter months more scratch feed is necessary to keep up body weight and provide warmth. In summer, heat is not essential and if hens get too much fattening feed they simply cease laying and put on weight."

By this method the total feed consumption will be less while the birds are on range than when they are confined to their laying houses. Production should, however, remain about the same and will be more economical.

Other factors that will help get economical production during the summer months and also hold up the profits are proper sanitation, careful culling and management. Naturally the death loss will be higher during the hot weather and all sickly birds should be removed from the flock as soon as noticed. Sanitation is also much more of a problem during hot weather, but it is necessary for profits.

"Trying to force an early molt is a mistake," according to Keen. It has not been found practical. Get all the eggs you can while you can, he advises, and if you have good birds which continue to lay through the molt, they should be forced to rest before the hatching season opens the following spring.

Clean Out Mites and Bedbugs in Henhouse

Chicken mites and bedbugs in poultry houses can be cleaned out by a thorough application of carbolineum painted on the roosts, dropping boards and in the nests. Gas drippings, obtained from around city gas plants, has also proven valuable in getting rid of mites, according to Iowa State college.

Mites do their work at night, sucking the blood from the poultry. During the day they hide away in small cracks and crevices of the house. In getting rid of mites it is important that all equipment be movable so that it can be cleaned and treated for mites.

In using either carbolineum or gas drippings it is important that the chickens be kept out of the house for 24 hours, as the fumes are likely to injure the chickens' eyes and may taint the eggs.

Poultry Facts

After the flock has been culled is an excellent time to dip for lice.

Pullets, for heavy winter production, must be well developed, vigorous, and carry a surplus of body fat.

Late molting hens are the laying hens and they should be saved from the market to be used for breeders.

A little ground bone is a good stimulant to pullets that are lazy about laying—also to older hens. But it must be fresh or it may cause ptomaine poisoning.

A sudden change from the regular ration to new grains often causes indigestion and diarrhea. These troubles are frequently confused with other diseases, such as cholera or timber-sickness.

Soft-shelled eggs usually are a result of a lack of mineral in the ration. If you place oyster shells or other shell-making materials before your birds, you probably will not be troubled with soft-shelled eggs.

If a cool basement is not available on the farm for storing eggs in summer, a small room may be excavated under the henhouse or dwelling house, or a small structure built after the fashion of a root cellar, with insulated walls and ceiling.

Teach the chicks to roost, as soon as they are old enough to learn. Provide low perches as soon as they are three weeks old, and the chicks won't crowd each other to death in the corners of the brooder house.

A good paint for mites can be made of old engine oil to which is added a small amount of commercial car tar disinfectant. Paint the roosts on both the upper and under side and soak the oil mixture into the cracks so they will be sealed and leave no space where mites can hide.

A hen usually lays eggs like the one she was hatched from.

Cull the flock first, so that the hens which are to be sold may go to market, and dip the remainder in a solution of one ounce of sodium fluoride to a gallon of water.

Wood ashes are valuable for chickens in two ways. They eat the small bits of charcoal, which are good for them. And chickens that dust in the ashes will be troubled much less by lice.



HIS BUSINESS BUILDER

Two men waiting on the corner for the lights to change got into a conversation. "See that man over there? I owe my fortune to him," remarked one of them.

"Who is he?" remarked the other. "He" is a pie maker who supplies 95 per cent of the restaurants in town.

"Huh! And who are you?" "I am the millionaire dyspepsia tablet manufacturer."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Personal Matter

Mrs. P—, who was down in the seventies, and admitted it but declined to be classed as elderly, was buying host at the local store. The young woman clerk, desiring to be helpful, spread out the contents of a box saying, innocently: "We're selling a lot of these to old ladies."

Mrs. P— smiled. "But I want them for myself," she said gently.

WHAT THE OTHER DID



She—My first husband never swore like that when he mowed the lawn. He—My first wife never made me mow the lawn.

No Parking

When Noah sailed the waters blue, He had his troubles same as you; For forty days he grove the Ark, Before he found a place to park.

The Born Moocher

Householder—Ah, I've sold that roller and those garden tools you've come to borrow and have gone in for chickens—

Champ Borrower—Oh—er—that reminds me—we've visitors to tea and I wonder—er—could you lend me a few eggs?

An Ancient Problem

"There was no parking difficulty in grandfather's day," remarks an exchange.

Long, long, before, brother. You forget the difficulty Noah had with his ark.

CANNIBAL



He—One of my mates at college ate 26 hard boiled eggs on a bet. She—Why the cannibal!

All Depends

How many miles to the gall? I drive right on with Rose, I stop and pet with Sal, And that's the way it goes.

Wouldn't Do It Again

Judge—Have you ever been convicted before?

Defendant—Yes, I was caught bathing at a private beach once.

Judge—And since then? Defendant—Since then I've never taken a bath.

A General Response

"Any response to our advertisement for an office boy?"

"Nine boys are in line, two elderly men and five girls."

The Wrong Arm of the Law

First Lawyer—What are you looking so sour for, Cavendish?

Second Lawyer—After I got all through getting my man acquitted on the most eloquent plea I've ever made, I find out he was really innocent.

Poor Memory

First Monk—What's Mr. Giraffe got a knot tied in his neck for?

Second Monk—That's so he'll remember the things he has to get in town today for Mrs. Giraffe.

Allowing Plenty of Time

Parcel Post Clerk—On that live turkey the postage will be a dollar and thirty cents.

The Poultryman—Guess I'll start him on four bits' worth of stamps. I expect he'll lose enough weight on the way to make that about right before he's delivered.

Proof

"Did you water the fern, Nora?" "Sure, mum. Don't you hear the water dripping on the carpet?"

Man's Dignity Dented When Beard Went Out

Possibly the first big mistake that our generation of men made was to discard whiskers. We committed social suicide with the razor.

Consider the flowing beard as the breastworks of authority. How often it concealed the weakness of mobility of the face, gave poise, steadiness and distinction. A child could not have a beard, neither could a woman. Not even a suffragette could have a luxuriant one. Every utterance emerging from a beard had oracular worth, mystery, and an Olympian quality making for command.

The naked face was the beginning of our dishonor. The ancients knew better. Dowie knew better, the late King Ben knew better, and the Bible, too, is against it.

Why should a man make himself appear childish and effeminate and hope to maintain status? Can you blame the women and children for concluding that we are all alike, irrespective of sex or age?—Allan Hoben in the Atlantic Monthly.

Undress

Maurice Ravel, the French composer, when asked by a New York reporter whether French women or American women dressed the more audaciously, replied:

"It seems to me that women all over the world are equally audacious as regards dress. But we are quite resigned now to the extravagances of post-war fashions. We refuse any longer to be shocked."

"A beautiful girl pinnetted into her uncle's library. She was going to a masquerade ball, and she wanted him to see her costume."

"How do you like me?" she said, continuing to pinnet. "I'm a salad." "A salad?" he said. "Splendid. A salad without the dressing."

Seek Ancient Cannon

An attempt to recover a number of ancient cannon from the wreck of what is believed to be a two-hundred-year-old Spanish galleon, will be made soon at Fort Pierce, Fla. The city commission has appropriated \$500 to assist in recovering the relics which lie half buried in sand about a mile off shore from the Old Fort Pierce inlet. They will be placed in the city's parks.

Baby Got Free Ride

E. J. Therrien of Sanford, Maine, was much surprised when a policeman stopped him and called his attention to a smiling two-year-old baby boy on the running board of his car. Mr. Therrien was able to identify the baby. He placed him on a safer seat within his car and took the child home.

The Wrong Test

Mother—You have disappointed me, Willie. I left those tarts on the sideboard just to test you.

Willie—It's a shame you didn't try me with doughnuts.

Mother—Why, dear? Willie—Because I hate 'em.

Present Handicap

Our memory goes back to the time when a girl might have had the funniest looking legs in the world and still won a beauty contest.—Ohio State Journal.

Happy Home!

"Haven't you finished mending my sock yet?"

"Give me a minute more, John. I'm doing my darndest!"—Toronto Telegram.

During the Quarrel

He—You always have to be of a different opinion. She—Me? No, not at all; quite the contrary.

Just a Gentle Hint

"So you advise me to keep on writing verse? I can't live on poetry."

"Then do keep it up."

Happiness may resemble either a mountain or a molehill. It depends on the distance you are from it.

A bank failure may not upset the depositor, but it will cause him to lose his balance.

One can always be in the minority if he takes up with every new movement.

Laws can discover sin, but not remove.—Milton.

A scrapbook is as great a revelation as a diary.

"It Can't Be Done"

You cannot expect a "high flash" or quick burning coal to "last long." Anthracite coal is hard, and therefore lasts longer, and in this respect, UTAH-GRAND COAL is very similar to it. UTAH-GRAND COAL is hard, Stores Without Loss, lasts longer and is clean. It makes no stringy soot, and no clinkers. In fact it burns almost like Anthracite, but costs no more than ordinary coal. UTAH-GRAND is a coal for all purposes where coal can be used. Phone your dealer or write us.

CHESTERFIELD COAL COMPANY Salt Lake City, Utah

Shampoo Yourself With Cuticura Soap

Anoint the scalp, especially spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water. Rinse thoroughly. A healthy scalp usually means good hair.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Tubes 50c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 24, Malden, Mass."



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every druggist has it, but don't fail to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word genuine printed in red;



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POISON WY

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
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SYNOPSIS

On a certain Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, seller of rare books at Darrow's Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Barton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 at auction for an old law book called a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's. They examine the book Peter paid \$510 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery. Constance is asked to assist Detective Almy in his investigation of the murder of the elderly gentleman. The girl who fainted, Julia Grosvenor, turns out to be his granddaughter. She can throw no light on the mystery. Constance calls on Julia, who seems relieved when told her cry, "Keep it for me!" was not unheeded. Darrow orders Constance to remove the bookplate from the book. Working late at night Constance is startled by stealthy footsteps and discovers Mr. Case, the shop manager.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—11—

"I really have the responsibility of the catalogue," I objected, "or at least, I took Mr. Roberts' remarks that way, so I didn't want to lose any time. There's always likely to be a hitch when you're in a hurry, you know."

Mr. Case assented, but without his usual warmth, and went out. I reflected that Nancy and I had scarcely spoken or used our typewriters during our last half-hour's work, which had been spent in revision of copy, and so Mr. Case might not have heard us, especially as his door likely was shut. I finished my dinner, the staff returned and we all went promptly into action on the catalogue.

The work was equitably divided, and Mr. Case, Daisy Abbott, Emily James and Mr. Diddin bore off their assignments to their desks in the rear. I remained at mine in front, a brilliant spot in a sea of darkness. For a while revision still occupied me; then I pulled my chair into position under the desk, all ready to shatter the silence again with music from the universal keyboard.

And as I did so I heard the time clock ring!

For a moment I feared some misstep was depriving us of one of the workers at 7:20, to quote my wrist-watch; but nobody came out, and then I remembered that on the rare occasions when overtime work was done, the department head made a special report for the record sheet, instead of having the clock rung. Moreover, not a whisper came from the rear, where four people were sitting near the time clock; so I decided, without full conviction, that I must have heard some other noise.

Then I remembered a copy of a college edition of the Rubaiyat. There was a footnote in it I wanted to crib for the catalogue.

This college edition was kept on a shelf up in the right-hand gallery. I walked up the balcony steps, into darkness that got blacker and blacker each step above the level of the lighted desks below. When I reached the head of the staircase I turned on a swinging light, and could then see my way sufficiently well to the other end of the gallery, where was the shelf on which the book in my hand belonged. On I walked in the dim shadowy stillness, past the tops of the alcoves, my feet making no noise on the cork flooring. I stretched up my hand to turn on the light in front of this foremost section of shelves, and—

I heard the time-clock ring!

This time I felt badly startled, at most enough to cry out. I had just sense enough not to turn on the light right above my own head. There must be something the matter; it was absurd that the clock should register at this time of night, a quarter past ten! Resolutely I whirled around to leave the balcony and investigate what had happened, when immediately all my fears vanished. Below, Mr. Case walked slowly out of the shadows of the central aisle up toward my desk and halted an instant as if looking for me. I was rather glad I had not screamed.

I was just about to speak, telling him where I was, when something closed my parted lips. He stooped down on the left-hand side of my desk, and got into the shadow behind it where I could not distinguish him clearly. I heard a faint sliding sound, and then—

A stranger stood up between my own chair and my desk!

It was a man, presumably young from his figure, though I could not see his face, up above him on the balcony, as he had on a visored cap. He did not make a movement or sound. His head was bent. From the shadows where I had seen Mr. Case stoop, I heard the very faintest sort of rumbling noise; otherwise the silence was suffocating. Then the stranger moved; noiselessly, slowly, but purposefully, he stepped clear of the chair, a few inches over to the left.

Mr. Case sprang to his feet. Over the corner of the brightly lighted desk, the two men gazed at each other without a sound. They may have stood there motionless for ten seconds; it seemed longer than eternity. Finally

the stranger, with the utmost self-possession and without a backward glance, walked around Mr. Case, past the front of the desk to the door, out into the night. Mr. Case turned quietly around, and disappeared into the main aisle.

As soon as I heard him speaking to Mr. Diddin, I made for his office. "Excuse me for interrupting! I've been looking at Miss Abbott's work and it's getting along fast—"

"Good! We'll soon be through here too," Mr. Case spoke exactly as usual. He looked rather white, but working overtime plus glare from a green-shaded lamp does not improve the complexion.

"Then tomorrow morning ought to be plenty of time for me to finish," I said. "So do you mind if I get the ten thirty-five train?"

"Go, by all means," agreed Mr. Case. So I put on my things and went back to my desk and closed it, with the exception of the lowest left-hand drawer, which I opened for one instant. It was the style to want to steal Carlisle's "Notes," nobody could truthfully say I was out of fashion. With a consuming passion I wanted to steal it.

And furthermore I did so. I caught the 10:35 easily, with several seconds to spare, and the stroke of eleven found me bolting the Colorado front door of our Elizabethan villa. Having next reviewed the contents of the refrigerator and decided on a glass of milk, sliced chicken and a roll, I extinguished the hall light, and tiptoed upstairs through the stillness, punctured at this door and that by a gentle snore, to my own room.

I took Carlisle's "Notes on Medical Statistics in the Virginia Code" from my underarm bag, resolving to discover its mysterious attraction if the process took all night. I first examined it meticulously page by page. Fortunately it was a thin volume. There was not a stain or a fold-mark inside it. Several pages had never been cut. Aside from ordinary wear and more old, the only damages appeared to be a small number of faint parallel scratches on the back, and a few rather deep little gashes in the cardboard inside the back cover. These injuries were negligible; the book was in remarkably good condition. Finding nothing that could give a clue to the interest it had held for so many persons, I decided that the only thing left to do was to obey my orders and take off the bookplate.

I laid a hot wet blotter on the plate, and sat waiting patiently several minutes for the paste to soften. But though I applied an inquiring finger-nail several times to the edge of the drawing, and renewed the blotter more than once, the bookplate stuck fast except at one lower corner which had always been a bit loose. Only after a long time did it even begin to come away from the board, and then with an unusual slowness that tried my patience.

Finally I resolved to assist the hard-worked blotter; and getting a pen-knife, opened the dullest blade and inserted it cautiously a little deeper under the edge of the bookplate than my finger-nail had gone. I found that at last the soaking was taking effect; the picture was looser. I tried the corners in turn, found that loose lower right-hand one now yielded readily to the blade, got it free of the cover, and then with my fingers began, very gently, to peel off the bookplate. It had to be coaxed now and then, but little by little it came away clean and unbroken. Then, as I got more hold on the looser part, I pulled it more evenly and rapidly, and at last off it came, with a single swift motion. And then the sight before me caused me to drop the bookplate in complete consternation, and forget all about it.

In the center of the space from which I had just peeled it, sunk into the thick catkins cover of the old law book so that no hint of it protruded above the surface of the board—was a key.

It was black, about two inches in length; the shank was long and narrow, the bit elaborately fashioned, the head a solid piece of metal about half an inch across. I stared at it intent, but dazedly.

Curiously, however, a vulgar trail out often a life-preserver, came rapidly to my aid. I snatched up the pen-knife again, and very slowly and cautiously pried out the key from its resting place. The underside was identical with the upper; at its thick end the little implement was less than an eighth of an inch in diameter. I examined the depression in the book cover wherein this strange old-fashioned object had been lying. This depression had evidently been cut out in the thick board with the very greatest care. No hint of the operation could be either seen or felt in the binding. I replaced the key in the depression, and ran my hand across the inside cover. So carefully was the key fitted that even with my bare palm I could hardly feel anything but a plain surface.

I left it in its resting place and gazed at it a moment. Was the bookplate—the forged bookplate—after all not the object of the extraordinary efforts put forth by so many persons? Was it the key under the bookplate? This new discovery seemed to eclipse the mystery of the counterfeit print, curious as the latter still was. A key presupposed that something valuable was hidden under lock; a hidden key presupposed some wish to keep the hiding place secret; the widespread search for the old book which had a key concealed in it suggested strongly a determination on the part of the searchers to open the hiding place. My already overburdened bosom had become the recipient of another secret.

After hearing Peter's tragic adventures and Nancy's remarkable escapades and Julia Grosvenor's strange story; after seeing Julia's black satin bedroom slippers and learning that Peter, too, knew some mysterious se-

cret concerning her presence in the shop that Monday, I had found a key in the cover of the law book to which out of a bookplate had been attached—this after witnessing that blood-freezing encounter between Mr. Case and the unknown stranger, late at night in Darrow's!

Now that I had a chance to think about that view of Mr. Case, I could scarcely do so coherently. Mr. Case, the Chesterfield of Darrows, prying into another person's desk! I had distinctly heard him pull open a drawer. There was not one thing in that desk that could possibly have interested anyone, except Carlisle's "Notes," and he had seemed to take little more than a polite interest in it. And yet—was it an old story to him? Why didn't he speak to that stranger, or give any alarm about him? Who was that second man? What was he after? And did all those people—except Peter, of course—who were pursuing that book, know about the key? And to what was it the key?

I could answer none of these absorbing questions. But my immediate concern, after all, was with the practical aspect of this discovery. Suppose Mr. Darrow should ask if the bookplate had been removed, and then desire to see it and the book again before they were sold. He might well do so, he took such an interest in them both. Suppose Mr. Case should ask to see the book; who had more right to do so than the head of the shop? Suppose Captain Ashland should bowl enthusiastically along with some learned observations about counterfeits which had been omitted from his lecture and required illustration. Suppose Nancy—but I did not feel imaginative.

One thing was clear. I could not likely long keep this discovery to myself, even had I any right to do so. So I decided to impart my discovery to Mr. Roberts.

Having made this decision, I again picked up the bookplate, which now lay twisted tightly up in a damp roll beside the book, and ironed it out between two dry bits of blotting paper. I gazed at it intently. A bright idea suddenly popped into my mind, an idea not to be carried out in the shop. As I looked at the foreground of the picture, I noticed the marvelous attention to details in the laboratory interior. If I could see something in these details which would have to be pointed out to other people, I could write a blurb about the fine execution of the drawing.

Beneath the lamp on my desk, I slid the bookplate under a magnifying glass, and proceeded to study the foreground eagerly. But soon my eagerness felt as chilled as the fingers that vainly screwed the lens up and down seeking to magnify the contents of the table in the foreground into something that might be quaint or interesting or unique in the annals of bookplates. "Small instruments of scientific appearance" were what had appeared to me the first time I saw the plate; now they were enlarged, but I saw nothing new about them. Some were long and narrow, some short and round; one was a cube with a pattern of slots across one base. Their use or symbolism was Greek to me still.

At last, though completely disgusted that all my effort should be able to produce nothing better than "Quaint and interesting interior showing small instruments of scientific appearance," I decided that that description was the best I could do on such short notice. It was like Mr. Darrow to change his mind at the last instant, and he could just take the consequences. With more time, I could have found out what the instruments were, but not by noon that day.

And then I realized that the left hand pocket of my sweater was not empty. My hand encountered something crackling, scratchy. I pulled it out. My yellow note—Professor Harrington's book-list, my identification of which Daisy had corroborated before Mr. Almy.

And now, perhaps because it had been such an unevenful evening, and the morning was still young—our clock had just boomed out half-past two—it seemed to me that there was no time like the present to look over the floor in the history alcove at Darrow's. As I glanced again at the three rows of slits in the paper, which I had casually noticed when I picked it up first, I remembered having seen three rows of slits, very tiny, but arranged in an identical pattern with that on the yellow slip, somewhere else, that very evening.

CHAPTER VIII

Morning Watch

When in the cold gray dawn I arose, from my chair, stiff with fatigue after the most exciting night in my experience, I was tingling to get to Darrow's. I planned to go directly upstairs on Mr. Roberts' heels, with Carlisle's "Notes" under my arm, to tell him a few observations I had made which had indeed taken a certain amount of intelligence. The book I would then leave with him, so that if it were asked for or anybody tried to steal it, it would be unavailable. Next I would complete the rare-book catalogue with lightning speed, and Mr. Darrow would inform me over the telephone that I had his entire confidence. And, not least agreeable, I could expect a pleasant evening in town with early bedtime hours. Dropping the bookplate, now flat and dry between the first page of the old law book and the cover still holding the key, I hastened to town to carry out my plans.

The only hindrance proved to be that none was any good. I reached Darrow's at a quarter of nine as usual, and with Carlisle's "Notes" inconspicuously ready at hand among the other books on my desk, I awaited Mr. Roberts with confidence.

But, alas, to quote the elegant female in the poem widely approved of anthropologists, who had no more shame than to wait for "him" when he was late to his date. "He came not—no, he came not," Nancy breezed past, Daisy Abbott arrived, Mr. Case, who I was not displeased to note, looked quite worn out, asked if I were tired I said, "Not so much as I might be; I got that early train."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scraps of Humor

TIME IS UP, BOY

He had been in love with her—hopelessly, he thought—for a long time. Then, one day as they were sitting together, she looked tenderly at him, and murmured: "Claude, didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Cora, and I meant what I said," he declared.

"Well, Claude, I want you to do something really heroic for me."

"Speak, darling, what is it?"

"Ask me to be your wife. It's time you did, don't you think?"

DOING NOTHING



She—What's your brother doing now? He was trying to get a government job awhile ago.

He—He's doing nothing, he got it.

Air Castles

Building castles may not pay. Foolish sport, I know. Now and then I finish a modest bungalow.

Most Familiar

After dinner the well-known songwriter and his guest tuned in the wireless.

A brand-new song was played, and the guest liked it.

"That's a good melody," he remarked.

"Good?" said the piano pounder, "I should think it is. Why, I've written it myself 12 different times!"

No Resemblance

She had just been introduced to her partner at a dance and was talking to him vivaciously.

"Tell me," she said, "who is that terribly homely man over there?"

"That," he said ponderously, "is my brother."

"Oh!" gasped the woman in horrified amazement. "Pardon me. Really, I hadn't noticed the resemblance."

Too Slow

"What's worrying you now?" "I want a chaperon for a slow party."

"She'll be hard to find."

DULL EVENING



"Last night I called on the most correct girl I've ever met."

"I had a pretty dull evening myself."

Quite the Reverse

Although he makes a husband good. Nor wanders even in thought the tie that binds him to his wife is not the one she bought.

Orders Must Be Obeyed

Small Town Cop—You can't go through here with your cut-out open. Motorist—But I have no cut-out on this car.

Cop—Then get one put on and keep it closed.

Note From the Border

Tourist—I suppose the people were quite agitated when that gang of international thieves went through here?

Native—Yes; the government even put locks on the canal.

Why Not?

Booker the Agent—I can't use your ventriloquist act at that private entertainment. It's for a deaf mute school. The Ventriloquist—But I work the dummy's jaw all the time. Leave 'em watch it. They're all lip readers.

Signs Point That Way

Fond Mamma—Do you think he'll propose soon, Doris?

Daughter—Yes, mamma; he's been making so many complimentary remarks about you.

Two Varieties

The Man With An Artistic Soul—Were all the people you met there artistic?

Sweet Young Thing—Most of them were, but some of them were quite nice.

Ark Overcrowded

Elsie (looking up from her book)—What are prehistoric animals?

Wise Willie—Oh, those are all dead. I guess they were the ones that were left on the dock when Noah sailed.

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The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service

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SYNOPSIS

On a certain Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, seller of rare books at Darrow's Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$50 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist clashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's. They examine the book Peter paid \$50 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery. Constance is asked to assist Detective Almy in his investigation of the murder of the elderly gentleman. The girl who fainted, Julia Grosvenor, turns out to be his granddaughter. She can throw no light on the mystery. Constance removes the bookplate from the old law book and discovers a small key secreted in a hollow on the cover. She makes other discoveries, too.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"That's good," said he. "By the way, Mr. Darrow went up to his Westchester place last night for the weekend, instead of tonight as usual, and won't be here until Monday. He's entertaining Captain Ashland. So have no fears that you'll be checked up in the middle of the catalogue."

So the head of the house was gone; and Captain Ashland, excellent creature, was gone; and Peter, fundamentally sound and always set to go off, despite his imperfect nature, was gone. Where were the righteous men left? Where was Mr. Roberts?

I was to learn. Just as Mr. Case breathed his glad tidings into my ear, Miss Wilkes entered.

"You look dreadfully tired, dear," she remarked, stopping at my desk, though I was sure I was not the least in the least. "What a shame you have such a rush with the catalogue! Think of striking. I wonder what working men are coming to, sometimes, don't you, Mr. Case? Gracious, you look dreadfully tired, yourself!"

"Sometimes I wonder what we're all coming to," responded Mr. Case, with plaintive restraint.

"That really puts it much better!" By the way, how did little Miss Burton get along last evening, Miss Fuller? I was sorry I was unable to send you one of my more experienced girls."

"I couldn't have wanted anyone better," said I.

"I am glad to hear she filled in acceptably in the emergency," declared Miss Wilkes, very crossly, "because I must speak to Mr. Roberts about her today. Tomorrow her first week will be up, and to me she hardly seems to be the material one makes a stenographer out of."

"I agree with you," said I; "she'll go much further."

Mr. Case rushed courageously between the flashing rapiers.

"I don't know whether Mr. Roberts will be here today. He's off somewhere on business for Mr. Darrow who's in the country."

I was stunned, but worse was to come, and at once.

"Oh, Mr. Case," said Miss Wilkes, "what about my cousin, Magistrate Juddes, getting that book?"

"I beg pardon?" murmured Mr. Case, not unnaturally bewildered.

And there was the book right on the desk! There was one way to save the situation—by foolishness. Before any explanation could be begun, I bounded to my feet and hurried myself on two young damsels who were entering the shop truculently, at a critical hour, five minutes of nine. On their feet were black satin strap pumps with rhinestone side-buckles; from their coats peeped forth the school middie; each bore in one hand a brief-case, and in the other a brown paper parcel all planned up. It was Friday. Truculence equaled shyness, slippers plus Friday equaled dance. Brown paper minus pins equaled party frocks. I swiftly steered the pair down the aisle to the table where all quietude books were on display. While they were selecting one I observed my desk. Miss Wilkes and Mr. Case.

They talked until the girl friends had hastened on to school to cram for the dance. Then, Miss Wilkes was rushed upward, still talking; Mr. Case disappeared toward his office; and I thrust that flax of a book back into the lowest left-hand drawer of the desk, with both haste and reluctance. But I could not well ask to have the safe opened in Mr. Roberts' absence without arousing curiosity.

Several sections of the catalogue had been nicely pinned, unpinned, pasted and pulled apart again, when Mr. Case walked calmly up the aisle.

"May I see that Clarithew for a minute, please?" he asked.

"Certainly," said I, "right away, as soon as I paste this page. I can't let go of it, you see. The book's in my

desk, and I'll bring it to you directly. If you don't want to wait."

It was a safe bet that no man alive would want to wait for anything. When Mr. Case had gone, with shaking hands I grabbed my pastebrush and stuck the bookplate on lightly over the key, pressing it down until it presented exactly its original appearance. Then I took it to Mr. Case, and told him I still had to write the notices for book and plate as Mr. Darrow had ordered. He said he would return the book in plenty of time for that.

Back at my desk in a perfectly distracted condition, I was not reassured by feeling a rhythmic swaying in the atmosphere, and perceiving Miss Wilkes heading down on me.

"I'd never have interrupted dear, if I'd known you were still doing that catalogue!" she cooed. "Mercy, it does take you a long time, doesn't it?"

Well, if you insist. Yes, dear, you can help me. Such trouble as I am in! You see, my cousin Magistrate Juddes—you've heard of him, of course?"

"Oh, yes!" I had. Nancy had brought him to my attention for the first time the previous afternoon.

"Well, he saw that a certain old law book—Clarithew's 'Notes,' I think they call it—was bought for us in Richmond last week. You know it, don't you? Well, he wants to buy it, right away, and without fail. This morning he sent me this check for two hundred dollars—she produced one drawn on a perfectly good bank, and signed Wilmer Ponsonby Juddes—'so I might get it for him at once.'"

"No price has been set on it yet," I remarked. "You'll have to ask Mr. Case about it."

"Why, I did, dear. But Mr. Case says he has no orders from Mr. Darrow, and Mr. Darrow won't be here until Monday, so what am I to do?"

"I don't see that anything's your fault," said I, profoundly weary. "Anyhow, Mr. Darrow's last orders are that the book is to be advertised in this catalogue. Too bad, but your cousin will just have to take his chance with other customers."

"But you see," pursued Miss Wilkes. "I gave him my word Wednesday that I would try to see about the book next day. I sent down an inquiry about it to Mr. Case by that trouble some rattled little Miss Burton yesterday afternoon, and this morning she tells he she overlooked giving the message. I am most dreadfully put out by her stupidity, for if she had delivered the message, Mr. Case could easily have asked Mr. Darrow to fix the price, and I am sure two hundred would have put a reserve on it, anyway."

Gracious powers! Mr. Darrow would have wept hot salt tears on the learned neck of Magistrate Juddes for far less than that sum!

I had no time to get agitated at Nancy's curious conduct, for Miss Wilkes added plaintively:

"And so I'm in a quandary! My cousin Magistrate Juddes is entertaining Congressman Sturgis in his home here over this week-end! Now, what do you suppose would be just the thing to do for him?"

"Stock exchange . . . Fifth avenue . . . Grant's tomb . . . Peacock alley . . . Folies . . . supper in Chinatown," I bazzarded, but Miss Wilkes gazed as if I had laid down my hand on the Ark.

"My dear Miss Fuller! You don't know who Congressman Sturgis is! He is a Sturgis of Sturgis in Sturgis county—"

"Virginia!" I shrieked in desperation, hitting my faithful desk an uncalculated whack. "For Pete's sake! Don't tell me!" Miss Wilkes looked considerably astonished, and I didn't blame her, for the effect on my nerves of learning that another representative from the Mother of Presidents was trailing that lawbook must have been a sight to see. I apologized. "I see I'm right. I just have indigestion. Do go on, Miss Wilkes; I love polities."

"So does my cousin Magistrate Juddes," simpered Miss Wilkes. "Here's the secret, dear. He's running for congress, you know, in the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth district Election's coming, and the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth district is all ways uncertain and the national committee of my cousin Magistrate Juddes party is taking special pains to win it this time. Of course you don't know it, but Congressman Sturgis has great influence on this committee. And the curious thing is, he is the great-grand nephew of the Clarithew who wrote the 'Notes.' Now, you know how much Southerners think of family—"

"I do," I observed. "And so my cousin Magistrate Juddes believes that this unique family memento should be restored to Congressman Sturgis after generations of absence?"

"How well you put it, dear! Now do you see how you can help me? I will be personally absolutely responsible for that book if you will let me take it over the week-end. I'll deposit the check here as a guarantee of good faith, and bring the book back without fail Monday. I will explain all the circumstances to my cousin Magistrate Juddes, and he will handle the matter suitably. Perhaps it might even be more delicate to present the book after Mr. Sturgis had shown his emotions on seeing it. I know my cousin will buy it at the first possible instant."

"But—"

"And I, Miss Fuller, would be infinitely indebted to you. My cousin Magistrate Juddes and I have all our lives been like brother and sister. His wife and I have been as one sister with another. I wish to see them prosper, with all my heart. They expect to entertain lavishly in Washington next winter, and I may confide to you, Miss Fuller, that it is my ambition to get a connection in Washington; life there is so pleasant. I should be glad to return this favor to you some time in a useful way."

Having from childhood had an intense interest in fossil vertebrates, I have always thought it would be rather pleasant to be a curator of such objects in the National museum, especially if I could do some intriguing on the side with a handsome young Arverian diplomat every afternoon at a tea-dance. But my sense of duty was such that I passed up the chance without a quiver, firmly con-

vinced that this new Virginian must be a further sort of Caucasian in the woodpile. "Miss Wilkes," I said more firmly than sweetly, "what authority have I to give you that book?"

"Why, I'm a responsible, confident that executive here!" boomed the affronted Miss Wilkes. "Mr. Darrow would let me have it in a minute!"

I knew that only too well. I said: "But he's not here."

"You refuse to entrust it to me?" I asked. "I am a prospective customer who has made a heavy deposit as evidence of good faith?"

"Right," said I, succinctly. "Miss Fuller, this is nothing but spite of long standing; nothing but your everlasting conceit!"

She was gone, mortally offended, as the climax to a record morning. Had I, after all, lost a good sale? How would I explain anything . . . to Mr. Darrow? I certainly had not finished the catalogue. And for what purpose had I lent the Clarithew to Mr. Case, who still had it?

The next number on the program was to arrange with the printer for a necessary delay in delivering the copy: a fiery ordeal, for Mr. Gregory had been in the business fifty-four years out of his total of sixty-eight, and seemed to think he knew something about it. After he had said six or seven times that the catalogue couldn't be printed at all unless the copy was ready by noon; and I had countered with the statement that three o'clock was the first minute he could expect it; we agreed on two o'clock. As I rang off, Mr. Diddie brought me the law book, with which, he said, Mr. Case had finished.

The bookplate was exactly as I had placed it. I took it off again in trepidation. The key was in its hiding place. I locked book, bookplate, and key again in the drawer of the desk just as the clock struck twelve. Luncheon would again be sandwiches and coffee for me.

So I seized the chance to work without interruption for the first time that day, and at last, as the hands of the clock reached two, and Mr. Gregory's boy arrived to sit on a stool and inspect me disparagingly while I put on the final touches, I finished the catalogue copy. Clarithew's "Notes on Medical Statutes in the Virginia Code" was described as one of very few known copies, in excellent condition, some leaves uncut, of rare interest to collectors of Virginia; and, after my nocturnal researches, I had even thought of something to say about the bookplate. "Clever counterfeit of unidentified Colfax plate, presumed lost," announced the notice. "Shows interior of surgery of early Nineteenth century, featuring interesting scientific instruments; charming seascape in background. Nameless; no date. Unique."

The catalogue had gone in the arms of the boy, and I felt as if my luck was beginning to turn at last, when this feeling was confirmed by the sight of Mr. Roberts approaching on the sidewalk. I snatched the keys out of my purse in the front drawer of the desk, unlocked the lowest left-hand drawer, opened it, and slipped my hand under some papers to take out the law book. Suddenly my heart stood still. I threw the papers on the floor, looked, looked again. Then I fell back in my chair, and gasped frantically as Mr. Roberts flung the door open.

"It's gone!"

"What's gone?"

"Clarithew's 'Notes'! Good Heavens, what shall we do?"

Mr. Roberts demanded an explanation. I stared mutely in desperation at the floor, and wondered if I could really wait until five o'clock to have hysterics in decent privacy. Then I found myself in his office. I poured out my soul about Miss Wilkes, for it was she who I felt sure first had taken the book.

"How did she know where it was?" How did she get your keys and unlock the drawer?" demanded Mr. Roberts, flashing my theory to pieces on the rocks of good sense.

"Well, how did anybody?" I retorted.

But he said she wasn't smart enough at least, whoever had been, and I felt a shade better, especially when he laughed about Magistrate Juddes, and said he had heard of his political ambitions.

"Still, Mr. Roberts," I insisted, "there's another reason why she might want it—why everybody that's been trying for that book might want it! I sat up all night finding it out!"

"All night! What did you find?"

"You remember that counterfeit bookplate?" I began. He nodded.

"Well, in accordance with Mr. Darrow's orders, I removed it; and he said it, Mr. Roberts, sunk into the cover of the book, I discovered a tiny old-fashioned key!"

"A key! In the cover! Let's see it."

"It's gone, with the book. And I found something else. On Tuesday morning I was working in the history alcove; I found this paper there. It fell out of a book that was on a shelf."

I produced the yellow slip. Mr. Roberts frowned in amazement to recognize his own message returned to him thus strangely, and so baffled.

"I had thrown that into the wastebasket Monday morning," I continued. "Professor Harrington had picked it out to write on a list of books he wanted; it's still on the back. I was naturally quite surprised to come across it again as I have described. So I stuck it into my pocket. I have been so busy that I didn't think of it again until last night, when my attention was called to it while I was removing the bookplate."

"In what way?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Fatherly Catfish

"The palm for unselfish parenthood should go to a species of catfish," says Capper's Weekly. "Although the male fish," continues the farm weekly, "is so constructed that he needs an unusually large amount of food and though he has the accompanying voracious appetite to satisfy it, he fills his mouth with the eggs laid by his mate and carries them until the eggs are hatched."

Intolerant people are those who like their own faults and vices better than yours.—Pen Points.

POULTRY

DOSING FAILS TO DESTROY VERMIN

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many farmers and poultrymen have believed it possible that certain chemicals administered as medicine or mixed with feed or water may protect their animals from external parasites. Ignorant and unscrupulous dealers, particularly in the poultry business, have played on this belief. The prevailing idea is that the material is taken up by the blood and then excreted on the surface. Many believe that the parasites are either poisoned in this way, or else that a condition is induced which makes the fowl displeasing to its parasites and causes them to leave. Vendors of nostrums have sold liquids, tablets and powders for use in this way. The insecticide authorities in the United States Department of Agriculture have issued warnings against these remedies, and in many cases have forced the makers to cease advertising and selling the frauds.

In Technical Bulletin 60-T, "Ineffectiveness of Internal Medication of Poultry for the Control of External Parasites," just off the press, departmental investigators give the results of experiments on which they based their opposition to this fakery. In approximately 50 tests of the preparations advertised none showed any indications of value against the common external parasites with which the hens were infested. Lice and mites thrived and multiplied as they might have been expected to do if the "medicine" had not been administered. These tests were the basis of the campaign against the fakery.

In addition, the department carried out tests with a considerable number of other chemicals in addition to those revealed by analysis of these "vermin eradicators." Chemicals tested included magnesium sulphate or epsom salt, sodium carbonate, naphthalene, calcium thiosulphate, calcium sulphide, magnesium oxide, sodium sulphate, potassium nitrate, ferric oxide, ferric sulphate, ferrous sulphate, potassium tellurite, diethyl diselenide, sodium nitrate, tartar emetic, potassium iodide, sulphur flowers, capsicum, gentian, ginger, fenugreek, garlic, camphor, powdered tobacco, quinine, and quinine.

In no case was there conclusive evidence of any benefit from dosage. The ticks, lice, mites, and fleas were not eradicated. Furthermore, there is grave danger in giving certain internal medicaments to healthy fowls, as their vitality may be decreased to such an extent that the parasites find them an easier prey than they would have been had no doses been administered.

The conclusion of the investigators is that "the use of internal medications against external parasites is detrimental to the poultry industry in that it not only involves useless expenditures but allows the parasites to continue their ravages when they might be destroyed by recognized methods."

Poultry raisers who desire to review for themselves the evidence against the nostrums may obtain Technical Bulletin 60-T free, while the supply lasts, by applying to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Poultry Hints

Keep the pullets growing if they are to produce winter eggs. This means keeping the mash hoppers filled.

More profitable summer egg production will be obtained in flocks that are given continual access to grain and mash rations.

If shade is provided for the poultry a mash hopper should be placed within easy reach. The birds will range during the morning and late afternoon.

When new oats and wheat arrive from the threshing machine there is always a temptation to overfeed the birds on the new grains before getting them used to them. This practice often results in heavy losses.

Chickens appreciate good shade and fresh water this time of the year.

Sweet or sour skim milk brings big returns when fed to either young or old poultry.

Feed mash to hens right through the summer. It will increase the egg production and profit.

Baby chicks are so tiny and the new brooder house looks so big that before we realize what has happened, the chicks are crowded.

There seems to be direct connection between empty feed hoppers and small eggs as well as in getting them from pullets hatched from small eggs. No matter how clean and fresh these small eggs are they will be graded as number two.

Confine broody hens the first night they stay on the nest. Have a broody coop with a flat or wire bottom, located in a shady place. Have dry mash, milk and water before them and once a day give one ounce of dry mash moistened with milk.

Much of the trouble with red mites during the hot summer is caused by neglecting the roosts during the early spring and allowing the pests to become established in cracks and crevices around the roosts and dropping boards.

Now is the time to fight lice and mites. Whether he loses or wins is now up to every poultry keeper. Lice and mites, like weeds in a cornfield, are signs of neglect. The tremendous loss to poultry keepers caused by lice and mites each year is needless.



IMPERATIVE REASONS

Two friends who had not met for a long time ran against each other in a city restaurant and sat together exchanging items of news concerning mutual acquaintances.

"How is old Snuggs, the company promoter, getting on?" inquired one.

"Oh, he's not been feeling very well lately," was the reply. "He has to keep to a very strict diet—just a little of certain special food."

"What's wrong with him?" queried the other. "Indigestion? Insomnia?"

"No. In prison," came the grim reply.

GETTING PRETTY CLOSE



Ethel—You must like that young Scotsman. He's getting pretty close to you, isn't he?

Linda—So close I can't get him to buy even ice cream sodas any more.

No Parking

When Noah sailed the waters blue, He had his troubles same as you. For forty days he drove the ark Before he found a place to park.

Some of 'Em Pretty Expressive

"Look here," growled the traffic cop, who had halted the impatient motorist, "you be a little more careful of your language or I'll run you in."

"Huh!" retorted the motorist. "I didn't say a word."

"Not with your lips," snapped the cop, "but your horn said 'Go to h—' as plainly as if you had said it yourself."

Dead Giveaway

Ethel—She tried so hard not to let anyone know her age.

Maybelle—She can't very well. You see, she is a twin, and her brother, the other twin, isn't afraid to tell how old he is.

Occupied

"Why don't you write the Great American Novel?"

"Oh, I'm busy making that final analysis you hear so much about."

A STIRRING LIFE



"So you have decided on the life of a cook because of its activity and excitement?"

"Yes, cooks tend stirring lives."

Good Old Days

We talk of 'good old days'; Yet rugged were their joys. And, 'mid convivial ways, There were some bad old boys.

Signs Point That Way

"Bob is in love with Miss Youngblood."

"Did he tell you?"

"No; but he's got her photograph hung alongside the picture of his best dog."

Ancient Wisdom

Tired Ted—Don't you wish you had a bike, Walt?

Weary Walt—Nope! I wouldn't be true to der motto of our profess— "Dey toil not, neither do they spin."

Wrong This Time

Barker (irritably)—Another new hat! When will you cease these useless purchases you make under the pretext that they are cheap?

Mrs. Barker—But this one wasn't cheap.

So Show's Done

"The show went broke? How did it happen?"

"The illusionist changed an old lady's half-dollar into a motor car and the old lady kept it."

Alfred and Eloise

"There are some pleasant occupations in life," remarked Alfred.

"For instance?" inquired Eloise.

"Look at the book reviewer, paid to read novels, and the movie hero, paid to make love."

Interested

"You seem to take your wife to the zoo frequently."

"Yeh."

"Is she interested in zoology?"

"No, she likes the display of furs."

"Grief Speculators" Barred in Hospitals

"Speculators in grief" are henceforth banned from the corridors of Rome hospitals. The "speculators" are gentry who habitually loiter about the large public hospitals of the Italian capital. When they see some one emerging from a sick room they endeavor to ascertain whether the person visited has just died or is about to die, and proffer cards for the undertaking establishment with which they are connected. The etiquette of this profession was to approach only those persons who wept or otherwise showed great emotion. Competition, however, became so great that the eager "runners" for the undertakers began pushing their masters' services on hospital visitors indiscriminately. The Romans rebelled. One of the newspapers started a campaign against "speculators in grief." The police made several arrests and now patrol the wards so that one may visit a sick friend without unwelcome solicitations by the advance agents of an undertaker.

Patriotism Not Vanity

Miss Anne Morgan, philanthropist and reformer, said in a Y. W. C. A. address on patriotism in Atlantic City:

"Patriotism doesn't mean bragging and vanity, though some patriots seem to think it does. I often say that it is as bad for a patriot to be vain about his country as it is for a woman to be vain about her charms."

"Yes, that kind of patriot is as bad as Mrs. Exe. Her husband, on a visit down here by the sea, watched her primping before the glass one day, and at the end of an hour he said: 'Heavens and earth, how vain you are!'"

"Without taking her eyes off her reflection in the glass, Mrs. Exe answered: 'Indeed, I'm not vain! I don't think I'm half as lovely as I really am.'"

Quite Simple

An old-fashioned father visited his son at college on a certain big sports day.

Afterwards he was invited to attend a formal dinner. His son at first was rather anxious as to how the old man would behave, but everything went off wonderfully well.

Then suddenly he noticed that his father had poured his coffee out of the cup into the saucer.

"Father!" he gasped. "What ever made you do that?"

"My stars!" exclaimed the father. "Just fancy, you at college and don't know that! Why, I do it to cool my coffee!"—Answers, London

A Toothsome Reply

Freda was five years old and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone.

"If they ask you to dine with them when you arrive," her father had said, "you must reply: 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out as her father had said.

"Come along, Freda!" cried her little friend's father. "You must have a bite with us."

"No, thanks," she replied with dignity. "I have already bitten."

Unafraid

Little Susan stood looking with round, staring eyes at the visitor's new cloche hat.

Eventually the lady turned to the little girl and asked her whether she liked the hat she was staring so hard at.

"I do," Mrs. Mugge," came the innocent reply. "Mamma and Auntie Milly said it was a perfect fright the other day, but it doesn't frighten me the wee'est bit!"—London Answers.

Just That

She—How could you live without me?

He—Much cheaper.

Some ask you for advice, as they ask you what time it is—just to hear you speak.

"The Burning Question"

Neither the retail coal dealer nor the consumer can afford to stock a coal that carries with it too much loss in slack, or waste material. UTAH-GRAND COAL sold in fourteen states, is the most economical coal to handle for retailer or consumer. UTAH-GRAND COAL being harder than most coals, stores without slacking, makes no stringy soot, no clinkers and lasts longer. In fact it handles and burns like Anthracite but costs no more than ordinary coal. Phone your dealer or write us.

CHESTERFIELD COAL COMPANY Salt Lake City, Utah

The Lost Is Found

A year ago Roy Wilson, of Goldboro, N. C., lost three dollar bills while plowing. Reploving the same field this spring he turned them up again, and a bank traded the weather-beaten currency for new bills.

The Keen Farmer

"Hey, farmer."

"Yes?"

"Why don't you lay out your farm in building lots?"

"I'm contemplating golf links."



MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word genuine printed in red? It isn't the genuine Bayer Aspirin without it! A drugstore always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every box:



For Old Sores Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Doing His Part

"I see you print the standing of your league in one column."

"Yes, sir," said the editor of the Plunkville Palladium, "when our team took fifth place I abolished the second division."

HELPED DURING MIDDLE AGE

Woman Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denver, Colo.—"I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and will take more. I am taking it as a tonic to help me through the Change of Life and I am telling many of my friends to take it as I found nothing before this to help me. I had so many bad feelings at night that I could not sleep and for two years I could not go down town because I was afraid of falling. My mother took the Vegetable Compound years ago with good results and now I am taking it during the Change of Life and recommend it."—Mrs. T. A. MILLER, 1611 Adams Street, Denver, Colorado.

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FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drugists. Hilecox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

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Soap and Ointment. Regular use of the Soap, assisted by the Ointment as needed, will keep the complexion fresh, clear and youthful and the hair live and healthy. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant, cooling and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 24, Malden, Mass."

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

The Colfax Bookplate

By
AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
© by The Century Co.

SYNOPSIS

On a certain Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, seller of rare books at Darrows' Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrows'. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrows' card-index system to Captain Ashland, a nephew of Mr. Darrows'. They examine the book Peter had \$510 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery. Constance is asked to assist Detective Almy in his investigation of the murder of the elderly gentleman. The girl who fainted, Julie Grosvenor, turns out to be his granddaughter. She can throw no light on the mystery. Constance removes the bookplate from the old law book and discovers a small key secreted in a hollow on the cover. She makes other discoveries, too. The next day it is discovered that the book has been taken from a locked drawer in Constance's desk.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—13—

"On examining the bookplate with a magnifying glass, I noticed on it an object that bore the same pattern—in miniature, of course—as the arrangement of those sixteen slits you see on that paper. I took the object as some kind of surgical instrument, as it was on a table with others I could identify, such as the scalpel. This instrument had sixteen slots, six down the center, a row of five on each side of the central row."

"All the same size?" asked Mr. Roberts, eyeing the yellow note again.

"Yes, just as those slits are."

"What did this instrument look like?"

"A small, cube-shaped box. I can't even guess its purpose. It has what I take for a handle on the back, and something that looks like a small lever, on top. But, since this instrument appears on the bookplate in this book which conceals a key, and on this yellow slip, picked up just before the accident, there is found pierced the pattern on the instrument, I fancy there's some connection among all these facts."

"Tell me about this key," said Mr. Roberts.

I described how it was fastened into the book cover, and made a rough sketch of it, also of the instrument drawn on the bookplate, which he then recollected having seen the day before. I related how I had heard the time-clock ring twice in the course of the past evening, at twenty minutes past seven o'clock and at a quarter past ten; how, directly after the second time, I had seen Mr. Case and the stranger standing below me, as I waited on the balcony; how the two recognized each other in silence, and how the stranger vanished. I concluded with all the details of the morning, including Mr. Case's asking for the book, and returning it untouched.

"It's most unfortunate you had to be here alone all morning," frowned Mr. Roberts; "but it's time to send for Almy, and tell him all you've discovered, or believe you've discovered, about that book."

"Do you really think it's important? At last!"

"Possibly; at least, something of what you say confirms a fact hitherto held in confidence; to know it now, may help you. You saw Mr. Case searching, you believe, for this book which you think an object to so many persons. Well, he was absent from the conference on Monday morning shortly before eleven o'clock; and during that time he was seen in the rear of the bookshop."

The thrill that ran through me was anything but pleasant. Mr. Roberts continued:

"He stepped out of Mr. Darrows' office, saying he wished to get a certain list of books from Miss Wilkes, whose office is of course on the fourth floor. A few minutes later he returned with the list, but he was seen during that time coming down the rear gallery stairs into the shop."

"Who saw him?" I demanded.

"Miss Grosvenor. She doesn't know him; but in the course of accounting for her movements, to Almy, she described having seen Mr. Case that way."

"Do you think there was any connection between him and Grosvenor, after all?" I hazarded. "I thought he said he didn't know him."

"No; what he said was that he had never seen Mr. Grosvenor in the shop, as you and the other clerks had. It may be that he did know him. Your statement of his interest in this law book, provided it can be proved that Mr. Grosvenor also had an interest in it, might confirm this idea."

"Why did I lose that book! And who took it?"

"Perhaps Almy can trace it. At all events, we have this note of yours,

your statements, and your sketches, to work on. And don't let worrying over past mistakes lead you into further ones. This case isn't growing less troublesome."

"What's happened now?" I faltered apprehensively.

Mr. Roberts looked decidedly disturbed as he replied:

"It has been learned that Miss Grosvenor, in accordance with a frequent custom of hers, visited her grandfather's safe-deposit box last Saturday; she alleges that he sent her, that she delivered to him two thousand dollars in Liberty bonds, which he wanted for some transaction; and a complete memorandum of their numbers was found in his desk, in her writing. But on Wednesday these bonds were sold in the market for Charles MacIvor, her cousin."

"But I thought he said—"

"The radio message regarding his grandfather's death could not be delivered. He was not on the ship."

I was thunderstruck. I recalled Ernesto's "She likes him pretty good. I'm sorry," and how Julia herself had told me her cousin had sailed—how strangely she had spoken of him.

"What does she say?" I finally asked.

"She insists she gave the bonds to her grandfather, and knows nothing further about them."

"Looks bad," said I.

"Yes," said Mr. Roberts.

He had agreed with me! I left the office in a panic.

CHAPTER IX

Night at Normandy Terrace

Nancy was awaiting me at my desk, as it was two minutes past five o'clock. She insisted on my accompanying her forthwith to Normandy terrace, declining my offer to appear tactfully just before dinner.

So we went forth. "Say, who do you think spent last evening with me?" Nancy asked.

"I couldn't guess," I returned, simulating enthusiasm, but really tired out



Next Second a Man Sprang Through It.

and worried to a point where I didn't care at all.

"Cheer up; you'll be interested when I tell you. It was that Miss Grosvenor who lives downstairs."

"The idea!" I gasped, galvanized into life again. "So soon. . . really, you oughtn't. . . where was—"

"Peter? Gone to Raynes Foreside, you remember. I hope some other time he will have a chance to meet her; she is a nice girl, though not sophisticated. I had met her on the stairs that morning, and introduced myself as a new neighbor, and asked her to come and see me if she felt like society any time, because I felt like it."

"Doesn't it seem a little soon after her bereavement for her to be making calls on a stranger?" I suggested frigidly.

"No; not under the circumstances. She's been almost alone ever since she got back from the hospital Tuesday. We had a nice time. I made a point of telling her how good Peter was to me, bringing me to that lovely apartment—"

"What?"

"And I showed her his picture, and told her how everybody thought such a lot of him at Darrows'. And she told me about her work in the Aldrich studios, which she simply loves. But I'm sure she detested her grandfather."

"I'm amazed that she should have even hinted such a thing!"

"Do you really think she would have had such rotten taste, especially when he was dead?"

"Then what do you mean by saying she didn't like him?"

"I said I thought not," said Nancy, meekly. "I saw in the paper that he had a million dollars, so of course anybody would have liked him if possible. But she had to work terribly hard, and she never seems to have had any fun. She invited me to go to see her this evening, but I said you were coming to see me; so, as she remembered your name, she said, from having heard that you took care of her when she fainted, she invited you, too. . . No, it's not impossible to go, because I have accepted for both of us."

"Perhaps," it occurred to me, "Miss Grosvenor, having extracted the information she desired from me the other day, is now in a mood to give some. The evening may be profitable, after all."

So, after a suitable interval had followed over by Ernesto, I followed Nancy downstairs to the second-story door which, unknown to her, I had entered two days previously. The long room, with its bright ceiling and rosewood furniture, over which lamplight now shed a softening glow, made her eyes dance with delight; but she introduced me demurely enough to Julia Grosvenor, who made no reference to having received me before, though she was cordially itself.

Yet soon I felt sure I should never pass an evening more consummately dull. Julia did not mention even the most ordinary of her own affairs, and

I could not help wondering if the matter of the vanished bonds had not made her even more secretive than before. I grew wearier and wearier after the sleepless vigil of the night before, and felt increasingly peevish over the wasted evening.

"I fear, Nancy, we've already kept Miss Grosvenor up too late."

"Oh, you don't want to go yet!" protested Julia.

"We don't want to go at all," Nancy assured her; "not from this lovely room! I've never seen so much nice furniture; and I know quite a lot about furniture, for one so young. My father has stacks of mahogany four posters and applewood corner cupboards and banjo clocks. How he would love that enchanting little sewing table!" She indicated the miniature table I had noticed on my first visit. "We've nothing like that, though I've seen some in antique shops."

"That's something special, though," returned Julia; "it's just a dummy, a cabinet-maker's model. It's not useful for anything but ornament. My grandfather frequently had such objects made, when he was in the lumber trade, to show off samples of wood. But if you'd like to see something really quaint, I'll show you my per candle stand inlaid in five shades of green, that gave me quite a nice idea once for a big lampshade they liked at the studio. Wait just a minute!"

She went off through the door at the rear of the long room, leaving Nancy rapturously beginning another puzzle, and me highly impatient. It was late somewhere I had heard a clock striking eleven, not long before. The silence in Normandy terrace, profound all evening, was now becoming an earthly, particularly for a spot one block from Broadway. Even Nancy sat perfectly quiet, her eyes on her book, as if the night chill had frozen her.

I glanced at the door through which Julia had disappeared. It was shut. I turned swiftly to the French window behind my chair. Slowly, cautiously, it was opening.

Next second, a man sprang through it, from the balcony into the shadow between the windows. From beneath his visored cap, his eyes swept the room. I leaped up, so did Nancy, her eyes glittering like chips from a blue glacier. The intruder rushed forward headlong, knocking over the chair from which I had retreated. The rear door burst open, a strange loud click sounded somewhere; but there was no time to shriek a warning before Julia Grosvenor, collapsing against a distant bookcase, cried out in a mingled astonishment and anguish that rallied me to her support against all misgivings:

"Charles! You. . . again!"

The intruder, a tall, handsome young man, flashily dressed, tossed his cap on the table as if he felt quite at home. "Pardon me for interrupting your party, Julia," he said easily. "Of course I didn't realize you might be having one. Still, this is the only practical way I could get here. Other people, you see, are trying the ordinary ones. Dear me, have I already frightened away one of your guests? Sorry!"

Nancy had indeed disappeared. I had not noticed her departure until that moment. But I had no intention of following her, however clear the visitor's hint to that effect might be, for Julia cried out in a desperate voice:

"Don't go, Miss Fuller! Please don't leave me!" She was in an almost uncontrollable state of terror. I was frightened, myself, especially by the cocking of that revolver the minute before. But it would not have been like Nancy to run from danger, and Julia made no motion to leave the room.

"But why, my dear Julia," interposed the visitor, smoothly, "do you ask this lady, with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, to stay. I shall be gone within five minutes; all I wish to see you about is one of those family matters which are such a bore to one's friends."

"I won't see you alone!" flared Julia with unprecedented vigor. "If my friend will stay, you can say what you have to say before her, or else not at all. What do you suppose she, or anyone else, would think of your breaking in here this way, at this time of night? You'd better say something first to explain that!"

The young man bowed obediently. "My excuse must be," he observed to me, "that this is my own house. My name is Charles MacIvor, and I have the honor to be Miss Grosvenor's cousin."

I may have succeeded in conveying my opinion of him without speaking. He turned abruptly to Julia.

"You know what I've come for," he said. "Have you got it? I'll make a most liberal settlement with you. You can stay here as long as you like. Haven't I explained that to you over and over again? Think about it. You owe me something."

"I haven't got what you want," said Julia shortly. "Do you think I'm not telling the truth? When have I had a chance to get it?"

"Where is it?"

"Where it's always been."

Charles MacIvor swore under his breath. My attention was fixed on him. His face was unfamiliar; yet its bold charm was arresting, and there was something vaguely familiar about him as he stood there gazing menacingly at his young cousin. Yes, it was that cap, more unmistakably, that rapid determined gait. I had seen Mr. MacIvor, with that cap on his head, stand up from beneath my desk the previous night at a quarter past ten, and walk with that same headlong stride past Mr. Case and out of Darrows' front door!

And I had seen him on the stairs in this house last Monday noon when I was in the restaurant with Nancy, posing before the hall mirror, and hurrying down the hall. And I knew now the reason why at that moment he had seemed vaguely familiar; because I had seen him dash down the aisle of the shop that same Monday morning, with his brief-case! So this was Charles MacIvor, Julia's cousin. And was he in pursuit of the object regarding which Julia had cried out to Peter, an hour or two after Charles MacIvor had dashed down the aisle.

"Keep it for me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POULTRY

PROPER TIME TO FATTEN POULTRY

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Early autumn is the time poultry raisers will usually find advantageous to fatten and dispose of surplus cockerels as well as early hatched pullets of a quality not desired in the flock of winter layers. Market poultry prices are usually highest just before Thanksgiving and Christmas. Another advantage in selling surplus stock fairly early in the season is found in the saving of considerable food material.

Dr. M. A. Jull, poultry husbandman, United States Department of Agriculture, recommends as a fattening ration a soft mash, measured by weight, composed of corn, four parts; oatmeal, two parts; middlings, two parts, and beef scrap, one part. The ground grain should be mixed thoroughly and moistened with sour skim milk or buttermilk. Milk is excellent in fattening mixtures and about two pounds, or a quart, of milk is used to each pound of mash.

Care should be taken not to feed the birds too much during the early part of the fattening period. For the first few days of this diet feed lightly three times a day. For the rest of the period give the birds all they will eat three times a day but do not leave it before them. A four-pound cockerel should add a pound in two weeks. Four pounds of the grain ration may produce a pound gain.

Experienced fatteners sometimes keep poultry on the fattening feed for as long as three weeks; but in most commercial fattening plants the birds are fattened for from seven to ten days. There is often a difference of 5 cents a pound between the market price of thin and plump birds. However, farmers in many parts of the country may not find such advantageous marketing opportunities, and the prices received may not pay for the expense and bother of fattening the birds. In such cases it may prove wisest to sell direct with no attempt to fatten the fowls. Many such birds are bought at the markets by fatteners and conditioned and fattened for resale.

Culling Undesirable Hens From the Flock

Culling should be a continuous process from the time the egg is selected until disposition is made of the bird. With the young stock this constitutes removal of unthrifty birds. The pullets should be selected from the standpoint of size, relative rate of maturity, and health. On the other hand, with laying hens, other than the occasional removal of outstanding poor individuals, the ideal time for culling is at the end of the laying season, which runs from July to November. From July on the flock should be examined each month for the purpose of removing the poorer hens. Just how rigid the culling is depends upon the desired reduction of the flock. The later culling enables one to be more exacting in the selection of the superior birds. Obviously it is to the advantage of the poultryman to make more than one culling as he is thereby able to immediately cut down production costs.

Poultry Notes

If pullets are too slow in starting to lay, give them a wet mash daily for a week or so. That often starts them.

Ground yellow corn, with plenty of milk and a range of rape, clover or alfalfa, will keep the young chicks in good condition.

An effective way of eradicating lice is by means of sodium fluoride. It is easy to apply and inexpensive, and yet how many fail to take advantage of this valuable procedure.

The ventilation problem in the poultry house is much easier to solve if the hens are given enough floor space. Three and one-half square feet of floor space should be allowed for each hen in the flock.

The development of chicks will be checked and hens will stop laying if the common red mites are permitted to grow and develop. In warm weather mites multiply rapidly.

More than \$15,000,000 are lost each year because of fertile eggs put on the market from June to October. Most of this loss comes from the farms because the male birds are kept until fall or winter. It is the eggs fertilized by these males that rot after they leave the farms, causing heavy losses all along the marketing line.

Good poultry is necessary if there is to be a profit made by keeping it. Specialized farms are becoming more numerous, but for many years to come the main output of eggs and poultry meat will be supplied by the general farms.

Sweet or sour milk seem to give equally good results in chick feeding. When liquid milk is not available on the farm, it pays to buy a milk substitute. Dried buttermilk is a convenient form of milk substitute to use as it can be mixed with the mash.

Keep fresh water before the hens in summer.

A mixture of crude oil and kerosene is quite satisfactory for mite control, though several applications are required. The same is true of mixtures of kerosene and creosote which some use.

Corn can be used liberally when properly balanced with other feeds. It is rich in vitamins, oil and carbohydrates but lacking in protein and minerals.



SOUR NOTES

The young married couple were having a disagreement while awaiting lunch at a modest Soho eating-house. The woman was grumbling because they were unable to afford the luxurious restaurants which had been a feature of their honeymoon.

"You can't have a brass band every where you go," said the man crossly.

"Oh, yes I can," snapped his wife.

"I've got it with me now—on my finger."—Pearson's Weekly.

HAUGHTY JANITOR



Hubby—So you think the janitor haughty and don't like him?

Wife—When I open the door I don't like the way he sweeps in.

Where Fairness Ceases

In honest fairness we take pride, And yet we sing the selfish song. Whenever motor cars collide, The other fellow's always wrong.

Wise to Him

"It quotes here a fellow who says not more than 10 per cent of the women's legs are worth looking at," grinned Mr. Grouch.

"Well," snapped his wife, "I notice you look at them all in order to make sure you won't miss any of the 10 per cent that are."

Safe Topic

"You talk a great deal about evolution?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "It's safer than politics. It has its quarrelsome temptations, but at least there's no chance of rough dispute. A chimpanzee never talks back."—Washington Star.

Stranger, Too

Diner—Waiter, what was in that dish I just ate?

Waiter—I couldn't say, sir, I'm a stranger here myself.

Of Course

Hotel Manager—The guests are waiting. Where on earth is that chef?

Waiter—He's in the kitchen entertaining a lady cop, sir.

BORING WAS RIGHT



Wife—How was your visit to the dentist's?

Hubby—It was thoroughly boring, my dear.

Story in Two Short Chapters

Here is a story that is true, And one unusually gay: They all went out in a canoe. They came home safe the self-same day.

Evens Up

Kritix—It must put an awful crimp in your profits to serve a real porterhouse steak to the tramp in the third act of your play.

Billboard—It costs some, yes. But then the ham that plays the tramp works for his traveling expenses.

Much Less, Quadruplets

"There are three things, Jamieson that one is not prepared for."

"And they are?"

"Triplets."

Efficient

Hyde—Your wife is very systematic, isn't she?

Parke—Yes, very. She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it.

Astronomical

Bill—So you popped the question by starlight?

Will—Yes, and she accepted in a twinkling.

Demands Looking Into

"Are you really a bank examiner, Mr. Tompkins?" asked the hostess.

"Yes, madam, I happen to be."

"Then I hope you will have time to examine baby's bank. No matter how much we shake it, nothing will come out of it!"

Simply That

Interviewer—And to what do you owe your ninety-seven years?

Old Boy—Long life, miss, long life—New York Mercury.

Yellow Fever Peril by No Means Ended

Contrary to popular belief, yellow fever has not been wiped from the face of the earth. Although it has been kept out of the United States and Europe, it is still a very great menace. Two main centers of the disease exist. One is in Africa, where Noguchi and two associates died recently of the disease in the course of their investigations on it, and the other is in South America. A flareup from either center is always possible, just as cholera and plague frequently spread to epidemic proportions from their centers in India.

Recent investigations point to a reservoir of yellow fever in certain monkeys of Africa, and public health officials believe that a similar animal or mosquito or even human reservoir exists in South America. These reservoirs consist of subjects that have been infected and recovered, but yet are capable of transmitting the disease to others.—Columbia (S. C.) Record.

Poor Business

Col. E. H. R. Green, the capitalist who is about to build a superb flying field at his South Dartmouth country place, said at a luncheon that he recently gave to a group of young flying officers:

"The airplane is swift, but modern love is swifter. Modern love, if we are to believe all we hear, is born swiftly, and it dies as swiftly as it is born."

"The whole story of modern love—if we believe all we hear—might be summarized in three sentences:

"You ethereal saint, I worship you."

"You beautiful woman, I love you!"

"Holy mackinaw, go get your face lifted!"

Study to Improve Bowling

Science has been making an analysis of bowling to determine the rate of speed of the balls, how much they curve and other interesting factors about them, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Dr. L. W. Taylor of Oberlin college has devised an apparatus whereby the passage of a ball is registered to the hundredth of a second at twenty-inch intervals down the alley. A catapult is used to propel the ball. From facts so far learned, some of the accepted theories with regard to a ball's motion have been found incorrect, but friction seems to vary with the speed.

British Rubber Roads

A plan for widespread promotion of rubber roads in Great Britain has been reported to the United States Commerce department by its London office. For durability, cleanliness and freedom from road vibration, roads made from rubber blocks are said to be unequaled. A British rubber paving block company has been formed, with the idea of selling such roads for special "quiet areas" such as surround hospitals, historic buildings, and bridges.

Huge Locks in Holland

The biggest locks in Europe and probably in the world with the exception of those in the Panama canal, are now nearing completion at Anterdon, a village less than two miles from Hanover, Germany. About 327,000 cubic yards of concrete were used in the construction.

Coldest Material Known

Experiments are being made with dry ice, which is solidified gas, as a refrigeration possibility. When it melts, it evaporates and is colder than the poles of the earth. A small piece of it will freeze a pitcher of water solid.

Might Be Both

Mother (anxiously)—Bobbie can hardly speak above a whisper.

Doctor—What is it, ball game or a cold?

Good Cheer

"What's that tramp want?"

"Says he's a birdman."

"Toss out a handful of corn."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Oh, Boy!

Miss Ketcham—Three men called on me last evening.

Miss Blunt—Were they afraid to come alone?

We know some men who claim to be self-made who undoubtedly cheated themselves.

A place ought to be set aside for roysters to make a noise in instead of the streets.

"A Red Hot Problem"

The problem of selecting the right kind of coal for this season is easily solved if the retailer and consumer will store UTAH-GRAND COAL, a harder, longer lasting coal, a Coal that makes no stringy soot and no clinkers. UTAH-GRAND COAL burns like Anthracite, hence is ideal for all purposes, brooder, range, heating stove or furnace.

Chesterfield Coal Company

Salt Lake City, Utah

Cuticura Soothes Burning Aching Feet

Bathe the feet for several minutes with Cuticura Soap and warm water, then follow with a light application of Cuticura Ointment, gently rubbed in. For tired, hot, irritated feet this treatment is most comforting. Cuticura Talcum is cooling and refreshing.

For Galled Horses

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

KODAK FINISHING

We employ professional photographers to finish your Kodak films.

SHIPLEY COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS
144 So. Main St. Salt Lake City, Utah

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes dandruff, stops itching, restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair. Use and find out.

Hibcox Chem. Wks. Patheque, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drugists. Hibcox Chemical Works, Patheque, N. Y.

For Sale—My old fashion long eared coon and Opossum hound. Wide hunter, fast open trailer, first class tree dog in water or out. Fox and rabbit broke. Shipped 15 days trial, money deposited. Noble Cross, Mayfield, Ky.

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Let us tell you how we do it—full written report. PALM COMPANY, 601 E. ST. N.E. WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 36-1928.



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottle, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Perfectly Sweet

"Do you think Liz minded that awful lawsuit she was mixed up in?"

"Why, my dear, I think she rather enjoyed it—I know she told me they had a grand jury!"

One Higher

She—Don't you feel as happy as a king when you're flying?

He—Happier. I'm an ace.—Kansas City Star.

Let Conscience Guide

Be fearful only of thyself, and stand in awe of none more than of thine own conscience.—Thomas Fuller.

Heard in Court

"What is your gross income?"

"No gross income. I have a net income. I'm a fish dealer."

Sometimes you see a young man who can eat and eat and eat. If he doesn't quit that over-indulgence, he will die before he's fifty.

The man who is a bore and knows it and acts accordingly can make himself agreeable.

When some men reach the top they help to set off the surrounding vacancy.

The average girl declines to marry a lot of men because they neglect to ask her.

For Galled Horses

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

KODAK FIN

The Colfax Bookplate

By
AGNES MILLER

?

WNU Service
© by The Century Co.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

At last Julia spoke, in a tone of fresh alarm:

"Charles, what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to keep right after it; get that, will you?" snapped her cousin, defiantly. "And I'll see Bulard if I get a chance, too! Watch out! Maybe you can make yourself useful, after all."

Julia started.

"I haven't an idea what you're talking about."

Conciliation and expectancy forsook MacIvor's face.

"See here, are you trying to double cross me?" he demanded threateningly.

"Do you realize what can happen to you if you don't explain this, and whatever else I ask you to explain?"

The girl was frightened beyond the power of speech, so bravely did MacIvor address her, but his menace had the exact opposite effect on her.

"See here," I intervened crossly "stop that!"

"I beg your pardon?" demanded Charles MacIvor, while with fury.

"What I mean is," I explained carefully, "that you are to stop frightening Miss Grosvenor. Do you see?"

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" he burst out. "No, don't wait to explain. I order you out of this house!"

"I know it's yours," I assured him pleasantly; "you said so, you know. But as your cousin has asked me not to leave her, I shall take her with me, and go, as you request, Miss Grosvenor, I hope you will refuse to transact any more business tonight, and come with me to Miss Burton's apartment."

I took her arm, and she let me, but MacIvor seized her by the other arm, and stopped our progress toward the door. He looked at me, however, first sharply, then fiercely. Then he flung her arm violently from him, and set on me.

"You're that red-headed clerk at Darrow's?" he gasped hoarsely. "You're in this, too, are you? We'll see about that!"

It is the regret of my life that I do not know what might have happened next. What did happen next was a knock, a gentle one, fell on the hall door. We were all startled; MacIvor rushed to the lamp and extinguished it; in the darkness we heard the French window open. But the next second he was back from the balcony. A second knock fell on the door, and a woman's voice whispered clearly: "Signorina! Signorina!"

"It's only Ernesto's wife," breathed Julia, relieved. "Si, subito, signora! Turn the light on, Charles."

He did so, snatched his cap from the table, and withdrew into the rear room, closing the door. I stood in the back of the room, Julia went forward and opened the door, and in walked—

I heard his voice in utter amazement—Mr. Almy!

"Sorry to disturb you at this hour, Miss Grosvenor," he said; "but your cousin is here, and he must come with us. Don't make any trouble, please. Where is he?"

But although resistance was plainly quite useless, Julia declined to betray her cousin in any way. She snapped her teeth shut, glaring defiantly at Mr. Almy without a word. He dashed straight at the door in the rear of the long room. At the instant he reached it at full impetus, it burst open so suddenly that he nearly lost his balance as Charles MacIvor stepped out on the threshold of the adjoining kitchen quite cheerfully.

"You're Charles MacIvor," said Mr. Almy, "and I have a warrant for your arrest."

"I was expecting you," said MacIvor, impudently. "I passed your men down in the street, you know. Well, what's the charge? Murder, of course?"

"Unfortunately," returned Mr. Almy curtly, "it's larceny. What did you do with those bonds?"

MacIvor's eyes opened wide, his face turned scarlet with rage. He hurried himself toward Julia and shouted:

"So you've double-crossed me twice! Don't expect me to save you again!"

There was a brief moment of confusion; Julia gave a choked scream and sank into a chair, hiding her face; two policemen rushed in and MacIvor vanished with them. Mr. Almy went up to Julia and spoke soothingly to her; she did not answer him, or move. Next moment I found myself out in the hall with him.

I explained in a sentence how I came to be there. Then he murmured:

"I'll see you tomorrow; Miss Grosvenor needn't be disturbed further to night," and hurried downstairs. So I turned upstairs, since there was nothing more I could do for Julia just then, and my mind reverted to Nancy. Why and where had she disappeared so suddenly?

Having no key, I knocked on the Burton door several times. There was no response. As forlorn hope, I tried the handle, and it turned. Some one had slipped the catch. I entered the living room, the lamp on the table was lighted. Both bedroom doors were shut. On Nancy's I knocked, once, twice, three times. Again there was no response. In considerable alarm, I made bold to try that handle, too, and it also turned. And there, in her little room, in her little bed, lay Nancy in the first correct sleeping position.

a charming picture from the Land of Dreams.

But her unconscious mind functioned well; next instant an arm shot out and on went the electric lamp beside her.

"That you, Constance?" she inquired calmly. "I know it's not manners, to go to bed before the company does, but the poor working girl needs her sleep. What kept you?"

"Don't you remember that man that came into Miss Grosvenor's apartment from the balcony?" I gasped.

"Oh, yes, I remember him," she observed finally. "When I saw Julia knew him, I knew there was no danger. Yes, I heard the revolver. No, Constance, he did not have it. He put up one hand to take off his cap, and the other was empty. I saw as much as that before I cleared out because I wasn't wanted. Whoever had it, he didn't, so there was no danger for you or Julia. Do tell me what happened."

"That man was Charles MacIvor, Miss Grosvenor's cousin," I said. "I stayed because she asked me to; she was evidently afraid of him. They talked at some length regarding some thing he wanted to get that was not here. What finally happened was that the police, who had traced Charles MacIvor here, arrived and arrested him. He is charged with theft."

"Of what?"

"Securities."

"Well, if that's all, it's not important."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded, agape.

"A poor fish," replied Nancy sweetly, "named, as you prefer, Charles MacIvor or Brandon Tower. And now I will show you what he wanted."

With one bound she was on the floor, with one swoop she had turned back blankets, sheets, mattress. On the spring lay a small flat object neatly wrapped in an embroidered hand towel. She unwrapped the hand towel, and presented me with a worn brown calfskin volume, entitled "Notes on Medical Statutes in the Virginia Code."

"Take care of it next time, Constance dear," she warned me; "some body might steal it."

"But, Nancy! But how... where... why...?" I stammered, gazing wild-eyed at the returned wanderer. But the bound and the swoop had occurred in reverse order, as

she popped in through that window last night, and Julia addressed him as "Charles"—and he saw me dear one, he saw me, if I did do a disappearing act—I knew he was her cousin who had been after Peter's book, and had tricked me, and gone around under an assumed name. And I felt sure he was after it then and there. So I happened upstairs and took care of it. Now, do you see why, as you say?"

Even Nancy finally paused, breathless. I said:

"I don't see why you took the book out of my desk. You didn't know at noon yesterday that Charles MacIvor was Brandon Tower, or that he wanted the book at all."

"I knew Brandon Tower would be liable to come after that book any time, though," interrupted Nancy, implacably. "Before Peter went to Raynes Forester, he told me that handsome polite young man had come into the shop on Monday, and slid out again when he found him there! Peter wanted to warn me, you see, especially since he was to be away."

"And you didn't think I should be equal to taking care of the book?"

"Not when Wilkey was after it too... and maybe other people."

"Other people? Were after the book? To whom do you allude, Nancy?"

"Maybe other people, she said maybe Mr. Case."

"Mr. Case?" I repeated feebly. "Why Mr. Case? He's been with the firm for years and years... he's a gentleman... he is absolutely excellent and entirely commonplace... why should you think he had designs on that book?"

"Because," insisted Nancy, stubbornly, "he was hanging round all the time you and I were working together on that catalogue late Thursday afternoon, when everybody else had left the building."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him. You said you were going to put the books which had been listed back on the shelves. He took that in. So, when I took my new work, I snatched that book up with the rest. He was looking in the law book section to see if it had been replaced there, by any chance."

"What time did you see him doing that?" I asked thoughtfully.

"Shortly before I left at six o'clock."

"Then," I thought to myself, "Mr. Case explored those law-book shelves at a time he thought himself alone; and not finding what he wanted there, made an attempt on my desk later! He couldn't have known which drawer it was in, of course. He must have just started to search the largest one when Charles MacIvor made his appearance. What was he doing there? Looking for the book, of course."

"So you see, Constance," concluded Nancy, accepting my silence as a personal tribute, "I saw you really had too much to do, with that catalogue and everything, so I took charge of the book temporarily to help you. And, of course, I had to help Peter."

But exegesis of this obscure remark, as well as satisfactory conclusions for my own wonderings, had to be postponed. We had reached Darrow's.

I hastened forth to my desk, to find it already occupied, by Captain Ashland.

"You said I could bother you any time," he greeted me.

"I always mean what I say. So you've come down from Westchester to learn more about the Index?"

"Gracious! business during the week-end? I've come on pleasure. You know that bookplate we were talking about the other day?"

"I did not associate the Colfax book plate with pleasure, but I nodded—in telligently, I trusted."

"You know, that forgery rather took hold of me," confessed the captain. "I wondered if I could find an original for the counterfeit."

"Oh!" said I (an expression I disapprove of, but I was struck all of a heap by the suddenness of the idea). "Why?"

"Because Colfax might have drawn a pictorial bookplate, even if he set down did so, and I think the manner of execution of that drawing you showed me indicates that it must have been copied from a model. The conception of the design is masterly, but the copying is just a faint shade too careful; and whoever made the drawing was not quite a craftsman enough to avoid that small slip in the signature. So I've decided to amuse myself trying to discover an original. You'll help me, won't you?" begged the captain. "Don't say you will if you can."

"I will because I can, then."

"Good! I spent yesterday unpacking I brought thirteen boxes of books with me. My reference library, you know. Now, the reason I unpacked them was that book plate! I say you haven't it around anywhere, I suppose?"

I plucked it out of the law book in such a way as not to reveal the key for Captain Ashland was, of course, not interested in the Grosvenor mystery—indeed, disliked it. I felt sure. "I'll tell you what I've done so far," he said. "I've got it's not much. I believe my library has as good work about English engravers as can be found; yet I can't discover anything about Colfax himself. But I found the exact date of his birth and death: 1780 and 1831. Then I found a descriptive list of all his engravings and tried to identify this drawing with any one described, but he had drawn only a couple of pictorial plates, both floral, for ladies' libraries—no scientific instruments or warships—so that attempt was a fiasco."

"Warships? Oh, yes, that vessel is a frigate," I assented, noting again the characteristic three masts and broadside armament clearly shown in the fine drawing.

"And English built," declared the captain. "Early Nineteenth century, when British warships were built very wide through the beam, like this one."

"I haven't any flag, though," I pointed out.

"I noted that; it's odd," agreed the captain. "Nevertheless, it's a British vessel, and Colfax had a personal connection with the British navy."

"That's a good thing to know!" I exclaimed, encouraged. "How did you find it out?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

The excellence of the old-fashioned big family was that no child got an undue amount of attention. The antique idea that the child must work for his parents until the day he was twenty-one was a deal better for the youth than to let him get it into his head that his parents must work for him.—E. Hubbard.

WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN

For a hot dish which may be stretched to serve 18 guests the following is well liked:

Chicken Warmers.—Cook until tender in a kettle full of water two five to six-pound chickens, adding an onion to the kettle for seasoning. Season the chickens in side and out before putting into the kettle.

Taste the broth to see that it is not too salty, adding pepper during the cooking. Remove the fowls when well cooked, take off the meat from the bones in neat pieces and place in a dish set into hot water, adding a little of the fat from the kettle to keep moist. Into the kettle now place four good-sized bunches of celery, cleaned and cut into small pieces; cook until fairly tender, but not soft; remove that to a dish to keep hot; now add four packages of noodles, or if homemade, about a double recipe in amount, and cook 15 minutes.

Serve a nest of noodles, then a few spoonfuls of celery and top with chicken and a spoonful of gravy. If served on a platter serve in the same way—noodles first, then the celery and top with the chicken.

Rabbit Shortcake.—Clean rabbit and cut into pieces, dredge with flour and put into a frying pan with one-half cupful of butter or bacon fat and four tablespoonfuls of chopped onion. Cook until brown, turning frequently. Remove to a large kettle, cover with stock or water to which five bouillon cubes have been dissolved and two blades of mace, one-half a bay leaf, and cook until tender. Strain, reserve the meat and discard the bones. Melt one-half cupful of butter, add two-thirds of a cupful of flour, and stir until brown. Add to the strained stock, cook five minutes, add salt and pepper and the rabbit meat and keep hot until serving time. Split individual shortcakes, spread with butter, pour over the rabbit and place a ripe olive in the center of each shortcake; garnish with a sprig of parsley.

Prune Salad.—Cut head lettuce into six slices and place on individual plates. Put a tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing in the center, sprinkle with paprika, surround with a border of chopped nut meats, place outside a ring of finely cut celery, and outside of that on the edge of the lettuce a border of cooked prunes, stoned and cut into pieces.

Do You Like Tongue?

There is no more delicate and nicely flavored meat than a well cooked tongue. It is especially good, sliced very thin, and served cold, as a sandwich filling or with a salad and a cup of tea.

Here is a fine dish to serve with the rough ends and broken parts of the tongue:

Tongue Italiens.—Use the broken pieces of a boiled smoked tongue cut into small dice. Mix together two tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of minced onion, one egg yolk, a little salt and pepper to taste. Spread this on the bottom of a glass baking dish. Arrange the diced tongue and a few slices of tongue overlapping each other on top of the mixture. Cover with one cupful of boiled rice which has been well seasoned with butter, pepper, salt and paprika and cover the rice with a top of grated cheese. Set in the oven long enough to get thoroughly hot.

Braised Tongue.—Boil a tongue in salted water for two hours or until tender. Put into cold water for a few minutes to loosen the skin, then remove it and slice into slices three-quarters of an inch thick. Slice boiled ham the same thickness and trim it to match the tongue. Put a little butter in the pan and brown the tongue and ham on both sides. Place these braised slices around a round baking dish, in alternate slices and in the center put fresh cooked and well-seasoned spinach. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and chopped hard-cooked egg yolks. Brown a short time in a hot oven and serve.

Stuffed Tongue.—Boil a tongue until tender. Skin and slit through the larger end; remove part of the meat, enough to make a well to hold the stuffing. Chop the meat that was removed and mix with bread crumbs, butter, salt and pepper and four chopped olives. Fill and place the tongue in a casserole, lay small strips of fat salt pork on top and brown it well in a hot oven. Serve with:

Olive Sauce.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of beef extract, one cupful of boiling water and salt and pepper to taste. Add the boiling water last. Just before taking from the heat add two tablespoonfuls of grated olives.

Nellie Maxwell

Early Wooden Gutters

In the early days of American dwelling construction wooden roof gutters, called "dugouts" from the process of gouging by which they were made, were widely used on Colonial homes.

Lots of Men

Lots of men who feel they need a big city to give full opportunity to their talents haven't been big enough to make good in a small town.—Atchison Globe.



THERE is nothing that has ever taken the place of Bayer Aspirin as an antidote for pain. Safe, or physicians wouldn't use it, and endorse its use by others. Sure, or several million users would have turned to something else. But get real Bayer Aspirin (at any drugstore) with Bayer on the box, and the word genuine printed in red:



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STOPS LAMENESS

from a bone spavin, ring bone, splint, curb, side bone, or similar troubles; gets horse going sound. Absorbine acts quickly but quickly. Lasting results. Does not blister or remove hair, and horse can be worked. Advertisers, or postpaid, \$2.50. Horse book 9-5 free.

Pleased user says: "I had a very lame horse with bone spavin. Now sound as a dollar; not a lame step in months. Working daily."

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YOUR PALM READ BY MAIL. Let us tell you how we do it—full written report. PALM COMPANY, 608 E. ST. N. E. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Guaranteed Salary and Commissions selling new deal to merchants in this state. Position is permanent. We teach you to sell successfully. Address: Itico, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise \$600 up ss "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30 Clark's 25th cruise, 60 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algeria, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc. Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; \$800 up.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

Valuable Find

A \$200,000 sandalwood forest has been found in the jungle region of Kamkanhally, India. The Mysore government has granted \$3,000 for collection and transportation of the wood, which it is estimated will amount to 600 tons, worth 600,000 rupees, or about \$216,000.

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast. Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Also

Grandmother—Perry, you have grown to be the living image of your father. You have your father's eyes, nose, mouth and—

Perry (gloomily)—Yes, and I have his trousers, too.—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

Not a Medical Case

Crawford—My wife has had a sinking spell.

Dobbs—Nonsense! You can't believe what these doctors tell you.

Crawford—But a doctor didn't tell me. It was a life-guard at the bathing pool.

The Prophets and Pharisees are always conservative.

Plan to Regild Tomb of France's Great Son

After 28 years, the dome of the Invalides, beneath which lie the remains of Napoleon, in Paris, is about to be restored to its original beauty. A thick coating of gilt leaf will be placed upon it, at the expense of the French treasury, and it is understood that a special provision in the budget for next year will call for 6,000,000 francs for this purpose. The last time the dome was gilded was for the exposition of 1900 and it required a veritable army of workmen nearly six months to complete the work. It is believed that with present-day methods and special materials it can be completed in a month. The first golden coat was given to the structure in 1714 and the treasurer's records show total payments of 50,000 ecus d'or, with a supplementary daily wine ration for each of the workers. It was not until a century later, in 1813, that Napoleon I decided to spend 243,000 francs for a new coating, and this today is the most solid of all, those of 1853, 1857 and 1900 having been too lightly applied to withstand Parisian climatic changes.

The Gay Old Trader

Trader Horn, the aged litterateur, was congratulated by a New York girl reporter on the zest with which he went the rounds of New York dinner parties, teas and receptions.

"Well, you see, I enjoy it all, my girl," said the old trader. "I'm not like the scientist."

"A lady reproached the scientist for refusing to go out into society."

"It must bore you dreadfully," she said. "Work, work, nothing but work all the time!"

"I'm only bored, ma'am," the scientist answered, when being entertained."

Catalogue of Notables

The Almanach de Gotha is a French almanac which was first published in 1763, and gives genealogical particulars concerning all the sovereign houses of Europe, the mediatized families of Germany and many of the European princely and ducal houses not of sovereign rank. It also contains valuable information regarding officers of administration and statistics of the principal political divisions of the world.

Real Tolerance

Tolerance means reverence for all the possibilities of Truth; it means acknowledgment that she dwells in diverse mansions, and wears vestiture of many colors, and speaks in strange tongues; it means frank respect for freedom of indwelling conscience against mechanic forms, official conventions, social force; it means the clarity that is greater than even faith and hope.—Lord Morley.

Many-Legged Frog

Arnold Miles, son of W. E. Miles of Biddeford, Maine, is thinking of taking orders for frogs' legs. He almost decided to go into the business when he was catching frogs for pickled bait and caught one with seven legs. He placed it in a large glass jar and now has to catch flies and bugs each day for meals for the captive.

Basket as Elevator

High seas prevented the use of the companion ladder when passengers wished to board the liner "Llandovery" at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, recently, so a large basket was lowered from a derrick and the travelers swung to the deck without difficulty. The container was fashioned like an elevator car.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Fast Work

Police Captain—Did you get the license number of that hit and run driver?

Patrolman—No, but I handed him a ticket as he went by.

None but a fool is always right.



WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.

Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest drugstore and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Annual Fire Losses

It is estimated by Charles H. Melges fire commissioner of New York, that there are two human lives and \$30,000 worth of property destroyed by fire in the United States every hour. The total fire loss for the month of January, 1928, was in excess of \$43,000,000, or about \$5,000,000 ahead of January, 1927. Our fire losses in 1926 were double what they were in 1916 and three times what they were in 1915. Our annual fire losses total nearly \$500,000,000.

RECOMMENDS IT TO OTHERS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Her So Much

Cleveland, Ohio.—"I sure recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman in the condition I was in. I was so weak and run-down that I could hardly stand up. I could not eat and was full of misery. A friend living on Arcade Avenue told me about this medicine and after taking ten bottles my weakness and nervousness are all gone. I feel like living again. I am still taking it until I feel strong like before. You may use this letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. ELIZABETH TOSO, 14913 Hale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 37-1928.

The Last Laugh

The Citizen—I thought you never laughed, old man. What's the joke?

Diogenes—More'n twenty flat hunters that used to guy me have had their rent raised on 'em, and have been around here tryin' to hire or buy my tub.

Qualifying

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
© by The Century Co.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"I cabled to England for some information; in fact, I did so on Tuesday, the day after you first showed me the bookplate." He drew from his pocket a blue half-sheet of paper, and handed it to me. "Just to make a beginning," he went on, "I assumed, from the medical bookplate, and from the frigate, that Colfax might have had some customer who had dealings with ships or doctors. So I cabled my secretary to find out what he could for me; that's his answer."

I read the cablegram:

"Made thorough Colfax investigation. Son family died out eighteen sixty-nine stop last member Richard Colfax son of Hugh eighteen hundred eighteen sixty-nine stop served Chile Dardanelles Crimea stop no medical connection among family or clientele."

"History's always to be taken into account in studying bookplates, of course," I agreed. "I am aware there was a Crimean war; I have even heard of the British fleet passing the Dardanelles in 1848. But I must betray my ignorance as to when Great Britain was at war with Chile."

The captain most politely refused the opportunity presented to him to smile.

"She never was," he rejoined. "I believe, though, that a British fleet went to the aid of Chile when that country revolted from Spain."

"Then," said I, a little surer of my ground, but not quite ready to quote exact dates, "since those South American countries revolted in the early part of the Nineteenth century, that was . . . about the time, too, when Richard Colfax was beginning his naval career, if he entered the service in 1818. Suppose he served in that fleet you mention, suppose he made some sort of connection in this hemisphere: what about some ground. In that event, for there being an original American Colfax bookplate?"

"That's just what I surmised! I wanted to see if you'd confirm it," cried the captain, delighted. "Even if it's South American and not North, the point's worth looking into, and I'll do that at once."

A rapid search through reference catalogues revealed that Clarithew's "Notes" had been issued in an edition of three hundred numbered copies. The number of our copy, which appeared on the title page, was 239. But so far as I could go back in sales reports, a thorough search brought no trace whatever of Number 239.

However, this fact proved one thing, at least: Number 239 had very seldom changed hands. It had belonged to Judge Leavitt. Then why were the Grosvenor family so resolved to get possession of it? For the key? Was that connected with Charles MacIvor's offer of a "liberal settlement," the night before? Did he know of some treasure hidden under lock and key, to which he alluded? But why should a key belonging to the Grosvenor connection be concealed in a law book? There were no lawyers in that family.

No, there were not. And then, as I reread its title for perhaps the five hundredth time in the last six days, I suddenly got an idea. This title was: "Notes on Medical Statutes in the Virginia Code." And Mr. Grosvenor's father had been a doctor; a Virginian; he had practiced at a time when he would need just such a professional reference book; and the bookplate, real or counterfeit, was a physician's bookplate!

I nearly shot out of my chair and addressed the meeting—customers, browsers, clerks, collectors, all: "There you are, folks! Just give me time; I don't need eternity, after all," when suddenly my joyful emotions were one and all stricken with paralysis. For Mr. Case, who had hardly appeared in the shop all morning, though usually on Saturdays he was nowhere else, was just going past me out of the front door.

His pace was so quiet that it seemed almost stealthy. He passed within a yard of me, and did not notice me; I never had seen any face so terribly distraught as his. What in the world had happened to him now? Or what had he done now? I felt more upset, actually, than when I had seen him at my desk Thursday night; for now it would have been impossible not to pity him, whatever one's suspicions.

CHAPTER X

Shocks, Assorted.

I dispatched Captain Ashland a note as the clock began to strike noon; as it finished, I walked Mr. Almy, looking even more alive than ever. But before he had shut the door, the telephone rang.

"Yes, Mr. Roberts," said I. "Yes, that is correct. It has turned up. It is here, yes, details will be available when I see you. Wh-h-hat? Oh, certainly. Wait, Mr. Almy, please! Yes, yes, I understand; I will do so. What earthly difference could it make to me? All right."

I hung up.

"Mr. Roberts has just inquired if you have arrived," I said to Mr. Almy with outward calm, inwardly I felt madder than a hornet, and dreadfully flat, owing to a mirthless message just transmitted by Mr. Roberts. "He would like to see you at once in Mr. Case's office."

"I'll ask him if we may have it," "You needn't bother; he has gone out."

"Gone out?"

"Yes, just a few minutes ago. And if you so desire, Mr. Roberts suggests my joining the two of you there later."

"Very well. We may have quite a session. I should be glad if you'd come as soon as you can, please."

Mr. Almy nodded and passed on. Then I took my bag, and from it I took Clarithew's "Notes," and from that I took the key. The bookplate and the key I then returned to the bag. I next rose and at random snatched—for I was growing less calm—a file of prints from one of the shelves near my desk, and ran through it searching for some mediocre bookplate of small value. A laurel wreath encircling a helmet with a Navarre-like plume belling off one side and the inspiring motto INVICTUS, rather pleased my mood. I swept the pastebrush across it, and slammed it down on the first inside cover of the law book, entirely covering the marks of the original bookplate and the hiding place of the key.

Such, indeed, had just been my orders from Mr. Roberts. And their purpose? None other than to prepare the book for the hands of Miss Wilkes! For she would shortly appear to demand it. Mr. Darrow had been reached by her plea, and had viewed the offer of her cousin Magistrate Juddes with favor. And I was to be the agent to deliver the prize to her. Mr. Roberts had even chuckled about it. Well, here she came. I could hear her heels swaying in the gale.

"Oh, Miss Wilkes," I cried before she was half-way up the aisle, "isn't it perfectly glorious! You know what I mean." I waved the book coyly. "Sh-h-h!" I tucked it into her hand.

The ladies were slightly less audible. Miss Wilkes' majestic countenance proclaimed that while she had



"A Trigger?" I Echoed. "Dear Me, That Sounds Like a Gun."

much to forgive, she could afford to be magnanimous. If it was not, indeed, her duty.

"Now, you'd be the last person on earth to find fault with anyone for being overconscientious," I suggested blandly.

"Especially," responded Miss Wilkes, interpreting this remark as she was intended to, "one of my own 'graduates,' as I call them. Well, by-hy! Be good to yourself!"

"The same to you!" said I, feeling certain my wish would be fulfilled, and picking up my bag, I went to join Mr. Almy and Mr. Roberts at the rear.

"May we have the key and the bookplate, please, Miss Fuller," requested Mr. Almy, without preliminaries.

"Oh, do you know all about them?" I exclaimed, producing them.

"He knows what you told me yesterday," said Mr. Roberts. "And how did the lost book come to light again?"

I smiled, and both men, who were extremely serious, looked surprised.

"Perhaps," I began, "Mr. Almy has told you he met me in Miss Grosvenor's apartment last night? I had gone to stay with Miss Burton. The saving feature of the occasion, in a double sense, was Miss Burton herself. She stole that book!"

"Miss Burton stole that book?" ejaculated both Mr. Roberts and Mr. Almy, equally dumfounded.

"She took it at noon yesterday when my back was turned, to keep, as she thought, Miss Wilkes from getting it. Her brother had also warned her that 'Brandon Tower' had come to the shop, and she thought he wanted the book. You have heard of him, Mr. Almy?" He nodded without looking up from the bookplate. "And do you know he and Charles MacIvor are the same person?"

That time I certainly got an effect. Mr. Roberts bounded out of his chair and repeated my "Wh-h-hat!" of a few minutes previous, while Mr. Almy laid down the bookplate and looked at me without moving a muscle. Then he said:

"Well, I thought so, but I was not certain. Thank you, Miss Fuller. How did you know?"

"Because Nancy Burton identified him. When Mr. MacIvor appeared through the window, she thought him Mr. Tower in search of the book and disappeared through the door to her own apartment. She hid the book under her mattress and went to sleep on top of it! She gave me the information when I came upstairs. But may I ask how you associated Mr. MacIvor with Mr. Tower?"

"I suspected a connection, from the account of Mr. Tower's efforts to get Miss Burton's, or rather Mr. Burton's suitcase," replied Mr. Almy. Most of this morning I spent trying to identify MacIvor with Tower, but without success. I admit, until your statement just now. MacIvor sent last night for his lawyer, Mr. Ballard and declined absolutely to talk. He has been formally charged with selling the stolen bonds, and is now out on bail. I tried to have Diddie identify him as the law-student customer,

and also as the fellow Burton attacked here on Monday, but he couldn't do it. The passage of several days made him too uncertain."

"Why didn't you ask me to?" I demanded.

"You?"

"I can do it! After I had looked at him a few minutes last night in Normandy terrace, I recognized him not only as that customer, but also as the man who came in here on Thursday night, whom I saw at my desk at a quarter-past ten, when I was standing up on the south gallery in the dark."

Mr. Almy pondered a minute in silence. Then he said:

"Well, as long as MacIvor was seen and identified here Thursday night, he'll have to come across with the rest of the story sooner or later. All you've told us is very unexpected and useful."

"I always felt Miss Burton to be rather an intelligent girl," observed Mr. Roberts, with his native tact.

"See here," broke in Mr. Almy, on this revised version, resuming his study of the bookplate, "the sixteen slits on this yellow slip do correspond to the slits on that cube in the picture, just as Miss Fuller noticed. I believe they could have been made by that instrument, for if I might venture a guess after looking at this very small picture, I should say there might be blades concealed inside it one for each cub. . . . and what's this thing on top like a handle, any how? Is it a trigger, I wonder?"

"A trigger?" I echoed. "Dear me! That sounds like a gun. Now, I heard a gun last night—"

"Where?"

"In the Grosvenor apartment."

Mr. Almy pricked up his ears.

"Tell me about it," he ordered.

"You didn't mention it before. Why not?"

"It passed out of my mind; you'll see why. I heard it just after Charles MacIvor entered the room through the window. I heard this loud click, and not knowing who he was, of course, I jumped to the conclusion that he was a housebreaker, and armed. Miss Burton also recognized the sound. In the excitement of all that had happened since, I forgot about the noise."

Mr. Almy had been listening carefully. Now he said:

"I wanted to see you not only about the matter of the returned law book, Miss Fuller; I am going to request you to accompany me this afternoon to Miss Grosvenor's. Especially in the light of these new facts you have reported, she must be urged to tell everything she knows about this mystery of her grandfather's death. She is quite plainly concealing information, and does herself more harm each day that passes."

"She's sacrificing herself," said I. "And if it's not for that wretched cousin of hers, I'm much mistaken."

But Mr. Almy said nothing further except that he would join me after luncheon for the visit to Normandy terrace, and I had risen to go, when the door opened without warning, and there stood Daisy Abbott, in her street things.

"Oh, pardon me!" she exclaimed. "I saw you going in here, Miss Fuller; I didn't know any one else was here. I thought you must be doing some special work, but ventured to interrupt you to say good-by."

I stretched my hand across the desk, beginning: "Good-by and good luck! Don't forget all about us!" when I was suddenly aware that Daisy's hand had dropped back to her side, that her eyes had fallen past my outstretched hand to the desk; that they were riveted on that much-handled yellow note, which had been lying unheeded for some minutes beside the bookplate.

"Where did that come from?" burst from Daisy's lips involuntarily, in a perfectly unearthly whisper.

"It fell out of a book in the history section. Why, did you put it there, Miss Abbott?" demanded Mr. Almy, vigorously, springing up. "Answer me!"

"Oh, dear," she moaned. "I did wish I had thrown it away, afterward, but I couldn't find the book I put it in! Anyway, I did keep it. I knew it would be wicked to destroy it. He was always so nice, I couldn't believe it meant anything, really, especially when Mr. Case—oh, dear, and I thought I was going to get off all right, after all I've suffered so horribly this whole dreadful week!"

And Mr. Almy's adjurations to stop talking nonsense and tell everything she knew about that yellow note passed unheeded. She proceeded to go into the finest fit of hysterics I have ever been privileged to witness. Even Mr. Almy, when he and I set forth for Normandy terrace somewhat later, admitted that it was in its way a masterpiece!

"Moreover, they did us a good turn," he observed quite truly, alluding to the hysterics.

For when Daisy had ultimately been restored to coherence, her innumerable sobs and sniffs and tears brought the happy climax of a confession that she had been bad, but was good now.

"Well, then, if you're good now, you aren't afraid to tell me all you know about it, are you?" Mr. Almy asked.

"Oh, no, not you!" murmured Daisy, melted by his sweet virility, and seeing her game was up anyhow. "Well, the first I saw of it was when Professor Harrington gave it to me last Monday morning with that list of books he wanted written on it. He said he would look over fiction in the center aisle while I got the books. I brought him the first four, laying them on the table beside him with the list on top, so he could see they were just what he ordered, and said I would bring the fifth as soon as possible. It took three or four minutes to find; then, as I brought it down the aisle, Professor Harrington came forward and took it, and said as he had some classes to meet directly at the university, he would take all the books right along without wrapping."

"As soon as he had gone, I saw his list lying on the floor of the aisle, and picked it up to throw it away. I noticed it was all torn, but the professor is such a nervous man I thought he must just have been fussing with it while he was reading."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Leo Diegel, (left) White Plains (N. Y.) professional, made a runaway affair of the Massachusetts open golf championship, finishing strokes ahead of his nearest rival after two days' play under wretched weather conditions. Diegel went out in 72 and came home in 75 for a total of 294. George Aulbach, (right) unattached, and Henry Cuic, Mill River, tied for second with 309.

U. S. Sport Phrases Are Given Peculiar Twist

Latin America has coined its own expression pertaining to baseball, and the peculiar twists given to Yankee sports phrases are echoed in all lands where Spanish is the predominant language.

Baseball is termed "beisbol" and when a swarthy batter swats out a long one and reaches home on it the term is "jonron" or home run. The pitcher is the "picher" and the catcher is the "cacher." Of course, there are Spanish appellations for bats "palos," gloves or "guantes" and the players "jugadores."

In other lines of sports there are similar copying of American names and phrases made adaptable to the Spanish by changes in spelling, often weird. For instance, football is "futbol." Efforts to change the word tennis, however, have been unsuccessful.

Orsatti Is Recalled

In recalling outfielder Ernest Orsatti from Minneapolis, the Cardinals wanted a man who could recharge a run-down battery and from early indications Orsatti is the man to supply the punch lost by the Cardinals. Orsatti hit two homers in his first two days with the Cards and nailed a single and double in addition during his first game.

Outfielder Savage of an independent team at Blencoe, Iowa, was signed by Scout Jack Ryan for the St. Louis Cardinal farm system.

Duffy Lewis, member of that famous Red Sox outfield many years ago, is now manager of the Portland club in the New England league.

Heinie Mueller, for the third time, is playing with Rogers Hornsby. He was with Hornsby at St. Louis, at New York and now is with him in Boston.

Tommy Connolly, veteran American league umpire, has been officiating in the game for 35 years. He has had charge of at least 5,000 games during that period.

One of the big disappointments of the current baseball season is the playing of Fred Schulte, St. Louis outfielder, who was hailed as one of the finds of 1927.

Critics around the big leagues say Connie Mack has learned his lesson with veteran stars during the past few years and won't make the same mistakes in the future.

One of the constant walls you hear from the New York Giants is how they could use Burleigh Grimes, who was traded to the Pirates and is enjoying a most successful year.

Jimmy Welsh is becoming quite the ball player. He always was a polished fielder and now he has started hitting. Welsh came up to the Braves from Seattle and thence to the Jints.

Ned Porter, former University of Florida pitcher, farmed out at Waterbury by the Giants, has been recalled. Manager McGraw is assembling every available bit of help for his pennant drive.

Bill McCoy, amateur pitcher of St. Joseph, Mo., has signed a 1929 contract with the Cincinnati Reds. McCoy, who is twenty-one years old, has done some sensational pitching for his team this summer.

Catcher Charley Hargreaves of the Brooklyn Robins will be out of the game indefinitely with a broken nose, suffered during a game at Chicago. He was struck by a ball thrown by Pitcher Jumbo Elliott.

Greenville has suggested to President Bramham that an appropriation from the treasury of the Sally league be made to each club to help it over a season which has been marred by bad weather. It is said that the league has \$45,000 in its sinking fund and Spinner officials suggest that each club be given \$3,000.

On July 24, 1882, Fred Dunlap, playing for Cleveland in a National league game, setting a record, accepted 15 chances, which has never been equaled by a big timer.

When two American Legion boys' teams played at Sportsman's park in St. Louis prior to the Card-Brave game, Coach Jack Onslow and Shortstop Rabbit Marvanel of the Cardinals were selected to umpire the game. Before starting, the two arbiters asked the fans to confine themselves to the use of rubber pop bottles.

Sporting Squibs

There are no grass tennis courts in Japan nor in France. Clay is the predominant surface.

Another lady swam across the English channel the other day. Women's place seems to be in the foam.

"Pest" Welch, Purdue's great half-back last fall, worked in a machine shop operating a lathe this summer.

Bill Tilden tipped the two boys who carried his grips five bucks apiece the other day. Amateurism certainly pays.

Barney Berlinger, Olympic decathlon performer from the University of Pennsylvania, will seek a football berth this year.

A rifle shooting competition for women only will be one of the innovations at this year's Imperial Rifle meeting, at Bisley, England.

Lord Burghley, winner of the 400 meter hurdle event in the Olympics, is a product of the teaching of Harry Hillman, Dartmouth track coach.

University of Detroit authorities have declined an invitation from the University of Hawaii to play a football game at Honolulu on Christmas day.

Dora Huerlef of the German women's Olympic team, recently established a new women's shot-put record, with a throw of 12.51 meters (41.43 feet).

Boxers in preliminary bouts in New York are paid for the number of rounds they take part in. The minimum is \$10 per round.

George Steill, aged nineteen, who teaches members of the Pittman (N. J.) Golf club, is one of America's youngest golf professionals.

Both Australia and New Zealand consider rowing to be the most important of sports. Crews from the colonies hold both professional and amateur singles and full-crewed races.

DIAMOND PICK-UPS

Babe Ruth has one of the best throwing arms among big league outfielders.

Umpire Bill Klem will tell you he has never missed making the proper decision.

Jack Milligan, the Phillies' promising hurler, was captain of the Cornell team in 1922.

James Johnston, of the San Francisco club, stole 124 bases in 201 contests in 1913.

"Red" Rollings, a Red Sox infielder, has been sent to the Fort Worth club, of the Texas league, on option.

Johnny O'Connell, catcher of the Canton Terriers of the Central league, was purchased by the Pittsburgh Pirates.

The Fujidera baseball ground, near the city of Osaka, Japan, covers 15 acres and the grandstand can seat 7,000 spectators.

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BASEBALL'S BIG SIX ARE GOLIATHS

Ruth, Fothergill, Heilman, Hogan, Buckeye, Elliott.

Lump the six of them together and they will weigh 1,280 pounds. They are the Goliaths of the diamond, the fat boys of baseball.

First comes Babe Ruth whose 210 pounds are strung out over 6 feet, 2 inches of height. When you see Babe waddle out to his position you wonder how he manages to field and run the bases. The secret lies in his legs, which are modeled after those of a greyhound. Most of Ruth's bulk is concentrated above the belt; it lies in his arms and shoulders which provide the propelling power for his home runs. The Babe's pudgy face heightens the impression that he is fat, but in reality he is the fastest big man in baseball.

Roy Fothergill isn't big; he's immense. "Fatty" is his nickname and he deserves it. Every March Fothergill is faced with the problem of losing 30 pounds. Usually he goes to Hot Springs, Ark., boils off about 15 pounds, and depends on spring training to take off the rest of his excess weight. Despite his fatness, Fothergill is a terrific hitter. His normal weight is about 200 pounds.

When Shanty Hogan reported to the New York Giants after he had been obtained in the trade which sent Rogers Hornsby to Boston, they couldn't find a belt big enough for him. McGraw finally handed Hogan a trunk strap and told him to make a belt out of it. Hogan is one of the heaviest men who ever donned a mask and mitt. His 220 pounds make it necessary for him to hit a triple if he wants to get to second base.

But the mammoth of them all is Garland Buckeye, the pitcher who was released by the Giants to Toledo of the American association the other day. Buckeye did a "Sam Vick." In other words, he ate himself out of the major leagues. Sam Vick was the first ball player to do that and when he passed, all he left in the big leagues was a handy phrase which has been used ever since. Buckeye weighs 235 pounds.

Like Ruth, Harry Heilmann of the Detroit Tigers is over the 200-pound mark, but it is chiefly muscle and bone. Heilmann, who has seen many baseball summers dawn and die, is one of the most dangerous of the long line of dangerous hitters that have worked for the Tigers. His 205 pounds send many a ball rattling against the fence.

Brooklyn contributes Jumbo Elliott, who is 200 pounds of good pitching material. Last year he was one of the most effective men on Wilbert Robinson's high-powered staff.

Gene Sarazen Gives Tip to British Golf Stars

While eminent American professional golfers were in England in quest of the open championship—which, as all know, Walter Hagen won—some of the most serious critics of golf on the other side went to school; that is to say, they went to the shore hotel at Sandwich where the Americans were staying and sat at the feet of the masters of the game.

One of these American masters stated that he does not know how much the English learned, but that certainly they got a lot of information.

Gene Sarazen made a tremendous hit with a very sage remark, which spread throughout England in the short time that elapsed between the close of the open and the sailing of the Yankee mercenaries for home.

"The difference between English and American golf," said Sarazen, "is this: When a player comes to the front in your country the first question you ask is 'How far' can he drive? The first thing we want to know about a new American star is 'What kind of a putter is he?'"

That was all Gene said, but evidently he had said all that was necessary. The English decided, by jove, that he had hit the nail on the head, and it would not be at all surprising if the long game as a compelling subject of conversation and practical demonstration in England gave way to the delicate art of putting.

Girl Golf Champion

Miss Clara Woolridge of Little Rock, Ark., seventeen-year-old winner of the Arkansas Women's Golf championship. She defeated thirteen-year-old Ariel Vilas in the final round. Miss Vilas entered the finals by defeating her mother, Mrs. Jack Vilas, in the semifinal round.

Praises Polk Diamond

If the word of a fellow who has played baseball in the parks of American, National, International and American Association leagues can be taken to mean anything—the best baseball diamond in the world is located at Polk, Pa., near Franklin and the oil fields. That's what Walter Haid, present pitcher of the St. Louis Cardinals, says. Haid spent his early days at Polk, Pa., and played baseball in these parts for several years.



MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word genuine printed in red? It isn't the genuine Bayer Aspirin without it! A drugstore always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every box:



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Advice for Speed Maniac

Mary, four years old, sat dangling her chubby little legs from a park bench, watching with wide-eyed interest the antics of the many tame squirrels that abound there.

Suddenly a squirrel darted rapidly down a tree trunk just in front of Mary's anxious eyes. As he speedily neared the ground, head first, Mary's interest and alarm grew until she no longer could restrain herself. She clasped her little hands in excitement and cried, "Put on your brakes, Kiddy, put on your brakes!"

Culture is the butter of the well-bred.

FARMER'S WIFE GETS STRENGTH

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Schoolfield, Va.—"My mother had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I decided to take it for my own troubles and found great relief. I was hardly able to stand on my feet sometimes and now I feel better than I have for several years. I credit the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with my present good health. I have taken five bottles of it and I am now able to do all my housework and sewing, feed my chickens, milk the cow and tend the pigs, and feel fine."—Mrs. J. C. BRADLEY, Box 249, Schoolfield, Virginia.

MADE HANFORD'S 81 Years SINCE 1846 Balsam of Myrrh IT MUST BE GOOD Try it for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, etc.

KREMOLA SKIN BLEACH

The

Colfax Bookplate

By

AGNES MILLER

WNU Service

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CHAPTER X—Continued

“In a few minutes I went back to my regular work. Then Mr. Grosvenor was found unconscious. And he was so badly hurt! It made me ill. The sight of blood always makes me feel faint; I have a refined nature. And his wrist was so badly slashed! And presently I suddenly remembered that that yellow paper in my pocket had been all cut into silvers, too! I was so scared! I absolutely didn't dare throw it away. I realized it must have been slit up during those three or four minutes I was away from the professor, because when I laid it down on the pile of four books, it was just as he had given it to me. I was so frightened I didn't know what to do, for days and days! It did seem terribly exciting that I should have picked the note up; and presently I felt that maybe I could solve the mystery of the attack with it—”

“What led you to think that?” interrupted Mr. Almy, interestedly.

“Why, you did!” confessed Daisy, coyly. “Don't you remember that day you interviewed me up in Mr. Roberts' office? When I told you all about Miss Grosvenor and Mr. Burton? I could see you thought I had more information than anybody; I knew it was useful to you, no matter how much Mr. Roberts tried to squelch me. And I did have more information than anybody, so when I—”

“Pray, Miss Abbott,” interposed Mr. Almy, “proceed, in reference to the yellow note.”

“So, when,” repeated Daisy, incisively, “I read in the paper that the weapon used to attack Mr. Grosvenor must have been a small, thin blade, I felt sure it had been also used to tear that paper, perhaps to try the blade first. But I couldn't understand the cuts in a pattern on the paper; and Miss Grosvenor wasn't arrested; and, of course, I was sure Professor Harrington had had nothing to do with the affair, so I decided that Mr. Case must have known Mr. Grosvenor and done it!”

Mr. Roberts and I gaped. Mr. Almy merely said: “Let me hear your theory, please.”

“Well, Monday noon Mr. Case was dreadfully cross to Ulysses, right in front of me. And you know he's never cross, least of all to a person like Ulysses. We were both in Mr. Case's office, he and I; I was writing a letter for him. Ulysses came in and asked him some question about the shelves he was putting up in the stockroom, and then he started to gossip about the accident.

“He asked Mr. Case if he knew the old gentleman; and Mr. Case said that though a number of the staff reported having seen him before from time to time in the shop, he had never happened to. Ulysses then asked if the old gentleman was going to recover; and Mr. Case said the doctor thought not, he had lost so much blood. Ulysses said that was different from the old days, when they bled people on purpose. He told us his father had had pleurisy when he was a boy, and had been bled by a powerful fine doctor from the navy and got well right away. I said, ‘Your father wasn't a sailor, was he?’ and he said: ‘No, the doctor was visiting his folks down to Elliot's Crossing. My father he used to live there.’ He said Elliot's Crossing was in Virginia, and when I asked him what it was near he said, ‘It ain't near nothing ‘cept the woods and the mountains. I was born there at midnight ‘tween October and November, and my horoscope was cast. And the horoscope says that folks that's born at midnight ‘tween October and November gets messages. An' I got a message this mornin’. I knowed, some'n powerful bad was go'n happen, and it done happen!’ And then Mr. Case told him sharply he was a superstitious old fool!

“Well, then, naturally, he went away; I was sorry for him, but he did give me the creeps with his bleeding and his woods and mountains and horoscopes. I didn't understand him at all, but he scared me to death. And I got scared and scared about that yellow note with the slits in it, until finally I just made up my mind that I wouldn't have anything to do with it. So I went and stuck it into the most unlikely looking book I could find in the history section!

“Oh, it was so terrible!” shuddered Daisy. “I finally decided Thursday morning that I ought to try to find it and give it up, after all. And I couldn't remember what book I had put it in; that is, I couldn't remember the book by name. I was scared just absolutely stiff. I knew I shouldn't have hidden the slip, for it wasn't mine, in the first place, and if I suspected it was important, I should have told some one in authority. And then, gradually, the more I thought about the thing, the more I realized that Mr. Case hadn't responded at all to Ulysses; in fact, he'd shut him up much too quickly.

“And then, that same Thursday, I suddenly remembered, without any warning—you know the way you do sometimes when you're thinking about a thing very hard?—that I had seen Mr. Case walking along the south gallery, to the door that leads upstairs, on Monday morning, just before the clock struck eleven!”

“Why didn't you ever say so before?” demanded Mr. Roberts, evidently as much stunned as I was—and maybe as Mr. Almy was—at this

totally unexpected corroboration of Julia Grosvenor's statement that she had seen Mr. Case in the same place at the same time.

“I never thought of it again until that minute!” cried Daisy, sharply. “Why should I? And why shouldn't Mr. Case walk along the south gallery? He does, every day, nearly! But I had remembered that the attack was said to have been made shortly before eleven o'clock, and that made me uneasy, taken in connection with the way Mr. Case had lost his head before Ulysses. And then he got me a wonderful position in Fernald's; I couldn't help wondering if he had done it to put me under obligation to him, because I had heard him and Ulysses.”

“Have you anything further you would like to tell me, Miss Abbott?” Mr. Almy inquired. “That is positively all you know about the yellow note?”

“Absolutely!” vowed Daisy, solemnly.

So she was permitted to depart.

CHAPTER XI

The Spring-Lancet.

When Ernesto's box trees were half a block away, Mr. Almy said:

“Suppose you take back this key and the bookplate. If at any time you think they might get a response from Miss Grosvenor, show them to her. I give them to you because she associates you, rather than me, with that book, and you might have a chance to win her confidence more readily. Once more, do your best to get her to talk.”

We passed the box trees; we paced the blue-and-white tiled hallway; we mounted the steep staircase to the second floor, and approached the door of the Grosvenor apartment. And—

Out of it walked Mr. Case!

I decided that the hall was too dark for me to see him; what Mr. Almy did, I don't know, for he was behind me, but at all events, he didn't speak. The maid admitted us to the living room; and there sat Julia, in the same chair where we had left her the previous evening, so still that it seemed as if she had never moved.

“Miss Grosvenor, we want to do something for you, if you will only let us,” said Mr. Almy.

“Nobody can do anything for me,” she answered in a dead, level tone.

Mr. Almy glanced at me.

“You're mistaken,” said I, rather bluntly, to rouse her. “I should not have dreamed of intruding here if I could not help you. You see, I was here last night when you and your cousin had that discussion—you remember you asked me to stay?—and I think I have here what you were discussing with him, that object you want.”

I took the key from my bag, and held it out to her. She looked at it with perfect blankness, her expression changing from bewilderment to disappointment, then to suspicion.

“What is it?” she demanded with some asperity. “I haven't the faintest notion!”

I flung it down on the table, and drew the bookplate out of my bag.

“Is this what you want, then?” I asked.

Her eyes fairly blazed with recognition! With trembling fingers she snatched it from my hand, hesitated almost imperceptibly one instant as if screwing her courage up to a supreme effort, then turned the stout paper oblong over and scanned the blank back avidly. Then, with a heartrending cry of bitter disappointment, she flung the bookplate on the floor.

Mr. Almy snatched it up.

“Miss Grosvenor, you recognized this!” he announced sharply. “You saw it at the auction galleries in Richmond, a week ago last Thursday.”

Julia Grosvenor caught her breath sharply, half in chagrin in having betrayed herself so utterly, half in consternation at Mr. Almy's information.

“You wanted to buy the book with the bookplate, didn't you? Surely there was no reason why you should not have done so if you wished.”

“Yes,” she finally whispered; “but I had no money. So I really went to see who would buy it—where it would be afterward.”

“Your cousin entered a bid for five hundred dollars,” resumed Mr. Almy. Julia made no sign or movement.

“But, as you know, he was outbid. Mr. Burton got the book. It was in Darrow's shop last Monday.” She gazed steadily at the floor, in dead silence. “Miss Grosvenor, I must remind you that the authorities are still waiting for you to explain your presence at that shop on Monday morning for an hour and a half.”

“I have explained it! You won't believe me! You think I followed my grandfather there to kill him!” suddenly blazed the girl, frightened and furious.

“No,” denied Mr. Almy, very quietly. “I think you went there after that bookplate again. But you didn't find it, and something else happened. What I am going to find out, Miss Grosvenor, when did you learn that Mr. Burton was Darrow's buyer?”

“When I left the auction, directly after the book had been bought, I made inquiries,” she answered reluctantly.

“Did you tell your cousin that Burton had bought it?”

“No. I didn't even meet him in Richmond. If he knew, he must have found out from the galleries.”

“He did,” rejoined Mr. Almy. “Your constant avoidance of your cousin while both of you are attempting to get possession of this drawing makes certain only one conclusion, Miss Grosvenor: Your motive for wanting it conflicts with his. Now, your cousin went to Darrow's Monday morning and bought a book. Did you see him there?”

“No.”

“Did you at any time during that morning know he had been there?”

The question startled her, but she looked at her questioner steadily and answered point-blank, “Yes!”

“How did you know?”

“That,” said Julia in a tone of finality, “I cannot tell you.”

“Why did your cousin go to Darrow's Thursday night?”

“Perhaps for the book again,” said Julia, in pathetic desperation. “You know better than to say that,” said Mr. Almy, with a touch of sternness. “What obligation are you under to him?”

“He has often treated me with consideration; not too many people have,” returned Julia, with dignity.

Mr. Almy looked at her hard and shrily. Suddenly he shot out:

“What did he go to Darrow's to get for you on Thursday night?”

Her eyes dilated with surprise and horror. She shuddered, and gasped: “For me? For me? Well, if he wants to tell you, let him! There are some things I can't do!”

Her lips snapped shut just as they had done the previous evening in that very room, when, after all the abuse she had received at the hands of her cousin, when it was utterly useless to try to withstand the search for him, she would do nothing to betray him. Her loyalty was again making faithful return for treachery. Equivocal as her position was, she was so admirable that, forgetting all about Mr. Almy, I broke out uncontrollably:

“I heard your cousin last night, you know. He offered you a ‘liberal settlement’ in exchange for something he wanted. He treated you with great contempt, in such contrast to others, almost strangers to you! They proffer you their aid freely; why do you spurn it just as you have spurned his offer?”

“I'm not ungrateful! I'm not!” cried Julia, clenching her hands. “But you see, it's different. What Charles offered me was a bribe out of my own money, for all I know!”

She had started to talk, at last! And not because of my appeal, but because I had unwittingly hit on a grievance. But Mr. Almy was quite indifferent to cause, being interested only in effect:

“You think you have a legal claim on property your cousin calls his, do you, Miss Grosvenor?” he demanded swiftly.

“I do!” she cried, intent on her wrong. “Otherwise why should I have been ignored and rebuffed so pointedly all my life? If I had really been of illegitimate birth, if I had no claim on the estate—which was all my grandfather cared about, except Charles, and everything in the world that Charles himself cares about—why should those two men have spent their time trying to safeguard themselves by repudiating me?”

“Did you ever do anything to try to prove your claim?”

“Not until the last fortnight. You know I've been home from abroad less than a year; and I came to the conclusion I've just explained, only a few months ago, and gradually.”

“And how did you try to prove your claim within this last fortnight?”

With a groan, Julia cried:

“I went to Richmond!” and then fell upon a despairing silence. The grievance had cut deeper. In a minute, Mr. Almy asked gently:

“Why did you go there?”

“It's such a long story!”

“Take your time. Just begin at the beginning, and go on.”

“Well,” began Julia, wearily, yet with a sort of relief, “a week ago last Tuesday evening I was reading the paper to my grandfather, as I sometimes did. He liked especially to hear all the news of book sales and auctions. And I read the notice of the auction of Judge Leavitt's library in Richmond, the coming Thursday. Of course the sale of a Virginia library was of special interest to him, particularly as this notice named many important books.”

“Among them, no doubt, Claribew's ‘Notes’?” inquired Mr. Almy.

“Yes; it was the last on the list, and it seemed to interest him especially.”

“Did he say anything?”

“Not until I had finished reading the description of the book, or rather of the bookplate, for the book was briefly described as a clean copy in good condition. But of the bookplate the notice said: ‘Pictorial bookplate inside first cover. No owner's name. Undated. And I saw he was very much interested in the whole description, so I said, in perfect innocence then, I ought to mention: ‘You know I'm going to be in Washington anyway for the studio on Wednesday—’ I was taking down some designs for a church window there—and I can easily go over to Richmond, and buy that book for you on Thursday, if you want it. To my utter surprise, he was much startled; for a second he seemed suspicious and angry; then I saw him glance at Charles—”

“Oh, your cousin was present, was he?” put in Mr. Almy.

“Yes, we were all in this room. Charles was studying at the other end of it. And then my grandfather suddenly changed his attitude and said, very pleasantly, that he was much obliged to me, but I had better simply attend to my employers' business, he thought; anyhow, he didn't know how suitable it would be for me to go and bid alone at a public auction in a southern city. But he admitted, frankly, that the sale did interest him; and turning to Charles, he asked him if he could arrange to go for him, as he had done, by the way, on a number of other occasions when my grandfather couldn't leave home.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Making Tidal Predictions

The machine used for predicting tides is termed “a mechanical prophet with brains of brass.” This machine, which weighs about 2,500 pounds, is about 11 feet long, 2 feet wide and 6 feet high. It was conceived, designed and constructed in the office of the coast and geodetic survey and put in operation about 1910 and has been used continuously for tidal predictions by the government. This machine is designed to calculate simultaneously the 73 factors that go to make up the tide. These factors depend upon the relative position of the sun, moon and earth and also upon the shape and size of the harbor through which the predictions are made.

First Beast of Burden

From all existing records the temperamental camel is believed to be the first animal used by man as a beast of burden.

Broke Into Game as Holdout

GEORGE EARNSHAW, the large right-hander who pitched a three-hit coat of whitewash for his first victory in the big leagues, is the one ball player known in history who started his career in organized baseball as a holdout. That is something that never happened before or since. Listen to his story.

“When I was in my sophomore year at Swarthmore I received an offer to pitch for the Baltimore Orioles. At the time I was more interested in finishing my college work and never thought of playing ball professionally. When I was graduated they came after me again.


“But I fought them off and took a job up in Newark. I received a pretty good salary and pitched a couple of games a week for semi-pro teams that brought me in \$50 and \$100 at a crack. Still the Orioles kept after me all that summer and pestered me the following spring. Finally, that year, Jack Dunn himself came up to see me.

“I told him what I was making by just pitching on the side and holding down a regular job. We talked for quite a while and I thought to myself, ‘I'll fix this fellow.’ He had told me to name my salary. So I figured out a sum that I thought would send him back to Baltimore talking to himself.

“‘Holy smokes!’ he roared in that falsetto voice of his, ‘that's more than I pay anybody on the team. You're asking for a major league salary and you haven't pitched a game yet!’ I did have him talking to himself.

“Dunnie thought it over for a while and then he gave me a jolt that knocked me off my pins. He said: ‘All right! I'll go broke paying you that dough, but I've been trying to hook you for two years, and now I've got you. I'll pay you \$900 a month and we'll fill the contract out right now. Then I'll go with you while you tell those people you are quitting work to play.’

“The first semi-professional game that George Earnshaw ever pitched was for the Strawbridge & Clothier team of Philadelphia and was against an all-star collection of big leaguers managed by Earl Mack. It was during the days following the ‘Work or Fight!’ edict issued by Washington during the war. George Earnshaw was only seventeen years old, but he easily vanquished the big leaguers.



George Earnshaw.

Big Mistake Dismissing Pitcher Walter Ruether

Not much has been written about Yankee mistakes in the last few years, but they certainly made a serious one when they dismissed Pitcher Walter Ruether, comments Sam S. C. Isaminger in the Philadelphia Inquirer. The latter won pivotal battles for the Yanks in 1927, but nevertheless he was not reengaged for this year.


But the season was not very old when Manager Huggins was to realize that he had erred in so precipitately discharging a reliable pitcher and hard hitter as Ruether.

The latter became a free agent and Connie Mack made him a good offer to join the Athletics' staff, but the veteran, disgusted over his treatment, decided to join the San Francisco club where he had his start many years ago.

With the Seals this year, Ruether pitched them to the pennant in the first half of the split season and seems to be doing the same in the second half.

Had he been with the Yanks this season, Miller Huggins would not have been moved to lament over his shortage of pitchers.

Keeping in Shape



Lessons in keeping fit: what foot-ball heroes do in the summer time might be a good caption for this genuine shot of Jess Hibbs, captain-elect of the University of Southern California grid squad and All-American tackle, as he keeps fit for the fall's activity by working for a construction company. Hibbs plans to build himself up to 200 pounds to start the season.

St. Louis Infielder Was Unable to Tell Colors

Here is one they tell on a certain infielder of the St. Louis Browns: Sam Gray was pitching and Lu Blue playing first base. A ball was hit to this infielder; Blue went over to back him up, and Gray made haste to cover first base.

The infielder got the ball, then made a senseless throw in the general direction of nowhere.

“Why in the name of Gawd,” said Manager Dan Howley, “didn't you make the throw to Gray at first?”

“Well, manager,” alibied the infielder, “I guess I am color blind, I couldn't tell Gray from Blue; and so I just shut my eyes and threw.”

Use Distance Markers

The New York Yankees have started something in their ball park by putting distance markers all over the outskirts of the field and fans may judge approximately the distance of hits. But what can they do about Babe Ruth who does not confine many of his drives to the field? Rud Reuland, in writing an account of the first game with the signs says “Combs hit a 425 foot triple and scored on Koenig's 230-foot sacrifice fly.” Foul can be counted the same way.

HUGE CROWDS TO SEE IRISH PLAY

Notre Dame Expected to Play Before 350,000.

That Notre Dame's famous Fighting Irish football team will play before 350,000 people during the fall of 1928 is the theory of J. Arthur Haley, business manager of athletics at the university, following two weeks of intensive work acknowledging applications for tickets.

Haley and his staff of assistants began to receive applications for the 1928 tickets on August 1, and the indications are that every game in which the Irish appear will draw a capacity crowd. In addition to three home games, the Notre Dame squad will journey to enemy stadiums for six contests.

Special interest is being shown in the Navy game, which will be played at Soldier field, Chicago, on October 13. Last year Notre Dame played Southern California at Soldier field on the last Saturday in November and 117,000 people witnessed the game. Three thousand additional seats have been installed at the stadium and Haley says that 120,000 seats will be sold. The Notre Dame athletic office has been besieged with requests for tickets to this game, and it is likely that the Navy-Irish tilt will be the most colorful of the 1928 season.

Memories of the 1928 season, when Carnegie Tech unexpectedly defeated the Irish team, which was then headed for another national title, have served to step up the interest in the Scotch-Irish game, which will be played on Carter field, November 17. It is the last home game of the season. Haley predicts that this game will be sold out before November 1.

Messages from Los Angeles state that the Southern California-Notre Dame game will be the biggest drawing card the Pacific coast has ever had. The Trojans and their retinue are still stinging under their 7-6 defeat of last fall and will pack the stadium to see the old rivals fight it out again.

Field Goal Seems to Be Passing on in Grid Game

That ancient institution of the grid-iron, the field goal, seems to be passing on. Only on rare occasions has it been resorted to, this year, although it is one of the most dramatic, often thrilling plays of the college football repertoire.

Three circumstances have combined to nullify the field goal. The most important one and the most recent, is that example of rule-making wisdom which caused the goal bar to be set back ten yards behind the goal line. This compels the goal kicker to boot the ball ten yards further on each kick, than formerly.

Another reason is the fact that a field goal nets only half the score that a forward pass yields, when a touchdown is scored.

And the final argument is that the loss of the ball invariably follows the failure of a field goal, whereas a try for a scoring forward pass is usually penalized by the loss of one down, merely.

Only when a team's forward passing attack has been nullified by an opponent or when the point after a touchdown is to be scored, do teams today fall back on the placement or the drop kick.

Sporting Squibs

Yachts in England are using slotted sails to secure increased speed.

Yale's Athletic association has a surplus of \$215,000 in its treasury.

American golfers have won the British open title five times in the last seven years.

England has a women's hockey team that has never been beaten or tied in the last 20 years of competition.

Shooting competition for women only will be one of the innovations at the year's Imperial rifle meeting at Bisler, England.

Margaret Jenkins, Etta Cartwright and Catherine Maguire, members of the United States Olympic team, are school teachers.

The Olympic winter sports, as well as track and field, swimming and all other Olympiad competitions, will be held in the United States in 1932.

Bibb Graves, governor of Alabama, has already accepted an invitation to see Alabama, his alma mater, play Wisconsin at Madison, Wis., in November.

Walter Rottger, St. Louis Cardinal star, will again coach basket ball at Illinois Wesleyan university next winter. He has turned out three consecutive state championship teams.

The Illinois State Athletic commission has declined to join the movement to recognize Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia as Gene Tunney's successor to the world's heavyweight championship throne.

Cy Lungren and Harold Dangerfield, two members of the Penn State backfield for the past three years, have been engaged as assistant coaches for the Nittany team. Both will be in college to continue their studies.

University of Kansas, at Lawrence, has a stadium now that will seat 33,000. Two golf courses and 16 handball courts have been added to the athletic and sports equipment.

Tommy Murphy, former driver of harness horses and now trainer of racers, is a millionaire as a result of wise investments of the money he won with his pacers.

The marvel of the boxing world is Jack Britton. After 24 years of fighting the “old master” is still at it.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



HIS AMBITION

“Ambition,” said Norbert Quinn, “is a funny thing. My friend, Christopher Morley, prince of fantasy and Twentieth century Elizabethan, confided that he wished that he could draw and also that he could write successful plays.

“Quite in contrast is my little friend, William, who is saving up money to buy an airplane. ‘It's quite a worthy motive,’ I told him. ‘You are quite an ambitious boy.’

“‘You bet I am!’ William agreed, and added, ‘You see, I want to fly over Bobby Willet's yard and drop down bricks on him.’”—Los Angeles Times.

Got Him, Anyway

The Accused—Judge, it ain't no crime to be poor. Beside, I work mighty hard sometimes findin' jobs for my wife.

The Judge—You're right. It is no crime to be poor, but it is to run an employment agency without a license. Twenty-five and costs.

FOUND SHE'D BEEN SOLD



“She was given away as usual at her wedding, I suppose?”

“Oh, yes, but recently found she'd been sold.”

Self-Perfecting

“Practice maketh perfect.”

The proverb so doth teach—

Especially if we practice

The fine things that we preach.

Gooseflesh Barred

An old Southern planter was discussing the hereafter with one of the colored servants. “Sam,” he said, “if you die first, I want you to come back and tell me what it's like over there. If I die first, I'll come back and tell you what it's like.”

“Dat suits me, Massa,” replied the old negro, “but if you dies first, Ah wants you to promise me dat you'll come back in de daytime.”

That's Essential

“Yesterday you were not at the office, saying you were ill, and I saw you on the street.”

“Yes, I was going for the doctor.”

—Buen Humor, Madrid.

KNOW FOOL'S GOLD



Reggie—I have no trouble, Miss Sharpe, in telling fool's gold.

Miss S.—Oh, I'm sure you can tell how much money you have, Mr. Sapp.

—Buen Humor, Madrid.

Obscure Contributor

The fish that's landed as a prize.

For admiration comes to view;

But has no chance to realize

The honors that to him are due.

A Lesson in Geography

“The world is round, isn't it?”

“Supposed to be, yes.”

“Well, if I wanted to go east I could eventually get there by going west, couldn't I?”

“Say, what are you, a taxi driver?”

—Successful Farming.

The Aftermath

“Mrs. Smith seems to have got over the death of her first husband.”

“Yes, but her second husband hasn't.”—Nagel's Lustige Welt, Berlin.

The Great Inducement

Blanche—Sad about Mrs. Sanford biting her tongue off, wasn't it?

Florence—Yes, but there was compensation even in this misfortune.

Blanche—How so?

Florence—Her husband stays home evenings now.

Great Day for Them

“Bill's a bit of an egotist, isn't he?”

“Egotist! Say, when that fellow has a birthday he wishes his friends many happy returns of the day.”

Cheat

“So your husband has been deceiving you, eh?”

“Yes, the wretch! I used to give him five cents for his carfare every day, and I found out that he's been walking to work and spending the money.”

Close to Work

Visitor—Who is that poorly dressed man over near the telephone?

Editor—Oh, he's the editor of our men's fashion department.



The Colfax Bookplate

By Agnes Miller

W.M.U. SERVICE.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"One minute, please, Miss Grosvenor," interrupted Mr. Almy; "your cousin was not in business here, was he? How would he have had to make arrangements for a short trip?"

"He was studying Spanish; he had a lesson every day. But he said readily—too readily—that he felt sure he could go; and he and my grandfather exchanged such a queer look; they never knew I saw it, they were so absorbed in themselves. But it was plain that they understood each other about some secret. My grandfather had shown no special interest in the notice about the auction until Carlisle's 'Notes' was mentioned, and then so much, and such determination to conceal it from me, that I felt there was something strange involved, something about me, that the other two didn't want me to suspect.

"Well, I was roused. I wondered if things were possibly shaping to give me a chance to find out about the secret which had always surrounded my parentage; you know I had never been told anything about my father and mother—"

"By your grandfather?" asked Mr. Almy.

"Nor by Charles," answered Julia. "And I always thought he must have known something about them. He's enough older than I am to remember or to have picked up something about my mother."

"Do you know how old you were when she died?"

"Four months old. I was told that by an old colored nurse of mine who had been in the family for decades, and who had waited on my mother; she also said my mother died of tuberculosis. She took care of me only when I was very tiny, for she was sent home to Virginia for telling me as much as that. My suspicions about the book were nothing but suspicions; yet I was so distressed and vexed that I just made up my mind to go to Richmond myself, and look at that book, and see what was so interesting about it."

"So I went. I wanted to avoid Charles, so I decided not to go to the auction, but to the exhibition room early in the day. And there, first thing, I nearly ran straight into him! Gracious! I was frightened! But there was a large showcase not far from where he was standing beside the counter, so I waited behind that until he should leave. I saw him looking at a book very carefully; I couldn't, of course, see what book it was, but I watched him closely, and . . . I saw him trying to pry the bookplate off with his finger nail! And then I heard him order the clerk to take a bid from him, for Carlisle's 'Notes,' up to five hundred dollars, for he said he couldn't attend the auction."

"That was curious, after he went down especially to accommodate your grandfather," remarked Mr. Almy.

"Not at all, if you knew him," said Julia, coolly. "He has many friends in Richmond, really a large social circle. He didn't want to go down solely on account of that book, I assure you. And five hundred dollars! Judging from what little I know about some of the prices my grandfather paid for similar books, it wasn't worth one hundred! He might well have been sure he would get it. Then he went out, and I went and asked for the book to examine it. And when I got it, I almost fainted! It didn't have a real bookplate in it at all!"

"No," said I, "it had a drawing that would deceive almost anybody but an artist."

"It was a wonderfully skillful piece of work," said Julia. "It seemed very strange to me that anyone would make a drawn bookplate, unless for some special book, in event, perhaps, of accident to the metal plate from which the regular bookplates were engraved. I wondered what there was about that very queer bookplate that made my two relatives so anxious to conceal it from me. I was distracted; I hadn't an idea what to do, until I heard a voice asking for that book. It was Mr. Burton's; I recognized it at the auction. It gave me my idea."

"Charles wasn't going to the sale; some one else was interested in the book. I then and there resolved to go to the auction in the faint hope that some one might outbid Charles. In that event, I resolved to find out who it was, and keep track of the book until I could either learn the truth about it or perhaps even buy it. If Charles succeeded in getting the book, I felt sure I'd have little chance of ever seeing it again. I can't tell you how his attitude and my grandfather's terrified me! The rest of the story you know, for Mr. Burton got the book."

"A very clear, interesting account of your experiences, Miss Grosvenor," said Mr. Almy. "I'm much obliged to you, and I shan't trouble you further today if I can help it. May I just use your telephone a moment, if you please?"

The door closed on him. My real chance to speak to Julia Grosvenor had come at last.

"Yes," I said quietly, "Peter Burton got that book; and I know why, and so do you. It was for your sake. It was to help you out of a difficulty he didn't understand at all. He didn't want you of pure civility, because he knew you were in great need of just that service. You can see he has not

broadcast his deed, either. Mr. Almy's source of information about Richmond is the clerk from the galleries. And ever since that purchase, Pete has been in no end of hot water."

Julia groaned—moved, indeed, far beyond what I had expected.

"What has happened?" she gasped.

"Mr. Darrow was furious over the price, to begin with, Peter Burton bore the blame in silence. The legal society which had ordered the book—for which Peter ostensibly bought it—then refused it. Then your recognition of him in the shop on Monday caused a great deal of comment, which he entirely ignored. He is not in the best of spirits; but if I know Peter, Burton—I have known him seven years—he is seeing this thing through without flinching. So I can't help hoping you'll finish your story, Miss Grosvenor; tell us all you know about the mystery surrounding your grandfather's death; clear yourself of suspicion, for suspicion does hang over you. Oh, don't make a poor return for the unswerving confidence shown in you by this week of silence and suffering!"

Julia's face was blanched, her breath came in gasps. At first she could not speak; when she finally raised her eyes from the floor, they were again full of tears.

"Oh," she whispered huskily, "but you don't know how poor my best return would be—"

She was interrupted. A latch key sounded in the front door. Charles MacIvor stood before us.

But before he could speak, Mr. Almy had stepped back into the room. So Mr. MacIvor, on taking me in, had no opportunity to comment on the presence in "his" house of one he



Charles MacIvor Stood Before Us.

had ordered out of it the previous evening, though from his expression he was not pleased. Julia grew very uneasy, but Mr. Almy, placid and self-possessed, inquired politely what was wanted.

"I came to see my cousin on personal matters," said MacIvor, coolly. "By which," Mr. Almy responded, "you mean that bookplate you want out of Carlisle's 'Notes.' There it is, look at it."

Taken aback as MacIvor was by this unexpected answer, he could not restrain his eagerness to see the bookplate. He snatched it breathlessly from the other man's hand, and like Julia, turned it over, only to see the blank back. In stupefaction, he stared at it fully half a minute, then turned on his cousin, white with rage, and badly frightened, but attempting to conceal his fright under bluster.

"Thought you'd get ahead of me again, did you?"

"I don't know what you mean, Charles," said Julia.

"Likely story! Got the bookplate through your new confidante, Miss Fuller, did you? I don't think you'd arouse all her sympathies if you told her your whole story."

"Miss Fuller brought me the bookplate because she knew I had an interest in it," cried Julia, aroused. "I have as much right to it as you have!"

Charles opened his eyes.

"As much!" he echoed; "as much!" He looked at her hard, studying her. "How much is that?" She looked back at him innocent.

"I know you and grandfather both wanted that book, Carlisle's 'Notes,'" she said quietly, "and I know I wasn't allowed to go and get it, so I suspect that there may be something about it you don't want me to know."

"What?"

Her natural sincerity gave her away.

"I don't know," she admitted.

"You don't know!" repeated Charles, triumphantly. "You just implied it was the bookplate. Be careful, Julia; you're stumbling. What was it about the bookplate that interested you?"

I felt he was testing her to see how much she knew. I glanced at Mr. Almy, imploring him silently to stop the questioning, but he did not see me. Julia looked at her cousin, affronted.

"Perhaps it was the same thing that interested you, when you tried to pry it off the cover in the exhibition

room at Richmond!" she flung at him. He almost sprang out of his seat. "You were there, were you?" he cried. "Spying on me?"

"I have as much right in any exhibition room as any one!" cried Julia. "Don't dare speak to me that way! Why were you so interested in the bookplate yourself?"

"You'll never know that!" sneered her cousin. "And a lot of good the bookplate has done you, hasn't it? Keep it!" He gave it one final appraising glance and flung it on the table.

"I will keep it," returned Julia, calmly; "or, rather, Miss Fuller will. She has charge of it." And she handed it to me.

His suspicions blazed up again.

"You've been lying to me! That bookplate's not all there! The idea of pretending you don't know what I'm talking about!"

"It," said Julia, reflectively, "taking all our circumstances into consideration, part of the bookplate is not there, according to your judgment, and if there is something secret about it which I must not know because it would be to my advantage and against yours, I guess that you were expecting to find down at Richmond some document which would give me a right to part of the estate!"

"So this is why you've been in cahoots with all that gang at Darrow's—Burton, and his sister, and this woman. Anybody else?" he stormed.

"I haven't an idea what you mean!" cried Julia.

"You've been working against me, after the special kindness I showed you!" The emphasis in his words was deadly.

Julia gave a start, and looked frightened, but did not reply. Mr. Almy, however, broke promptly in:

"Special kindness. Since it suits your taste to refer to such a thing, MacIvor, you'll not mind saying if you mean that trip you made to Darrow's Thursday night?"

Charles MacIvor sprang from his chair.

"That d-d sneak Case!" he shouted. "So he's a friend of yours too, is he, Julia?"

"He certainly is—a good one!" cried Julia, outraged. "You shan't speak so of him! He was here today to offer me the aid refused me by the men of my own family—and he is a stranger! He said he knew you, had seen you off and on all your life; he warned me against you! And he did right!"

"He warned you against me, did he? And he told the police I broke into Darrow's late at night to steal. I suppose, by way of helping you?"

"No," interposed Mr. Almy, suavely, "Mr. Case did not mention the circumstance."

MacIvor turned violently on his cousin.

"Then you did! You're the one person who knew I was going, and you knew well why! For your own safety, you try to betray me, do you?"

"Charles," Julia denied, "I did not say one word about it!"

"Do you expect me to believe that? Who did, then?"

"I did," said I, boldly, "I saw you at my desk, from where I was standing in the north gallery!"

"Then it's a conspiracy against me, in behalf of you, is it?" shouted the infuriated MacIvor to his cousin. "Very well, then it's time for me to explain why I went to Darrow's. Here's the reason!"

Headless of her cry, of her hand stretched out to stop him, he dashed to the rear of the room, threw open one of the glass-doored bookcases, and snatched a small object from a lower shelf.

"That's what I went to get!" he cried, and flung it on the table, while Julia, overcome by his fury, sank back and covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Almy picked up the small object.

It was a cube-shaped brass box, the bases of which were about an inch and a half square. He revolved it slowly in his hand, and we could see it from every angle. From the top protruded a thick black metal staff nearly an inch in length, out of a wide slot about half the length of the base. Beside this shaft, in the very center of the top, was a flat black screw that stood out perhaps a quarter of an inch on the round base of its own, sunk into the box. On the side of the box, just below the shaft, was a small black lever projecting from a small slot. And on the bottom, as he slowly turned it toward me, I saw—a pattern of slots which I instantly recognized! Straight across the bottom base they ran, in just the formation I had seen elsewhere, inching for me that conviction which had instantly sprung to my mind as Mr. Almy picked up the instrument: I had seen it on the bookplate in miniature; I had seen the pattern of these slots on my yellow note!

But I had little time to do more than identify the instrument. Mr. Almy grasped the box in his left hand and tentatively pressed the shaft. It slid readily along the wide slot in the top, and reaching the other end, stopped there, caught in place by the springing back of the small black lever in the small slot just below. But as he had pressed the shaft, he had held the bottom of the box to ward me, and from each slot I had seen a small sharp blade flash, all of them in one moment, describing a semicircle and disappearing again into the box as the lever sprang.

And now Mr. Almy let go of the shaft and pressed the little lever. And as he did so, the actor of the instrument was reversed: with lightning swiftness, the flashing, little blades all sprang out again from their hiding place inside the box, describing a semicircle in the opposite direction to their first course, and vanished, with a loud click that shattered the silence in that strange old-fashioned room!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't Blame the Women

Nothing is going to stop the prodigality with which women spend time and money on cosmetics, because, not only women, but the men who admire them, are convinced that it is worth all it costs.—Woman's Home Companion.

News Notes

It's a Privilege to Live in Utah

BRIGHAM CITY—Boxelder county, with a population of 20,819, spends \$8,386,922.65 annually for living necessities and miscellaneous items. The county has an assessed valuation of \$39,161,194, an average of \$7523.76 per family.

SALT LAKE—Ways of preventing a recurrence of brush fires similar to the one which raged recently for five days, in the vicinity of Dry, Red Butte and City Creek canyons were being considered by members of the city commission after rain had entirely extinguished the blaze.

PROVO—Reclamation projects estimated to cost \$8,418,000 and which will bring 41,700 acres of land into use are set forth in a report of investigations made in connection with the Deer Creek dam site on the Provo river, disclosed recently by E. O. Larsen, engineer in charge of the Salt Lake basin investigations.

MYTON—Virgil Neale, overseer on the Victory highway in resurfacing the road, recently moved his crew and trucks to Myton. They are now at work resurfacing with gravel the Myton-Roosevelt and also the Myton-Antelope units of the Victory highway from the gravel pit near here. They expect to remain in this locality two weeks.

GUNNISON—Workmen under the direction of the state road commission, have been erecting safety signs all along the state highway. Signs are being placed at all strategic points and are neat and ornamental and give adequate information to the tourist. It is hoped that vandals will not mar them by using them as targets or to write autographs and sign names.

HEBER CITY—Expenditures by the federal government for the administration of and improvements in the national forests of Utah amounted to \$587,606.48, while the receipts from all sources during the past fiscal year totaled \$186,501, according to a report received by E. C. Shepard, supervisor of the Wasatch national forest.

RICHFIELD—Forest Ranger Dyches, stationed in the Glenwood mountain district, discovered where mountain lions had killed five head of deer early in the week. One of the deer was a five-point buck, which had been slain and dragged for several hundred yards down a ravine. Evidence of mountain lion around sheep camps in the district is plentiful, says Ranger Dyches, who believes they are more common than the coyote.

COALVILLE—Oiling of more than thirteen miles of road will be part of the 1928 road program of Summit county, it was decided recently at a conference between members and engineers of the state road commission and Summit county commissioners. Part of the roads to be oiled will have to be constructed also, and the total cost of the work planned is estimated at approximately \$45,000, it was announced.

OGDEN—Bids were opened recently in the office of the United States bureau of public roads on construction work on one road in Idaho and another in Utah. The George A. Lyon company was the only bidder on the Idaho road, which provided for grading of 1.69 miles of road on the Teton highway near Victor. The bid was \$15,887.90. The engineer's estimate is \$15,334.65. The bid was recommended to the Washington offices.

RICHFIELD—The first rainstorm of wide extent visited the southeastern section of Utah Wednesday night, restoring the mountain sheep and cattle ranges to near normalcy and giving new hope to the stockmen, who have grazed their herds on heaved ground for some months. Reports from as far south as Kane county and from the Escalante district indicate that the rainfall was quite beneficial and that stockfeeding areas were liberally wetted down.

MYTON—Goodrich and Hancock, partners in the sheep business at Bluebell, have bought from Mrs. T. A. Gardner a band 800, 2 and 3-year-old ewes. The price reported was \$15.25 per head, making a total of \$12,200, which is a record price in this part of the basin, at least for some time. The owners immediately drove the herd into the upper country, where they expect to graze them.

CEDAR CITY—For the protection of fish with an estimated value of \$250,000 in Navajo lake the Cedar City chamber of commerce and the local fish and game protective association are building a dam 500 feet long across the lake separating the main portion of the lake from the east end section, in which there are many volcanic sink holes. After the unusually dry season the lake is low and is now receding four or five inches a day. It is feared that the fish will not survive if the lake is allowed to decrease much more in volume.

BUREKA—A contract will be let out soon to construct a landing field for airplanes in the Tintie valley, according to information which Postmaster Frank Reesley has just received from the department of commerce at Washington. The task includes the grading, clearing and fencing of 63 acres of land just north of Tintie Junction. The work must be completed before November 24. Specifications call for removing all brush and trees, as well as rocks over four inches in diameter, then dragging the land and filling in gopher holes, ditch as, etc.

THINGS TO KNOW

A bath in borax solution is a splen did tonic for the eyes.

An old shaving brush is excellent for dusting phonograph records.

A cloth dipped in olive oil will take the rusty look from old leather books.

Rubber triangles on the corners of the oriental rugs will keep them from sliding over the floors.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Forget each kindness that you do as soon as you have done it: Forget the praise that falls to you. The moment you have won it: Forget the slander that you hear. Before you can repeat it: Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer. Whenever you may meet it."

SEASONABLE FOODS

As fresh oysters are now to be found in the markets try the following:

Oysters in Cucumber Cups.—Cut large cucumbers into quarters crosswise, remove the peel lengthwise in narrow strips, leaving strips of the green

peeling to give a striped effect. Scoop out each section for a cup to hold the oysters. Cucumbers that have too hard seeds to use for slicing may be used for these cups. Fill with chilled raw oysters and pour over a snappy cocktail sauce, using a little horseradish, catsup and a dash of cayenne and salt. Any fish with a tartar sauce may be served in this manner.

Chicken a la Reine.—With a small amount of chicken left from a previous meal, this appetizing dish may be made:

Cream two tablespoonsful of butter add the yolks of three hard cooked eggs rubbed to a paste. Soak one-fourth cupful of cracker crumbs in the same amount of milk and add to the egg mixture. Pour on gradually one cupful of chicken stock, then add one cupful of minced chicken. Season with salt, paprika and celery salt. Serve on toast.

Mock Venison.—Purchase a five pound leg of lamb. Wipe it with a damp cloth and lay in a dish of vinegar, six cloves, one onion sliced, one-fourth teaspoonful of ginger and ten peppercorns. Allow the lamb to remain in the vinegar one day, then turn and leave for a second day. Remove, cover with seasoned flour and roast as usual. A quart of not too strong vinegar will be sufficient.

Thousand Island Dressing.—One may prepare any kind of combination such as chopped onion, cheese, hard cooked egg, green and red pepper, bits of tomato, tomato catsup, chopped capers, pickles—sweet or sour—with salt and paprika and have (with a well prepared mayonnaise) a different salad dressing for every day of the week.

Mutton en Casserole.—Take a two-inch slice of a leg of yearling mutton. Remove the bone and fill the cavity with onion or strips of celery. Dredge with flour, salt and pepper. Place in a casserole a rich gravy of one cupful of brown stock, one-half cupful of currant jelly, a dozen chopped olives, six peppercorns, three whole cloves and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Thicken when boiling with one tablespoonful of flour mixed to a paste with a little water. Lay into this the round of mutton, spread the top with beef marrow, cover the casserole and bake one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Ways With Bananas.

"In our menus, just as in our lives, the truest pleasures come when we see a familiar thing in a new setting only to discover that it has unsuspected delights never before realized."

These recipes reveal a familiar fruit, the ubiquitous banana, used in delightful variation from cocktail to dessert:

Banana Whip.—Mash and cook three bananas in a double boiler with one-third of a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, until scalded. Add a few drops of vanilla and a pinch of salt, cool. Whip one cupful of cream until firm, add the bananas gradually and set aside to chill. Pile high in sherbet glasses, sprinkle with pistachio nuts and serve.

Banana Cake.—Cream one-half cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of pastry flour sifted with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt; two-thirds of a cupful of milk is added alternately with the flour. Beat well, add the beaten whites of three eggs folded in lightly. Bake in layer tins. Cover the layers with sliced bananas and lightly sweetened whipped cream. Use the same for the top of the cake. Chill before serving.

Three Fruit Cup.—Slice three oranges, three bananas and dice three cupfuls of pineapple. Arrange the fruit in layers in sherbet glasses. Whip cream very stiff, sweeten and flavor lightly with almond, cover top of cups with the cream and sprinkle shredded almonds over the top.

Fruit Sherbet.—Take three lemons, three oranges and three bananas, all put through a sieve, add three cupfuls of sugar, five cupfuls of rich milk, and one cupful of cream. Freeze and serve in sherbet glasses.

Fruit Ice.—Rub three bananas through a sieve, add the strained juice of three oranges and three lemons and two cupfuls of sugar. Let stand with three cupfuls of water and a pinch of salt until the sugar is dissolved, then freeze as usual.

Nellie Maxwell

Bird Hasn't "Made Good"

The English sparrow was claimed to be an excellent bug destroyer in his native land. It was thought he would be valuable to our farmers, but he changed when he got here. He preferred to live in the city. He does little or no good.

French Fond of Tennis

It is said that tennis is the most popular game in France. Boys begin learning the game as early as seven and eight years of age.

10 minutes ago-



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or tonsillitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! They relieve quickly, yet have no effect whatever on the heart. Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it harmless. Every druggist has it, with proven directions. Why not put it to the test?



Long-Forgotten Light Burned On Steadily

How a light in an unknown room in a theater at Glasgow, Scotland, burned unseen for 22 years, has just been reported. When electrical engineers were asked to give quotations on overhauling the lighting system a certain line of conduit disappeared in a wall, and the trail ended. Nearby was a locked door, the key to which had been lost. No one from the manager to the call boy could remember that the door had ever been opened. It was forced. The unknown room had been used by billposters, and according to a poster lying there the place had not been used since 1906. A 16 candle-power carbon lamp was burning brightly just as it had evidently been left by the last occupant of the room. The report adds that when the manager estimated the cost of the wasted light of 60 watts for 22 years, he fainted.

Room for Many Millions

Prof. H. L. Shantz of the University of Illinois recently told the National Academy of Sciences that the earth is capable of supporting 8,000,000,000 people if all the land is fully utilized. This, says Popular Science Magazine, would be nearly five times the present population of the world.

Tolerance is never forced.

"Food for Thought"

It's almost time to think of your winter fuel supply. Give this matter the thought it merits. You want a coal with the minimum of slack, soot and clinkers. UTAH-GRAND COAL is Different. It makes no stringy soot, no clinkers and because it is harder, it has less slack, stores better and burns longer. Think it over, then order UTAH-GRAND COAL. Equally as good for brooder, range, heating stove or furnace. Phone your dealer or write us.

CHESTERFIELD COAL COMPANY

Salt Lake City, Utah

Couldn't Try It
"Did you try that recipe for wilted lettuce?"
"I asked for wilted lettuce at the market and the man got mad."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Entirely by Motor
"Did you complete your trip by motor?"
"Yes," said Mr. Chuggins; "part way in my own car and part way in an ambulance."



LEONARD EAR OIL

Improves Hearing, Relieves Head Noises

Nine out of ten cases of DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES are caused by catarrhal mucus (matter) in the Eustachian Tubes, which connects the nose and the ears. Leonard Ear Oil removes the MUCUS, OPENS UP THE TUBE and THE OTHER AIR PASSAGES OF THE HEAD, and the result is improved hearing and relief from Head Noises. It is not put in the ears, but is "INSERTED IN THE NOSTRILS" and "RUBBED IN BACK OF THE EARS" and special instructions by a noted Ear Specialist in each package for different kinds of Deafness and Head Noises tell you exactly how to take care of your own case. Leonard Ear Oil is not an experiment but has had a very large and constantly growing sale since 1907, and every year it has relieved thousands of people of their Ear Troubles. No matter how long you have been deaf, nor how deaf you are, or what caused your deafness, or how many things you have already tried which have failed to relieve you, Leonard Ear Oil has relieved many such cases as your own. Why not you? The price is \$1.25. Leonard Ear Oil is for sale at Druggists, or direct postpaid upon receipt of price.

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Cuticura Heals Annoying Rashes

Bathe the affected parts freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry without rubbing, and anoint with Cuticura Ointment. This treatment not only soothes and heals rashes and irritations but tends to prevent such conditions.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Cuticura 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 34, Malden, Mass."

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The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

?

WNU Service
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CHAPTER XI—Continued
—18—

Where, oh where had I heard that click before? Last night, in that same room? Could it have been that mechanism of the shaft and the lever which I confused with a hammer and a trigger? I caught Charles MacIvor's eye; he was glancing at me triumphantly; he read my thought. Instantly I glanced at Julia, and she was looking at me imploringly, as if to beg me not to misjudge her, even though that instrument must have been in her hand before she emerged from the shadows, snatched up to deceive the intruder, who she did not know was her cousin. Yet I hardly noticed either of them. That strange click was beating on my brain; its source, that small brass box, had been in Darrow's; I had heard that click before, not once, but often! I had heard it at 10:30 that fateful Monday previous, when the shipping-office applicant rang in, and again ten minutes later; at 7:20 Thursday evening, and also at 10:15—that click, which I now knew was not the time-clock, similar though it had sounded. All in one stunned minute these facts flashed across my mind. Then Mr. Almy spoke. He was working the flat screw on the top of the box up and down, and at intervals snapping the trigger. He tapped the screw:

"This is a depth-gauge. It regulates the depth which these knives cut. They can make a deep incision or a slight scratch, as desired. Sixteen of 'em, eh? And all grouped together. This is a beautiful little instrument."

Julia shivered.

"Paris, eighteen-twenty-five," read Mr. Almy, slowly, deciphering some tiny letters along one edge of the box which he turned to the light. "This instrument is evidently used for scarfing, MacIvor; belongs to the days of bloodletting. Your great-grandfather's was it?"

"Yes! It's a spring-lancet."

"Now, how did it get into Darrow's, so that you should have to go back after it?" wondered Mr. Almy, paying no attention to the defiant tone. "Miss Fuller, what were you doing with this spring-lancet in your desk?"

"It never was in my desk!" I protested.

"But you say you saw Mr. MacIvor at your desk Thursday night, and he says he went to Darrow's to get this spring-lancet?"

"It never was in the desk," I repeated firmly; "but it was under the desk. When I sat down there to work, early that evening, I pulled my chair far in, to settle down. It was the first time in three days I had been able to do so without fear of interruption; since Monday I had merely snatched a few minutes there as I was able, constantly rising to look up references or find material. Well, as I pulled my chair in, to settle down, I distinctly heard this very click. My foot must have touched the hammer of the lancet; it must have been under the desk, set!"

Julia began to tremble violently. Her cousin said with triumph:

"There! You've given yourself away. I can't protect you any longer. I saw you in Darrow's Monday morning, Julia, in the history alcove. I saw grandfather in the medical alcove in front of you. I was in the narrow left-hand aisle under the gallery. I didn't want to see what might happen if you two met in that bookshop. So I helped you, again, by clearing out."

"What time were you there?" demanded Julia.

"Ten o'clock. I left within five minutes of entering the shop, and went straight to my Spanish lesson, remaining there until twelve o'clock. No doubt you know grandfather was last seen conscious at twenty minutes of eleven. And didn't I call you up early Thursday, to ask how you were?"

"Yes; and to ask questions that showed me you thought maybe I had grasped the fact that you and grandfather both wanted that book I had read him about the week before," returned Julia, scornfully. "That was the first time you suggested maybe I had been after it in Darrow's; that maybe I had it!"

"It was at that time," Charles continued implacably, "that you told me where the spring-lancet was! I went, and got it for you, asking not one single question. I've also offered you financial assistance. In return, you try to get me in bad with the police, to direct suspicion from yourself!"

"What do you mean?"

"To distract the authorities' attention from the fact that you sent me to get this deadly weapon from Darrow's, from its hiding place which was known to you, you suggest that I've been trying to steal something that is no property of yours. If Miss Fuller sprang it with her foot, it must have been set. To divert suspicion? It was sprung when I found it, for I reset and sprang it to prove that."

The 10:15 click was explained! But I scarcely noticed the fact.

"Charles!" choked Julia, "are you accusing me of murdering my grandfather? . . . Oh . . . oh!"

For he was shrugging his shoulders mockingly. Mr. Almy intervened:

"Be careful what you say, both of you!"

"I have nothing to say," cried Julia passionately, "except that it is true my cousin went to get that spring-lancet, just as he says, and that he asked no questions. Neither did I ask

him any questions after I had picked it up from beside my grandfather, in the law-book alcove last Monday morning!"

"And you leaped to the conclusion that I attacked him with it. Wonderful idea!" scoffed Charles, roughly. "What possible motive could I have had for wishing him out of the way?"

"To get that book with the bookplate before he did," answered Julia, steadily; "to get money—quickly. You always need it, Charles; he wouldn't give you all you wanted. Your desire for money is what's sending you to Buenos Aires. . . . And listen! I know I put those Liberty bonds into grandfather's desk, yonder; he asked me to do so. On Tuesday, when I came back from the hospital, they were gone. You are the only person who has a duplicate key to that desk; I suspected that you must have come back to the house unseen—"

"(He came back," I murmured to Mr. Almy, "but not unseen. Tell you later!")

"—and taken them. And sure enough, they were sold for you. And I said nothing. But that's aside from the present point. Why did you go to Darrow's on Monday, if not after that book?"

Charles MacIvor flushed with rage, but seeing that he was still in a stronger position than Julia, he glared at her with defiance. She paid no attention to his anger. In fact, she spoke, seeing she must speak, as gently as she did firmly.

"Charles," she said, "it was for you that I hid that spring-lancet."

"For me!"

"Yes. I kicked it under that desk as I ran up the aisle. For you I have kept silence, until you betrayed me. Now I see your absence from Darrow's after ten o'clock has made all my effort useless, foolish. I am in a defenseless position. All I can say of my own movements there that morning is that I spent the whole time searching for Charles's 'Notes.' What happened from twenty minutes of eleven until a quarter past, in reference to grandfather, I have no idea. But I have told the truth; my innocence will be proved."

CHAPTER XII
Revelations

"You'll need more than faith for that!" sneered Charles.

I had had enough of him.

"All right," said I. "I'll have some works too. One minute, please!"

My three companions, even Mr. Almy, stared at me open-mouthed, but I did not care, for I was going to make the bluff of my life, which was based, however, on some very careful thinking. I had been doing during the last half-hour. There was a bowl of flowers on the table. I snatched them out of the bowl, picked up the bookplate, and laid it carefully on the surface of the water. Holding it there with one hand, with the other I extracted from my hair the sole wire hairpin I always wear out of deference to two helpless male relatives who beg at the most extraordinary times for a tin one! I plucked a pipe with. Next moment I cleaned the bookplate forth from the bowl, laid hold of its edge firmly with my left thumb and forefinger, rasped the edge with the hairpin, and then slid the wire loop into a tiny crevice which had appeared on the edge. The damp paper parted farther as the hairpin slipped along. I returned it to its place, grasped the edges of the groove I had made, and pulled gently.

Slowly the bookplate peeled apart, amid a silence unbroken even by breathing. The picture remained in my left hand. It was printed, with some blanks filled in by hand. I glanced at it, handed it to Julia, and regarded Mr. MacIvor with my sweetest smile.

"I'd never have thought of doing that if you hadn't suggested it wasn't all there," I observed affably.

But Julia interrupted, with a cry that ended all small talk:

"I was right! I knew it, I knew it!"

We all rushed to surround her.

In her shaking hand, slightly blurred by the water, yet still quite legible, its edges trimmed to fit the size of the bookplate which had been so tightly and so indiscernibly affixed to it, was a birth certificate. And on it was set forth that on May 2, 1905, in New York, Julia Grosvenor had been born, the daughter of Miles Harrington (deceased) of Elliot's Crossing, Virginia, and his wife, Mary Grosvenor.

"Well!" said Mr. Almy.

He said it after a long time, during which nobody had spoken. He spoke in a tone of congratulation and relief, in which, however, there was a faint undercurrent of apprehension. I don't know if anyone else noticed that, for certainly Julia was too excited, and as for Charles MacIvor, he passed out of my mind entirely for the moment.

"Of course," resumed Mr. Almy, "that thing had to be somewhere; but I'll tell you frankly now, I had given up hope of finding it, for every clew was exhausted." Julia was not listening to him, however; her eyes were still devouring the certificate. He took her gently by the arm, and made her sit down. "Listen, please," he said to her. "I have something else to tell you, some of it as good news as you have just heard. But first I must ask you to forgive me for the suffering you have undergone since your cousin came in a few minutes ago. I had to let him talk; and you'll talk some more, MacIvor, and to better purpose, in a moment!"

"What is the good news, Mr. Almy?" interrupted Julia, feebly.

He seemed to choose his words cautiously.

"When I went to the telephone," he answered, "I learned something I had not expected to hear so soon. I will just tell you now in a word that the person suspected of attacking your grandfather has been arrested. The evidence on which he is detained clears you entirely of suspicion. Details will be available later; just remember, now, you are cleared. And now," he added abruptly, "what you want to know, and are entitled to know, is the story of that bookplate. Out with it, MacIvor!"

For the first time since she had seen the certificate, Julia looked at her

cousin. He was vindictive and sulky in his defeat; but Julia was such an appealing figure in her solitude and suffering that he actually spoke with a trace of shame, forced to obey his orders:

"It was your mother who drew that bookplate, Julia."

"My mother!"

"She was a gifted artist—"

"She must have been—oh, far beyond what I am! Why have I never known this? Why haven't I seen any of her other work, all my life?"

"Grandfather destroyed it."

"How did he dare?" flamed the girl. Then she quieted down. "Well, what does it matter after all? She left this bookplate; it was by that that she saved my birth certificate for me! Why are you startled, Charles? Of course I know that! How? Simply because she was my mother, and no one else would have done it for me. You may tell me how she did it!"

Charles had indeed been startled by the unerring divination, and began nervously:

"I was here visiting grandfather a couple of months after you were born, Julia. I was nearly nine years old—old enough to notice lots of things. I sensed there was some kind of trouble about Aunt Mary, your mother. She was very sick, for one thing; she hardly ever went out. Then grandfather seldom spoke to her. Sometimes, when she felt well enough, she would draw a little. I liked to watch her. One of a number of sketches I saw her working on was that bookplate. Of course I didn't know then what it was."

"One day she asked me to mail a letter for her. It was addressed to a Mr. Edward Case, whom I remembered having seen at the house more than once, during a previous visit I made. I had liked him; he was friendly, and had shown me some little attentions such as a small boy enjoys. In fact, he had made some impression on me, and as you know now I recognized him last Thursday night. It certainly was a shock, especially as he seemed to have changed scarcely at all. And the most amazing thing was that, in a minute, he appeared to recognize me—"

Charles had not known then, of course, what Mr. Case had told Julia, an hour or so ago—that he had seen him off and on, in the neighborhood, undoubtedly, during the course of the years which had passed since his boyhood. Nor did he realize, probably, that his boldly formed features, his dark complexion, were of the type which changes least during growth. But he did suggest the immediate cause of the recognition, as he went on:

"I suppose the presence of the book, in the desk which I was apparently engaged in searching, stimulated Mr. Case's recollections violently. Well, to continue: The night after I had mailed my aunt's letter, I woke up suddenly. I was sleeping in that little room right alongside here; that's now the reception room; the noise that woke me came from this room. I peeped in, and saw my aunt opening that French window, which had creaked. She went out on the balcony. Full of curiosity, I followed her.

"Leaning over the railing, she spoke to some one down in the street: 'You'll give it to Royall?' I recognized Mr. Case's voice in answer: 'I promise.' I saw her drop a small book over the rail. Then I had just time to get back into my room and shut the door before she came back into the house."

Six weeks later, she died. After a few days, of course, I got used to her absence, and took interest mainly in what happened around me from day to day. I noticed especially that grandfather kept searching, apparently in vain, through her papers for something he wanted very much. Then one day he missed something of his own, an old medical book that had belonged to his father the doctor. He accused me of having taken or mislaid it.

"I knew absolutely nothing about it, and disclaimed all knowledge of it, but he wouldn't believe me. He was very stern, and frightened me. Finally it came back to me that I had seen my aunt drop a book over the balcony that night. I had never told anyone of that experience; I liked knowing a secret that was none of my business, and, though I can't claim much credit, I was fond of Aunt Mary, and would never have done anything to hurt her. Still, now she was gone; and grandfather persistently accused me of having taken that book, so finally, in the hope of placating him, or at least distracting his attention from me, I told him what I had seen that night. Not one word did he say as I told my tale; but at least he never asked me for the book again."

"Well, years afterward grandfather told me what the story revealed to him. The paper he had been searching for was your birth certificate, and when he couldn't find it, he knew your mother had hidden it somewhere, for she would not have destroyed it. He realized, therefore, that she had hidden it most cunningly. She had chosen one of his most valued books for its hiding place. The bookplate would easily conceal the certificate, the book gave a convenient means for handling it, and if she had died before she could dispose of the book, the certificate would probably never have been disturbed."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Magpie's Many Virtues

The magpie, which is quite common on the plains and mountains of the West, has many excellent qualities and as many bad ones. As an insect eater the magpie surpasses the crow and all other members of the same family. Destructive weevils, caterpillars and grasshoppers characterize its insect food, which forms nearly 36 per cent of its diet. The magpie also eats a limited number of small rodents, and as a carrion feeder it does additional good. The magpie has, however, some outstanding faults. It is guilty of the destruction of poultry and beneficial wild birds and their eggs, and at times becomes a pest on the cattle ranch by its attacks on sick, injured or weak live stock. There are times when the birds gather in such large numbers that it becomes necessary to kill off some of them.

New One-Piece Grid Uniform



Charles Piculewicz, varsity full-back of the Fordham university football team, wearing the new one-piece uniform and carrying the old-type suit in his hand. The jersey and the pants are not detachable and give an overall effect. It will be lighter to wear than the old uniform and greater speed is therefore anticipated among the backs.

It is more than likely that this new style of clothing will meet with much favor, especially by teams having games during sloppy weather, especially around Thanksgiving time. Anything to increase speed is wanted

Planning Present Day Forward Pass Offensive

"In planning a present day forward passing offensive, it is not only advisable to know the type of your opponents' defensive against pass tactics, but to know also your material at hand," writes Pat Page, football coach of Indiana, in an article in the Athletic Journal. "That is, first what kind of passers you have—long, short, or speedy? Have the receivers height, cleverness and speed? There are different ways to forward pass just as we have a variety of baseball pitching."

"Forward pass plays may be classed in three groups—out, down and over. The rules now state that the pass must be at least five yards back of the scrimmage line and may be caught by any man on the end of the line or by a back; thus six men are eligible to receive passes. Some coaches build their plays into certain territories or zones, while others play a man-to-man game, running free lance."

"Out passes, although used a great deal, are considered dangerous, especially in the bad lands, for if intercepted there is not much chance to recover them. Therefore, they should be used well down the field, have safety men and should be executed with speed. The forty-five degree angle pass is best handled by a couple of speedy backs. These men can fake their run and then pass or fake the pass and run."

El Ouafi Is Here



El Abdel Baghinel Ouafi, Moroccan winner of the recent Olympic marathon at Amsterdam, as he appeared on his arrival at New York. El Ouafi is here to run professionally under the management of Tex Rickard.

Need Soil Doctors for Golf Courses

American golf courses need soil doctors and should look to agricultural colleges for such supply of specialists, in the opinion of Dr. M. M. McCool, head of the soils division of the Michigan State college.

The Michigan soils expert believes that the incorporation of golf course treatment in the extension programs of the agricultural colleges would be a progressive step toward better golf courses. He says there is an enormous waste in the initial laying out of a links and a loss in maintenance because of the slight knowledge of soil conditions.

Hornsby in Business

Rogers Hornsby, manager of the Boston Nationals, plans to enter the fancy live stock business when he retires from baseball, he revealed in a letter to J. W. Lipscomb, a friend. Hornsby asked Lipscomb to send several negroes to sod his 93-acre farm near St. Louis with blue grass. Explaining his plans, the baseball star said: "I want something to fall back on when I quit the diamond." It is believed that Hornsby will pay much attention to pure-bred cattle.

FOUR CLEVELAND GRIDDERS RETURN Coach Jack Wilce Chuckles at Glowing Prospects.

Jack Wilce, in his sixteen years as Ohio State football coach, has had his troubles.

Losing teams are bothersome, and fans forget the championship eleven of eight and ten years back.

The triumphs of the past can't satisfy the rousing appetite of "Beat Michigan," "Beat Illinois," in the giant concrete horseshoe stadium at Columbus.

But as Doctor Wilce previews his material for the coming season, his last an Ohio State coach, he can't help but chuckle in anticipation of the fine football talent he's getting from Cleveland.

Headed by Leo Raskowski, the all-American tackle, the Fifth City battalion contributes more players to the Buckeye forces than any other city with the exception of Columbus.

Besides Raskowski, one of the greatest of Ohio State linemen, three other Clevelanders will return already having won their varsity "O's. They are: Howard Kriss, Cyril Surina and Walter Schmidt.

Kriss is the former Shaw high half-back, who will be remembered by Ohioans for his spectacular run in the Chicago game last year of 50 yards to the goal line where he outleaped two taller Maroon defenders, caught a forward pass from Robin Bell and scored the touchdown which gave State one of its two Big Ten victories.

Surina is an end, a former East Tech player, Schmidt, an end who has been remodeled into a guard and center, played at West Tech, while Raskowski captained East High in 1924.

Two Cleveland freshmen of last year who are expected to deliver this season are Reese Dill, former Lakewood star, an end, and William Griffith, of Shaw, a 215-pound guard. Dick Follett, former East High griddler, is also expected to bid for an end position if he returns to school.

Byron Ely, Harold Kruskamp, Howard Kriss, Art Huston, George Fouch, Coffee Cory, Hieronymus and McClure are veteran backfield men returning. The yearlings offer Allen Holman a choice for quarterback.

Raskowski, Young, Alber, Schmidt, Schear, Carlin, Cox and Nesser are varsity linemen returning. Fred Barrett is an excellent 215-pound candidate for center from the freshman ranks, while Griffith, Dill and Rebollet are other potentialities.

Ohio State plays only two big ten games at home this year, meeting Michigan and Iowa, but plays Princeton in Columbus for the first time. Three Conference teams to be played on the road are Illinois, Northwestern and Indiana.

Hawley Gets Leave to Again Coach Dartmouth

Jess B. Hawley, coach of football at Dartmouth for the last five seasons and four times victor over Harvard in the Green's big game, will tutor the Hanover eleven again this fall, Harry P. Menage, supervisor of athletics at Dartmouth, announces. Hawley has obtained a leave of absence from the radio firm of which he is a director, enabling him to be with his team until November 24 when the big Green eleven will close its season with a game against Northwestern at Evanston. Hawley feared the leave would not be granted.

Minnesota Needs Back to Fill Out Good Team

"Last year's squad leaves us only a couple of first string ends, a first string tackle and a first-string guard," declares Dr. C. W. Spears, Minnesota coach. "We have to find a right tackle, center and left guard. If we develop these men and find a couple of ball carriers to add to our backfield we will have a fighting chance in our six conference games. Otherwise we will be lucky to break even."

"Minnesota needs big, fast backs more than anything else. I don't know where they are coming from. Some of the candidates may develop into polished players, but with those I saw in spring practice I'll about a toss up. They may come through and they may not. We are starting the season with Mr. If in five positions, and we may have to go right through with the same guy in the same position."

Tunney's First Bout

A hundred francs—about \$4—"which was lots of money in those days," was the amount of the first purse collected for Gene Tunney in a prize fight.

The statement was made in the course of an eighteen-minute talk before the American Club luncheon at which more than three hundred guests were present. The former champion talked of peace and war for fully thirteen out of eighteen minutes and then spoke more briefly on the subject of boxing.—Le Matin, Paris.



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Entertain on Trains

Patrons of a Paris subway line are enjoying picture shows as the trains speed through the tubes. Four magic lanterns have been installed in each car, two on each side, and the views are projected on the dark walls of the subway. Advertisements, pictures of celebrities and other features are shown. The lanterns operate automatically, and the show begins as soon as a train leaves the station.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptive product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Newspapers Their Bed

Many Havana newshyos, after disposing of afternoon sheets, curl up in doorways of morning paper plants and await the next distribution. Several hundred newshyos thus taking their one rest of the day, covered with old newspapers, is not an unusual sight.

In His Chosen Field

"And do you lose yourself in your work?"

"Yes."

"What is your work?"

"Exploring Central Africa."

Dogs are able to digest bones easily because their stomachs secrete more hydrochloric acid than the human stomach.

CAN NOW DO ANY WORK

Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denison, Texas.—"I think there is no tonic equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nervousness and I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and the Pills for Constipation. I can certainly praise your medicines for what they have done for me and I wish you success in the future. I can do any kind of work now and when women ask me what has helped me I recommend your medicines. I will answer any letters I receive asking about them."

—Mrs. EMMA GREEN, Route 3, Box 53, Denison, Texas.

RECKLE OINTMENT

For red sore throat. It does the work of \$1.75 and \$2.50. Pinkham's Ointment makes your skin beautiful. \$1.25 per tin. Ask your dealer or write Dr. C. H. Barry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago

The Colfax Bookplate

By
AGNES MILLER

2

WNU Service
© by The Century Co.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"But in removing the original bookplate in order to conceal the certificate, he thought she must have torn the former. Hence the need to make a copy, as I had seen her do. Incidentally, grandfather was much vexed that that original should have disappeared, for it was a real Colfax engraving, the only copy he had of his father the doctor's bookplate."

If Mr. Almy hadn't interrupted, I should have had to, I was so bursting with curiosity, and I should have not been able to compel the answer he received.

"One minute, Macivor. How did your grandfather happen to own a Colfax bookplate?"

"Hugh Colfax made it just before his death—it was, in fact, his last work—in gratitude for the doctor's having saved the life of Colfax's son, who was a British naval officer, when he was stricken with yellow fever in South America," answered Macivor, briefly, merely whetting my curiosity; but he had to go on with his story. "But the main thing was that the birth certificate was missing. Grandfather knew Case had it, and Case had gone abroad directly after your mother's death, Julia, and Prof. Royall Harrington, to whom your mother had referred by name—Have you ever heard of him?"

"I think I've seen his name in the paper," said Julia, reflecting.

"Well, he is your father's elder brother."

"What?"

"Yes, your uncle. He had gone to Oxford the previous summer, on a year's leave from the university. Grandfather knew Case must have taken him the book, that your mother must have told Case the secret in it. He knew Harrington would try to trace you, so he sent you away and kept you away all those years."

"And took my name from me, so you might claim all the property?"

"Well, partly; not altogether."

"What other reason could there have been?"

"Your name was Harrington."

"I don't understand!"

Macivor pointed to the certificate. "Your father came from Elliot's Crossing, Virginia. So did the Grosvenor family. There was a feud between those families for decades."

"No!"

"Yes; and it started so long ago that even grandfather had only a vague idea of what began it. He thought it was a political duel, around the year eighteen hundred, in which a Grosvenor was killed. Of course his father, a boy at that time, hated the very mention of the name Harrington. Grandfather was a hidebound conservative, you know, knew the family traditions and held to them fast. So when he learned that his daughter had married a Harrington, of all people in the world—"

"Where? How?" interrupted Julia eagerly.

"I've never known," confessed Macivor. "He never told me. Maybe he didn't know everything about it himself; it was a secret marriage, of course. But when he learned the main facts about it, I'm sure he resolved to wipe out all traces of it. That was what made him so bitterly determined to recover that bookplate. After Professor Harrington returned from abroad, grandfather made various attempts to regain that book."

"You mean, of course, to steal it?" suggested Mr. Almy. "Harrington would never have sold it."

Macivor nodded.

"And five years ago, he nearly got it. The professor's library was robbed—"

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Almy. "A number of rare books were taken, and some of them turned up later in various of the smaller cities, though the thief was never traced. You mean to say Mr. Grosvenor instigated that?"

"He did; he hired the thief, but the thief did a remarkably thorough job. He took a lot of books besides the Clari-hew's and disposed of them all, himself, besides taking his wages! However, that failure started my grandfather collecting Virginiaiana. He knew if he was known as a collector, he would be notified of all the Virginia books that were put on the market; he could examine all libraries put up for sale, have the run of second-hand shops. But he certainly was astonished that evening when you read out the title of the very book he wanted, Julia! And there was one thing he had that would identify the book absolutely."

"Not the bookplate?" demanded Mr. Almy.

"Something besides that," answered Macivor, and pointed to the spring-lancet, which was still in Mr. Almy's hand. "He told me when I went to Richmond, to notice, in addition to the bookplate, whether there were a number of small parallel scratches here and there on and inside that book. He had made them when a boy with that old instrument of his father's, he remembered; he had been punished for doing so. I think that was the reason he had the spring-lancet with him that Monday in Darrow's—to compare the scratches that instrument would cut."

"Of all the revelations of the afternoon, this was so far the most satisfactory. Hitherto there had been none as to why the spring-lancet had been taken to Darrow's. And now

Macivor was proceeding dearly to the close of his story:

"It was that long strain of the pursuit of that book, and the fear that somehow the copied bookplate would be noticed, and maybe the hidden birth certificate discovered, that broke grandfather down. He was afraid his secret would be revealed; his conscience would never let him rest; his bitterness would never let him forgive your mother or you, Julia. He wouldn't have been here much longer, in any case."

"Oh, why did he treat her so?" cried Julia. "His unhappiness was a judgment on him! Why did she endure his unkindness?"

"She had never disobeyed him except by her marriage, I suppose; she was dependent on him, as her husband had died before you were born—No, I don't know how. His brother, who would doubtless have helped her, was abroad; her health was failing, you had to be thought of. And you know my mother, her sister, never came home here. Her divorce had vexed grandfather very much. So your mother was cut off from practically everybody. But she did get grandfather to promise her, when she was actually dying, that he would have you brought up and educated properly. Julia, he did better by you than by me. You see what I am today by his work . . . a fine specimen!"

Charles Macivor gave a laugh so bitter that it was dreadful to hear. For the first time he aroused my sympathy. The one thing he cared for, the Grosvenor estate, for which he had agreed to a shameful silence that had defrauded his cousin for years of her birthright, was to be largely lost to him, after all; and it had taken that loss to show him his own worthlessness. Julia gazed at him sorrowfully. She could not have found in her heart a spark of her old cousinly regard for him; yet her true, womanly loyalty prompted some speech that might yet revive his manhood.

"Listen, Charles," she said gently, at last. "I'll never forget how you went to Darrow's that night, for me I thought—mistakenly, you know—that you went on your own account, after I told you where the spring-lancet was. I shall always be grateful for that, because you did it when you thought I was guilty, and you wanted to help me."

And then, where opposition and anger and severity had only aroused defiance in that cold and mercenary heart, the free forgiveness of that bit-terly injured girl, who had sacrificed herself time and again for him, broke it completely. Macivor collapsed, groaning aloud.

"Don't, Julia! don't!" he cried. "I had no idea whatever what had happened to grandfather, but I always knew you must be absolutely innocent! I only wanted to keep you from getting that bookplate; I wanted time to get it myself, so I tried to throw the guilt on you. God forgive me! I lied!"

He hid his face. Silence descended on the room. Julia sat motionless, looking at him. She was cleared, vindicated; if she had wished it, fully avenged. But all that anyone could have read on her face was compassion. Presently she rose, went to him, and laid her hand on his head.

And as Mr. Almy and I found ourselves in the hall, we met Peter Burton coming up the stairs.

He started to greet us; suddenly I saw his eyes become fixed on something behind me, his hand grasped the banister, his face blanched, the greeting died on his lips. Next instant, however, he had commanded himself. Mr. Almy signed to him, and we all went downstairs and out of the house together.

We turned uptown. Peter walked along with us in silence, which Mr. Almy presently broke.

"Lots of water has flowed under the bridge since you left on your trip, Burton. Some of the news is good, and some's very bad."

I looked at him in surprise. All the news I had heard seemed to me extremely good. My glance crossed Peter's; he was still very pale. I said:

"Mr. Almy, the fact that Miss Grosvenor is no longer under suspicion ought to counterbalance any bad news I should think."

"What's happened?" demanded Peter, in a strangely incredulous tone, before Mr. Almy could answer.

"Well, let's have the good news first," agreed Mr. Almy. "That's quite true, Burton: Miss Grosvenor is cleared. But we can't call her that any longer! And as Miss Fuller is responsible for that fact, she can tell you all about it."

Taking this statement as an order I then told Peter, as succinctly as possible, all about the discovery of the birth certificate. Still, as full clarity involved a recital of the strange and numerous adventures of Clari-hew's "Notes" during his absence, the story took some little time. When I had finished, he turned to our companion.

"Do you know anything more than that scamp, Macivor, told?" he demanded.

"Yes," replied Mr. Almy, as if he had received a good opening. "I know where Miss Julia Harrington's parents were married."

Peter and I registered amazement at this unexpected reply.

"I've known only since this morning," continued Mr. Almy. "It was on Almy's island, up in Carroll Bay, where my folks have always been. I might tell you now that my special interest in this Grosvenor case dates from the minute I read the preliminary report of it, and learned that Professor Harrington was one of those in Darrow's last Monday morning. You see, though I never knew him personally, I knew who his brother was."

"You knew who Miles Harrington was?" I exclaimed.

Mr. Almy nodded.

"In the village called Carroll Bay, which is on the mainland a few miles up from our island, there's a cenotaph put up to Miles Harrington's memory. I was serving in the Philippines when it was erected; but when I returned home I learned it had been put up in memory of the younger of two brothers of that name, who had been drowned saving some fishermen in a storm. They were often summer visi-

tors at Carroll Bay; the elder was a professor in a New York college."

He went on; but I couldn't listen. Broken sentences went ringing through my ears, sentences I had forgotten entirely:

"I've had an invitation . . . my summer playground . . . Carroll Bay's name . . . I stick to the old traditions . . . My brother was highly romantic . . . We're not all well suited to stand the blows of life . . . The icy fingers of premonition grasped me, and I heard Peter's voice saying heavily: 'Not our Professor Harrington!'"

Mr. Almy nodded reluctantly.

"He's under arrest."

I stopped short to the street in horror.

"He's not the suspect you mentioned to Julia Harrington when you told her she was cleared?"

He nodded again.

"Now you see why I put it that way."

"But he's her uncle!" I gasped. "Oh, if this is your bad news, it certainly is very bad!"

"Then she does not know it yet, does she, Almy?" demanded Peter vigorously.

"Not yet. But the evidence against him is very strong. She'll have to know it soon."

"Tell me first what has happened," urged Peter. "What's this evidence? And finish about that marriage on Almy's island. . . . This is terrible!"

"To begin with the evidence," answered Mr. Almy. "All along there was a tiny gap in Harrington's alibi that didn't appear to many observers, and might have been unimportant. There were three or four minutes when he was alone in the aisle, ostensibly looking at books on the table there, that were not accounted for in detail. We started to look him up, and found directly that his birthplace was Elliot's Crossing, the old Grosvenor homestead; and while the Grosvenor-Harrington feud seemed rather remote as a motive for an attack on Mr. Grosvenor, it was well remembered as a bitter down in that section. So there it was, a factor to be remembered, and there were the proud, conservative characters of those two elderly men."

"An investigator went up to the celebration at Carroll Bay, and there, talking to the older townsfolk about young Miles Harrington, stumbled on a trail which led finally to the unearthly of that secret marriage. The man who performed the ceremony was a justice of the peace in the one little town on Almy's island twenty-odd years ago. He's a miserly old character; I know well who he is. Miles Harrington was spending his vacation alone at Carroll Bay that summer, as his brother had just gone to Oxford; Mary Grosvenor was up there with a party of artists who had come to paint the coast. When they decided to get married, it was easy to sail down the bay to that remote island and bribe the old J. P. to hold his tongue. It was equally easy, a day or two ago to bribe him to loosen it."

"Then we learned that Clari-hew's 'Notes' had belonged to the professor's library, and had been stolen; that it had turned up again and had been sought by many people, among whom Mr. Grosvenor was included, without doubt, for he and his granddaughter had been engaged in controversy over a book, and that book was the one she was so eager to obtain. That it was certainly of extraordinary interest seemed proved by the presence of the cleverly forged bookplate concealing the key—"

"The key!" I interrupted. "I found it on that table in the living-room!"

"You'll have to leave it there now," said Mr. Almy; "perhaps that's the best place for it. Well, to cut a long story short, it seemed as if Professor Harrington might be among the persons interested in recovering that book, perhaps the most so, since it was his own possession. He had had opportunity to try to do so last Monday morning. Of the five persons in the shop then suspected of trying to get the book, four were gradually eliminated. Mr. Grosvenor was attacked; Macivor obviously never got a chance at the book; Mr. Case—"

"Case?" interrupted Peter, incredulously. "You never suspected that correct person of assault and robbery!"

"Yes; he was absent from the conference Monday morning, and was seen in the shop just before the clock struck eleven. He finally admitted that he had formerly known Mr. Grosvenor, and he gave indication of a remarkable personal interest in Clari-hew's 'Notes.' But now he is eliminated. The second click of the spring-lancet at ten-fifty sets the time of the attack, and Mr. Case did not leave the conference until ten-fifty-five. By the way you haven't seen the lancet, have you, Burton?" I brought it along.

"I'd like to," said Peter, receiving the little brass box from Mr. Almy's hand and looking at it with close attention. He worked the flashing knives once, then returned it, as Mr. Almy went on:

"We have to thank Mr. Case at least that Clari-hew's 'Notes' didn't leave Darrow's. He could have accepted the Judas' absence, but he turned Miss Wilkes down. Of course, the fourth suspect was Miss Grosvenor, as we then called her, and the one thing that saved her was that though she remained in the shop, there was no way of connecting her with any weapon."

"None," agreed Peter. "So only Harrington remains. Why is he held?"

"He was seen behind the law-book alcove at ten-fifty o'clock last Monday; in fact, on the occasion of that second click of the spring-lancet, which was also heard by the witness."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tribute to Teachers

H. G. Wells says: "No conqueror can make the multitude different from what it is; no statesman can carry the world's affairs beyond the ideas and capabilities of the generation of adults with which he deals; but teachers—I use the word in the widest sense—can do more than either conqueror or statesman—they can create a new vision and liberate the latent powers of our kind."

POULTRY

CULL AND MARK PRODUCING HEN

Fall is a season of year when flocks of poultry should be culled, according to L. H. Schwartz of Purdue university. Getting rid of the nonproducers now means better living conditions for the birds which are left. It gives the better birds a chance to produce eggs from now on when the price of eggs begins to rise. It will also reduce the feed bill.

Poultry flocks should, of course, be culled regularly. Any birds which show indications of positive sickness, poor laying capacity and lacking in vigor should be culled whenever seen. This is the time when a number of birds will take a vacation from laying. The nonlaying bird will show a comb which is either dried or beginning to dry up, a close space between the pelvic bones and keel and between the pelvic bones themselves. The longer they are out of laying the heavier may be the deposit of fat on the pelvic bones.

The birds may also be in a molt. All molting may not be due to poor laying. It may be the result of feeding a ration which is not high in protein. Purdue university recommends the following ration to feed to laying birds: Grain, 300 pounds yellow corn and 200 pounds of wheat; mash, 100 pounds each of ground yellow corn, wheat bran and middlings, and 75 pounds of meat scrap.

It is very desirable also not only to cull the birds now, but to mark those which show every indication of being high producers. Those birds which show no molt have a large body capacity and have a large soft abdomen are the ones which should be marked as possible breeders for another year.

Many folks who have culled their flocks at this season of the year have received, actually, more eggs from the remainder of the flock than they did when they had the culls in with the whole flock.

Whitewash Henhouse in Fall for Winter Use

A coat of whitewash or cold water white paint on the inside walls of the poultry house will brighten up the interior and make it lighter during the winter months when the hen needs all the light she can get.

To make whitewash: Slack a half bushel of quicklime or lump lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled in water until it is a thin paste, a half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clear blue dissolved in water. Mix these together well and let the mixture stand for several days. Heat it and apply as hot as possible with a whitewash brush. Alum added to whitewash will make it stick better. Use an ounce to a gallon. Molasses makes the lime more soluble and makes it penetrate wood or plaster more deeply. Use a pint of molasses to a gallon of whitewash. A pound of cheap bar soap dissolved in a gallon of boiling water and added to five gallons of thick whitewash will give the finished job a gloss like that of an oil paint.

Let Wing Feathers on White Leghorns Alone

The practice of pulling out the wing feathers to prevent the birds from flying the fences (a vice especially peculiar to Leghorns) is both slovenly and harmful to the birds themselves. The butt end of the feather-quill of a growing bird contains juices which are essential to its satisfactory development, and the wing feathers should therefore be cut, unless a poultryman wishes his birds to undergo a setback.

Probably it is cheaper in the long run to buy a good commercial pullet mash, ready mixed, rather than to mix one's own ingredients. Several well known firms of feed merchants supply excellent pullet mashes at a price which justifies the saving of labor and possible trouble, however, that it is more than advisable to deal with a reputable firm in this matter.

Good Mash Feed

What is a good mash? That depends. If you have plenty of skim milk for your fowls, say a gallon daily to 30 hens, why then a mixture of such feeds as whey, middlings, ground oats, wheat bran and corn meal will do very nicely—with maybe a little meat scraps or high-grade tankage to tempt the appetite. But if you have no skim milk, the mash should contain 15 to 20 per cent of meat scraps or high-grade tankage with the other feeds mentioned.

Hens to Select

In selecting hens pick those that have capacity for feed. The little short, dumpty kind of a hen cannot consume enough feed to make her a profitable layer. Chickens with good capacity and good appetites are the ones that fill the egg basket. If chickens eat a lot of feed and still do not lay, it is time to look at the ration and find out what is lacking. One of the faults of many feeders is that they do not give their hens enough feed, rather than too much.

Give Roosters a Ride

The sooner that roosters are given a ride to market after the breeding season is over, the better will be the quality of eggs produced. Fertile eggs will not keep as well as infertile eggs and many more will be candied out on account of blood rings and germ spots. Losses of this kind can be eliminated by selling all male birds.

Selling the roosters does not affect production. Hens lay at the same rate of speed whether they are mated with roosters or not.

News Notes

It's a Privilege to Live in Utah

CEDAR CITY—Iron county ranks third in production of sheep and wool. The county has 180,000 sheep, worth \$2,016,000. The wool clip in 1927 totaled 1,584,000 pounds, valued at \$526,400.

MOAB—Juab county ranks first in production of silver, second in copper, third in gold and third in total value of minerals mined. With twenty-eight producing mines operating in 1927, the total production of gold, silver, copper, \$58,552.25.

MORGAN—Morgan county produced 10,000 tons of alfalfa hay, valued at \$92,000, in 1927. It also produced 62,000 bushels of barley, 60,000 bushels of potatoes, 49,000 bushels of spring wheat and 30,000 bushels of winter wheat, besides good crops of other grains and vegetables.

MYTON—Horace W. Shelby of Myton, water commissioner for Utah basin, reports that the present duty of water, one second-foot to 220 acres, will continue until October 15. Thereafter Indian land will be entitled to one second foot to 1000 acres, and the balance of the water will be divided, according to acreage, among irrigation companies.

OGDEN—Weber county beet raisers are immensely pleased with the weather conditions which have prevailed for about two days. The rain which began falling has been continuous and a heavy snowfall is reported from Huntsville. The greater part of the snow that has fallen in Ogden has melted almost as it fell, but the moisture remains and is appreciated.

SALT LAKE—Approximately 2000 carloads of sugar beets will be moved to the various sugar factories over the Salt Lake & Utah railroad, A. J. Anderson traffic manager announced. This will be an increase over last year of about 200 or more carloads, he said. Besides sugar beets, apples and green tomatoes are being moved east and west. Mr. Anderson said the apples are going to California.

HEBER CITY—The report states that the crop in the state is now estimated at 6,892,000 bushels, as compared with 5,678,000 of wheat for 1927. Hay production is estimated at 1,612,000 tons. Records show the estimate in October, 1927, was 1,547,000 tons. Mr. Andrews' report indicated that the potato crop has reached 3,260,000 bushels. The potato estimate last year was 2,970,000.

CENTREVILLE—Among the winners from Davis county at the Utah state fair agriculture exhibit are Thomas Thurgood of Clearfield, first place on wheat and barley; William Potter of Farmington, first place on corn; C. R. Egbert of Centerville, first place on melons and almonds; William L. Rigby of Centerville, first place on melons, sheep grasses, Elberta peaches and bumper crop oats.

RICHFIELD—The beet harvest has just started in Sevier valley. According to S. R. Boswell, county agricultural agent, the favorable growing season of the past few weeks has materially helped the crop to mature. It is anticipated the sugar beet factory, near Elsinore, will commence operations by October 10, the usual date for opening the bins for beet storage. Cutting and sugar refining will start at a later date.

PROVO—The outlook for this season's crop production in Utah based upon information available up to October 1, is for larger production than that of a year ago, Frank Andrews agricultural statistician for the United States department of agriculture, announced. "The wheat crop of the state is now estimated at 6,892,000 bushels, compared with 5,678,000 in 1927. All hay is estimated at 1,612,000 tons, as compared with the final crop of 1,547,000 tons for last year."

OGDEN—District Forester R. H. Rutledge and his assistant, Raymond E. Grey, have returned to Ogden from a visit to the Kaibab forest in northern Arizona, where they made an inspection of the summer and winter ranges. The officials report that the ranges are in poor condition and that does and fawns are in correspondingly bad shape because of lack of forage. The forest also is said to be overcovered with deer, which prevents the young trees from getting a start. On the opening day of the hunting season about forty bucks were killed, according to the officials. The hunters numbered about 150 and 50 per cent of them were from California.

HAILEY—The sheep industry has more to do in Blaine county with the farmers getting out of debt, buying automobiles and educating their children than anything else, according to H. H. Neal, cashier of the First National bank, of Hailey.

BUHL—October 1 is the date when turkeys are started on the fattening process, which lasts about three weeks, providing birds for the market from three to four weeks ahead of the time desired. William Hazzard of Buhl, first vice-president of the Idaho Turkey growers' association, has had a flock ranging in the grain fields on his ranch in Snake River canyon northwest of here for several weeks and has just put them on fattening feed in order that the first choice birds may be ready for the Thanksgiving market.

The Use of Force

First, sir, permit me to observe that the use of force alone is but temporary. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered.—Edmund Burke

High Cost of Prodding

Another thing the ultimate consumer pays without realizing it is the salary of the bill collector.—San Francisco Chronicle



The nurse tells you to take Bayer Aspirin because she knows it's safe. Doctors have told her so. It has no effect on the heart, so take it to stop a headache or check a cold. For almost instant relief of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, even lumbago. But be sure it's Bayer—the genuine Aspirin. At druggists, with proven directions for its many uses.

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Salt Lake City, Utah

One half has to live on what the other half is able to cook.

This Little Girl Got Well Quick

"Just after her third birthday, my little daughter, Connie, had a serious attack of intestinal flu," says Mrs. H. W. Turnage, 217 Cadwalder St., San Antonio, Texas. "It left her very weak and pale. Her bowels wouldn't act right, she had no appetite and nothing agreed with her."

"Our physician told us to give her some California Fig Syrup. It made her pick up right away, and now she is as robust and happy as any child in our neighborhood. I give California Fig Syrup full credit for her wonderful condition. It is a great thing for children."

Children like the rich, fruity taste of California Fig Syrup, and you can give it to them as often as they need it, because it is purely vegetable. For over 50 years leading physicians have recommended it, and its overwhelming sales record of over four million bottles a year shows it gives satisfaction. Nothing compares with it as a gentle but certain laxative, and it goes further than this. It regulates the stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

There are many imitations of California Fig Syrup, so look for the name "California" on the carton to be sure you get the genuine.

A watch may last a man 40 years, but a hairbrush can beat it.

CAN'T PRAISE IT ENOUGH

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her So Much

Kingston, Mo.—"I have not taken anything but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for 18 months and I cannot praise it enough. I weighed about 100 pounds and was not able to do any kind of work. My housework was done by my mother and my out-of-doors work was not done. I have taken four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and now I am well and strong and feel fine. I got my sister-in-law to take it after her last baby came and she is stronger now. I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. HATTIE V. EASTIN, R. 1, Kingston, Missouri.

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153 West South Temple Salt Lake City, Utah

W. T. U., Salt Lake City, Mo. 42-1928

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

I couldn't speak; Peter, however, voiced my thought:

"That goes with the theory that the attack was made by some one in the rear of the new-book alcove."

"Yes; it is further sustained by the fact that in the dust on that fourth shelf, between the front and rear ranks of books, we found fresh streams, such as would be made by fingers thrust in from the rear. And Professor Harrington says he made them."

"He admits he was there!" I gasped. "Candidly; says he reached into that shelf from the rear to search for books. Yet he absolutely denies having seen Mr. Grosvenor then or at any other time that morning, or having any knowledge whatever of the spring-lancet."

After a long silence, Mr. Almy added: "The whole story will have to come out tomorrow, after one final check-up."

"Who's the witness?" demanded Peter.

"That'll come out, too. It won't be long to wait."

"Wait!" echoed Peter, in a tone of frenzy. "Wait . . . what for? To tell that girl whose grandfather and cousin were thieves and liars that her uncle is a murderer? You take it lying down, seems to me! Isn't there anything a man can do?"

Mr. Almy looked him up and down in rather a kindly manner. He answered quietly:

"There might be. Do you want to come along and find out?"

And so, as we reached Fourteenth street, with Washington and Lafayette exchanging patriotic raptures across a sea of parked taxicabs in a spirit of rainbow hope strangely at variance with that afternoon of gloom, the two men disappeared into the subway, leaving me to pursue my solitary way back to Darrow's, thinking of how, last Monday, Professor Harrington had looked sharply down the aisle from his position at my desk, plucked the yellow note from the basket, and bounded away.

CHAPTER XIII

Daylight.

The shadows began to fall in the silent, deserted shop. I attempted, quite unsuccessfully, to feel delight over the fact that I had now driven a wedge into the week's work, and resolved at least to find solace in that sovereign remedy against the blues, a particularly good dinner, within half an hour. Suddenly the front door was flung open, and in marched Mr. Almy at the head of a procession: Peter Burton, three men unknown to me, and a tall, broad-shouldered, rough-looking young fellow in a gray sweater and a soft gray hat.

We faced each other open-mouthed, the procession and I.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Mr. Almy.

"My work," said I; "but I am going directly."

"Finish if you want to," said he; "we shall be in the back of the shop only." And off fled the procession, excepting Peter, whom a frantic glance from me detained.

"That man in the gray sweater's the one who came in for the shipping-office position last Monday!" I gasped in his ear.

"Sure. He's the witness who saw Professor Harrington and Mr. Grosvenor in the alcoves!"

"Wait! Where did they find him?" "The employment agency traced him. Almy's been after him all week. His name's Frank Tucker."

"What's his story?" I demanded.

"Well, you remember he came in and walked down the aisle past us about ten-forty o'clock that Monday? He never got to the shipping office."

"Then Mr. Riggs was right?"

"Absolutely. Something aroused his curiosity when he had got part way down the aisle. He went through the last alcove on the right, hid behind a bookcase in the narrow right-hand aisle, and watched. He saw plenty."

"What aroused his curiosity?"

"The spring-lancet."

"What?"

"He called it 'a little brass box.' It was in Mr. Grosvenor's hand. He was comparing it with books from the shelf."

"That's what Charles MacIvor suggested!"

"—and laying it at his right, on a vacant place on the shelf, when not using it."

"But why did all this interest Tucker?"

"Grea, Scott, Constance!" said Peter testily, and I could see he was very nervous, "you've seen Tucker! He's pretty low-grade, just one of thousands of people who'll stop anything they're doing to stare at anything out of the common. And even I will say that an old man in a book-alcove comparing a brass box with books is out of the common. Besides, in a minute or two, Tucker heard this box give a loud click!"

"The ten-forty click—the first we heard!"

"And before he had a chance to get nearer, Harrington came down the aisle and stood looking at books there, and then disappeared, after speaking to Miss Abbott, toward the rear. Tucker stood gaping at Mr. Grosvenor a while longer, unable to make his actions out, when suddenly he heard another click, and Mr. Grosvenor slumped to the floor. Instantly, he says, the professor walked around from behind the rear alcove and up the aisle, without looking to right or left."

"Why didn't Tucker give any alarm?"

"He was scared stiff. You see, while there's no great harm in him, he had just got out of the city prison on a disorderly conduct charge. He was hunting his first job since, and naturally it occurred to him that, with a record, he'd be suspected of the attack himself if he told about it."

"And Professor Harrington corroborates all that part of that story about himself!" I sighed. Peter said nothing, but looked very downcast. "But how," I puzzled, "did Tucker get out of this shop without somebody seeing him? There were five employees here."

"Easily. He waited his chance, which came when the alarm was given, and all of us dashed down the center aisle. Then he ran up the right-hand aisle, and out at the front door, unnoticed."

"Very simple," I agreed. "And now you all have come here to check up his story by re-enacting that scene."

"Can't hide much from you, can we?" said Peter. "But I'll bet you don't know why I'm here."

"Well, I confess I don't."

"There are to be two men just the height of Mr. Grosvenor and Professor Harrington, respectively, and I am the professor's height exactly. So Almy drafted me."

"I looked at Peter; it was plain that Mr. Almy, though selecting him ostensibly because he filled physical requirements, had also chosen some one who would give Professor Harrington every favorable chance that honesty could give him. I grasped Peter's hand as he turned down the aisle, and wished him good luck. I couldn't think of a few well-chosen words; all that occurred to me was that it was said to be darkest before dawn, which, however, presupposed a dawn."

While I was setting my desk in final order, there was no sound in the shop save steps, and now and then voices, in the rear. The voices I heard distinctly, however; no traffic outside interrupted them that quiet Saturday evening.

"Tucker," came Mr. Almy's voice, "did you ever see this before?"

A rough deep voice answered:

"Yes, sir; I saw that piece of yellow paper when I was here Monday."

"Where did you see it?"

"In the old gentleman's hand."

"In Professor Harrington's hand?"

"No, sir, he didn't have it; it was in Mr. Grosvenor's hand."

"Go and stand where you were when you saw it, Tucker."

I turned and glanced down the aisle, hearing a movement. Far back, I saw



"Great Scott, Constance!" said Peter testily, and I could see he was very nervous.

The man in the gray sweater. He disappeared into the rear alcove to the right. Mr. Almy then stepped into the aisle on Tucker's heels, and noting his position, asked:

"How did Mr. Grosvenor come to show this paper?"

"He picked it up off the floor," said Tucker's voice. "The young lady with the yellow hair had laid it down on the table, on some books she had brought the professor. It fell off when she swished round to go back up the aisle. It flew over to the edge of that alcove, right near where you're standing now."

"And then Mr. Grosvenor picked it up?"

"Yes, sir. He had been feeling in his pockets—I could see him well because the light in that alcove was on, and I was in this shadow here—and as he kept feeling, he happened to turn, and caught sight of the paper which had been lying on the floor a little while then. He grabbed it, and took it in his left hand, and took that little brass box in his right, and spread the paper over the box, and pressed something. Then there was a click—the first."

"That was at ten-forty," said Mr. Almy. "Then what, Tucker?"

"He tossed the paper away; it blew up the aisle, because the elevator came down just then and made a draft."

"And where was Professor Harrington all this time? Come and show us."

Tucker emerged from the history alcove, and walked a few feet up the aisle, on the side of the tables toward the law-book alcove, where he halted, facing toward the front door.

"Was the professor in that position?" demanded Mr. Almy.

"Yes, sir."

"With his back to the law-book alcove?"

"Yes, sir; he was glancing over books on this table."

"How did you see him from that place where you were standing inside that history alcove?"

"I didn't stay right there all the time," said Tucker.

"Come forward, eh, and looked around the shelves?"

"Looked through 'em; across the tops of those little books," answered Tucker, pointing toward one of the shelves in the history alcove. "Some one would have seen me if I'd come out far enough to look around the shelves."

"Now, tell me: did the professor do anything, while you were watching, except look at those books?"

"Positively not," answered Tucker.

"He was wrapped up in 'em; he didn't turn his head when the young lady brought the books and the yellow paper; he didn't even seem to notice the click. He just stood there reading, until he turned to go down the aisle behind that last shelf."

"Very well," said Mr. Almy. "Go back now, will you, Tucker, to the position you were in in the history alcove. Burton!"

"Yes, sir," said Peter's voice.

"Step behind the law-book alcove, right in front of that large book on the fourth shelf, which the professor says he was examining—'History of Roman Law.' I hearu Peter move, and hastened my preparations to leave. Tucker's story disquieted me more every minute. "Now, Farrell," said Mr. Almy.

Hearing another movement, I glanced down the aisle again, and saw one of the strangers, a man several inches shorter than Peter, stepping into the law-book alcove.

"Here's your book, Farrell," went on Mr. Almy; "Acts and Laws of the Virginia Legislature," also on the fourth shelf, on this side, you see. And here, at your right hand, as it was at Mr. Grosvenor's, we'll put the spring-lancet. I've set it. Is that position right, Tucker?"

"A little farther forward," said Tucker. "It was right on the edge of the shelf. The little lever held it there, and that long black thing was toward me."

"He means the hammer," said Farrell. "There! How's that?"

"Right," said Tucker.

"I see; the trigger is just hanging over the edge of the shelf," said Mr. Almy. "Now, then, Farrell, you and Burton draw your two books off the shelf. What happened next, Tucker?"

"Mr. Grosvenor stooped down and looked hard into the open space on

the shelf, like he was looking for something."

"Bend down, Farrell, until you can see into the gap," directed Mr. Almy. "Is that the way it was, Tucker? You see, he's just Mr. Grosvenor's height."

"Yes, sir; but he ought to have his book in his left hand, and his right sort of stretched out along the shelf on the empty space, like as if he was going to take something off it. . . . There, that's it."

"Now, Farrell," said Mr. Almy, "what do you see?"

"There's a gap clear across the shelf from front to back," answered Farrell. "I see Burton plainly; nothing else."

"All right; hold your position. Burton, do you see the spring-lancet?"

There was a very brief pause; then Peter answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Then reach through the gap, and pick it up—"

That was the last I heard. I fled out of Darrow's as before fire or flood. I was useless there—as useless, it seemed to me, as everybody else was before that devastating story of Tucker, who had been unearthed from his obscurity to save Julia, it was true, but only thereupon to involve her distinguished uncle, our old friend. My superb dinner simmered down into a glass of hot milk to make me sleep, which desirable end it accomplished at three o'clock Sunday morning.

And at seven the telephone rang, arousing every one in the house except myself, for whom the message was. It was from Mr. Almy, and he asked me to come into town on the

first train I could get, and come straight to Normandy terrace. This was all he said; he sounded very tired. I could not ask for details; in fact, I did not wish to hear them until I had to. So, merely obeying orders, I reached Normandy terrace soon, and in a state of extreme anxiety.

And who should come dashing forward out of the restaurant but Ernesto? Yes, Ernesto, and as I knew him of old, before we had mysteries and midnight alarms! He was in gala array, his black Sunday suit, a dazzling collar, a purple boutonniere.

"Ah-h-h!" This morning I go to church!" cried Ernesto, rubbing his hands. "Not much I don't go there. It's too long in church, but this morning, yes!"

Brought up with a shock, "What for?" I demanded, as much at sea as a regular heathen.

Creases bordered Ernesto's eyes and nose and lips.

"You think I get married?" he queried coquettishly. "Not me! But other people, maybe . . . notta? He glanced up the stair well and reproduced his classic wink, this time softened by regard. "I go burn a candle for them this morning, anyway!"

"Oh!" I breathed, clutching the banister. "You don't mean . . . has something . . . something nice happened?"

"You don't know-o-ow?" cried Ernesto, crescendo. "My God! You go upstairs!"

"You Think I Get Married?" He queried Coquettishly.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sacrifice Ever Part of World's Progress

Progress is the result of experiment and sacrifice, and all submarine and air disasters are courageous efforts to overcome the obstacles which hinder scientific development, explains an editorial in Liberty.

"If a disaster is big enough it anesthetizes the mind," continues the editorial. "We understand one death better than six, or six hundred. So, when a dirigible falls, a transatlantic flyer is lost, or a submarine is wrecked, there comes the protest that all this must be stopped."

"We venture another point of view. When these pioneers are killed, much as we regret their death, we are proud that such men have lived. Without

Ripen Corn Quickly

In the Pyrenean uplands on the Franco-Spanish frontier corn is grown to some extent, but the season is too short to let it ripen in the usual way. We see the farmers cutting off the upper part of the stalks to let in the sun, throw the strength into the ears and hasten the ripening. The part cut off is used for fodder.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Spellbound

Ten-year-old Mary had won a scholarship, and was telling her mother about the papers.

The subject for essay had been, "How I Spend My Saturday Morning," and after discoursing on minding the baby, helping mother wash up, and so on, Mary ended with the amazing statement, "and then I play a game of chess with my brother."

"Chess!" queried her mother. "But you can't play chess!"

"I know, I wanted to put dominoes, but I couldn't spell it."

The most dangerous man in the crowd who finally gets cornered.—Acheson Globe.

LEADING RADIO PROGRAMS

(Time given is Eastern Standard; subtract one hour for Central and two hours for Mountain time.)

N. B. C. RED NETWORK Sunday, October 28.

1:30 p. m. United Radio Corp.
6:00 p. m. Stetson Parade.
7:00 p. m. Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.
7:30 p. m. Maj. Bowes' Family Party.
9:00 p. m. David Lawrence.
9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

2:00 p. m. Roxy Stroll.
6:30 p. m. Anglo Persians.
8:15 p. m. Collier's Radio Hour.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK Monday, October 29.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Inst.
7:00 p. m. Mutual Savings Hour.
9:30 p. m. General Motors Family Party.
10:00 p. m. The Cabin Door.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
7:30 p. m. Roxy and His Gang.
9:00 p. m. Riverside Hour.
9:30 p. m. Real Folks.
11:00 p. m. Slumber Music.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK Tuesday, October 30.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
8:30 p. m. Seiberling Singers.
9:00 p. m. Eveready Hour.
10:00 p. m. Cilequot Club Eskimos.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
9:30 p. m. Dutch Master Minstrels.
11:00 p. m. Slumber Music.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK Wednesday, October 31.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
5:00 p. m. Vogue and The Mode.
8:00 p. m. Am. Mag. & Woman's Home Companion Hour.
9:00 p. m. Ipana Troubadours.
9:30 p. m. Palmolive Hour.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
7:00 p. m. Jeddio Highlanders.
8:30 p. m. Sylvania Foresters.
10:00 p. m. Chicago Civic Opera.
11:00 p. m. Slumber Music.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK Thursday, November 1.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
7:30 p. m. Coward Comfort Hour.
10:00 p. m. Halsey Stuart.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
8:00 p. m. Champion Sparks.
9:30 p. m. Maxwell House Hour.
10:00 p. m. Michelin Hour.
11:00 p. m. Slumber Hour.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK Friday, November 2.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
7:00 p. m. Wonder Hour.
7:30 p. m. Happiness Candy Stores.
8:00 p. m. Cities Service Hour.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

11:00 a. m. Damrosch Educational.
7:00 p. m. Intervoven Stocking Co.
7:30 p. m. Dixies Circus.
8:30 p. m. Armstrong Quakers.
9:00 p. m. Wrigley Review.
11:00 p. m. Slumber Music.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK Saturday, November 3.

7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
10:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
1:45 p. m. Dartmouth-Yale Football Game.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

1:45 p. m. Ohio-Princeton Football Game.
8:30 p. m. Godfrey Ludlow.
9:00 p. m. Philco Hour.

The following is a list of stations carrying the above programs:

National Broadcasting company Red Network: WEA, New York; WEEI, Boston; WTIC, Hartford, WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WCHS, Portland, Maine; WLIT and WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WGY, Schenectady; WGR, Buffalo; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM and WEAR, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN and WLII, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO-WRHM, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WTMJ, Milwaukee; KOA, Denver; WHAS, Louisville; WSM, Nashville; WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WBT, Charlotte; KVOO, Tulsa; WFAA, Dallas; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; WBAP, Ft. Worth; WJAX, Jacksonville.

National Broadcasting company Blue Network: WJZ, New York; WRZA, Boston; WBZ, Springfield; WBAL, Baltimore; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WJW, Detroit; WLW, Cincinnati; KYW and WEBB, Chicago; KWK, St. Louis; WREN, Kansas City; WCCO-WRHM, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WTMJ, Milwaukee; KOA, Denver; WHAS, Louisville; WSM, Nashville; WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WTB, Charlotte; KVOO, Tulsa; WFAA, Dallas; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; WBAP, Ft. Worth; WRVA, Richmond; WJAX, Jacksonville.



The Doctor

It is essential that my car should always operate properly and accordingly I use Champion Spark Plugs.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive sillimanite insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs
Toledo, Ohio

Dependable for Every Engine

Aviators Have Found Use for Old 'Chutes

Muffs for aviators are being made from wornout parachutes used in the aviation branch of the United States army.

Parachutes are made of the finest, softest Japanese silk. They are made in many pieces, so that if a break occurs it will not run the entire length of the cloth.

A parachute usually lasts about five years. The silk is then turned in and the larger pieces are used to make muffs for pilots. The soft silk serves a valuable purpose in protecting the throat of the wearer from chafing of the helmet strap, especially on long hops.

After the World war the discarded covering of airplane wings was much in demand by both men and women for outing shirts.

Clung to German Marks

When the will of a wealthy out-of-state man was filed with Assistant Attorney General Stubbs, of Maine, for assessment of taxes on financial interests of that state, an unusual clause was found in the will. That part of the document referred to 143,000,000,000,000 German marks which the man had bought during the war, and instructed the executor to retain the currency until it could be redeemed at a "reasonable price" rather than appraise it as practically worthless. The man bought the marks for about \$6,000.

THE COLFAX BOOKPLATE

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service

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CHAPTER XII!—Continued

—21—

I did, somehow. Perhaps they had heard our voices, for as I walked down the hall, the door of the Grosvenor apartment sprang open, and I heard—laughter! Not loud, not merry: a happy ripple of content. But it grew merry when I entered, I was so dazed to see Julia sitting on a blue sofa, and beside her, holding her hand, Professor Harrington. Near by sat Peter. Standing, but in hand, was Mr. Almy. "We had to have you here to make it complete!" cried Julia, rushing toward me with such a smile on her face as had never been seen there before. "A miracle has happened!"

I sank into a chair. "It must have," I gasped; "Ernesto's got religion!"

"Good old Ernesto!" cried Peter. "Why aren't you joyful, too, Constance?"

Embarrassed, I glowered severely at Mr. Almy, who, the cause of my mislabeled anguish, and the only calm person present—Professor Harrington was in such a state of ecstasy he couldn't speak at all—came to my rescue.

"We just wanted to return some of your correspondence," he said; and from his pocket he produced my yellow note!

The professor now found his voice: "Miss Fuller kindly let me use that bit of paper temporarily," he said in his gentle, precise manner; "it was to rescue me from great difficulties. And it finally brought me to my dear brother's child, whom I had never expected to see in this world."

We were silent a moment, before the picture of that fine old-fashioned gentleman and that beautiful and gifted girl. At last freed, one from the sorrow, the other from the persecution, which had filled their lives, there could be no doubt that their happy, unexpected reunion foreshadowed years of sweet relationship. They were absorbed in each other; Mr. Almy beckoned Peter and me into the little reception-room and shut the door.

"Am I never to know what has happened?" I demanded.

"You mean since you slammed Darrow's door?" inquired Mr. Almy. "We heard you! Well, I didn't blame you then. But this is what happened:

"Burton, taking Professor Harrington's place, started to reach for the spring-lancet as directed, when suddenly he straightened up and asked Tucker how far the professor had stooped to see into the law-book above from the rear."

"You see," interrupted Peter, "being just Harrington's height, I would of course see just what Harrington saw and I had noticed that when Farrell, who took Grosvenor's place, said he saw me through the gap, as he stooped, I didn't see him at all! Now, that spring-lancet was right on the edge of the shelf, close beside Farrell; and while I could see it—I said I could, you know—it was only by stooping over that I did so. So it occurred to me to ask Tucker how much the professor had stooped."

"And he said," continued Mr. Almy, taking up his story, "that Harrington hadn't stooped at all, but had stood upright all the time! Therefore we told Burton to look into the gap and see where the lancet was, assuming that Harrington might have seen it and then reached for it without bending. And then—"

"I couldn't come within eight inches of it, without stooping over!" cried Peter, triumphantly.

"But you said the professor admitted he made those streaks that were found in the dust between the rows of books," I suggested. "Didn't he reach in there?"

"Yes, but just to feel, according to his story, whether or not there was any third row of books concealed behind the front row, as is often the case on crowded shelves," explained Mr. Almy. "This explanation was borne out to some extent by the fact that the marks in the dust were, indeed, far back from the edge of the shelf where the spring-lancet was placed, and it is partly corroborated by Tucker's statement that the professor never stooped over. Furthermore, it furnished a clue as to why Mr. Grosvenor should have been stooping to look through the gap. He was making a thorough search for that law book. So then Burton had another idea."

"Oh, we all had it," demurred Peter, "but perhaps it occurred to me first, seeing that I had Harrington's part. He seemed to be let out; it looked as if his story were true. Yet there Mr. Grosvenor was, killed by that instrument—how? Well, I said: 'I can't see Farrell, but he can see me, when he's stooping over as Grosvenor was. Now, that old man had a weak heart and a bad conscience. He must have got a dreadful shock when he saw Harrington right in front of him. He must undoubtedly have thought Harrington had come to look for Clarithew's 'Notes,' his own property, the book Grosvenor had had stolen from him, even though the theft didn't quite come off as hoped. If a man in such circumstances, standing in such a position, had such a shock, what would he do?"

"So we worked it all out, with Tucker's help," finished Mr. Almy, "and, following Burton's lead, were able to reconstruct what undoubtedly did happen to Mr. Grosvenor. Tucker said he jerked himself upright suddenly from that stooping position, when we asked him to remember just what happened after the old man looked into the gap, and that his right hand, which was stretching toward the lancet, you know, slid along the side of the bookshelf. Then, according to Tucker, 'the box clicked,' and the old man toppled over, slowly and heavily, but without much noise."

"We worked this description out in detail; it was soon evident that the sliding of the hand along the bookshelf was Mr. Grosvenor's attempt to steady himself, as he had jerked himself off his balance when rebounding from the shock of seeing the professor so unexpectedly. But instead of recovering his balance, he lost it entirely. His frail wrist hit violently against the base of the spring-lancet, which was lying set on the edge of the shelf—set, as we know from the wound inflicted, at its greatest depth, doubtless to give full scope for comparison between its incisions and the scratches on Clarithew's 'Notes.' He shot the lancet along the shelf forcibly until it struck the upright division between the book-shelves, and set it off on his own wrist, thus forced against the base of the lancet, by accidentally pressing the trigger on the edge of the shelf over which it was hanging."

"Just one thing more, please!" I begged. "Had Professor Harrington come to Darrow's for Clarithew's 'Notes'?"

Mr. Almy laughed. "He was the one person who had not! He hadn't even noticed the advertisements, either of the auction or the purchase. He had, in fact, quite given up his old law book, which he was chiefly sorry to lose for sentimental reasons. You see, Mr. Grosvenor—and with this final wrong, we might dismiss that unhappy old man, since the one he injured bears him no grudge because she is incapable of doing so—Mr. Grosvenor had written to Professor Harrington, while the latter was still in England, that the niece he knew had been born had died soon after her mother. That was why the professor never made any attempt to find his niece. Well! That was a reunion when we broke the good tidings to them!"

"What a lot you're responsible for, Peter!" said I.

"Promising young fellow, he is," smiled Mr. Almy. "I engaged him again this morning. And first thing he does is fall out with his sister! I merely said she'd be a good one to help with the job."

"Stuff!" said Peter, humbly. "All I did was tell her she was young; she goes straight up in the air and stays there."

"What a dreadful thing to tell one who is young!" I remonstrated. "Do you really want Nancy, Mr. Almy?"

"Yes, if you could persuade her to come. I want a keyhole to be found for that lonesome key. Surely there's one here or thereabouts. I must leave the job in good hands; I'm going home for some sleep, so's the professor."

I ascended to the third floor, there to find Nancy determinedly reading the Sunday fashion supplement.

"Why don't you come down and celebrate, as invited?" I inquired.

"Peter's scandalized at me! After the way he acted, himself, and after all I've done for him! Why? Because I told him how I thought once that Mr. Case was trying to steal Clarithew's 'Notes'!"

"Was he scandalized because you stole it yourself?"

"No, he said that was first-rate; but no one old enough to be a judge of

Weather by No Means Matter of Latitude

Weather is not a matter of latitude except so far as the equatorial regions and the poles are concerned. Such a temperature as ten below zero at sea level is much more devilish than thirty below in Minnesota, because the air at the seaboard is practically always moving and wind at so low a figure is torture. Again, such a temperature as 103 in the shade at Boston is less tolerable than a like or even higher figure in the wide-open spaces where men are men, and mostly politicians, talking through ten-gallon hats. New York is in the latitude of Lisbon, Naples and Constantinople. It is far colder in the winter than any of these, and colder than any part of Great Britain, which

character could think Mr. Case capable of such a thing. He never thought anything of Mr. Case, himself, until after what Julia told him and Mr. Almy."

"What was that?"

"Long ago, he knew Julia's mother—oh, very well; he wanted to marry her, but she didn't care for him. He said she was a very romantic girl, he thought specially because her father was so stern; and he—Mr. Case—well, he never was very exciting, I guess. But yesterday, when Julia was most under suspicion, he came here and offered, for her mother's sake, to help her in any possible way. You know last Thursday, when you and he and Mr. Roberts and Captain Ashland were talking about the bookplate? Well, of course he knew something about it; you've heard how Julia's mother threw the book to him from this balcony, where those very granite pillars stand that form the bookplate frame?"

"So they do! so they do!"

"Maybe Mr. Case was trying to find that book, when I saw him Thursday evening, really to see if he could help Julia with it," pursued Nancy, not without shrewdness. "You see, he did know Mr. Grosvenor, and then he found out who Julia was, when she fainted in the shop; he must have guessed what they both wanted."

Yes, all Mr. Case's queer furtive actions now appeared in a new, rosy light. What he knew of Mary Grosvenor's secret had apparently not been enough to determine him on what he thought the best course of action to help her daughter, then under a cloud. He had therefore come personally to Julia's aid, to try to discover the best course.

"And you're not going to try to find out why Mary Grosvenor hid that key under that bookplate!" I ejaculated crushingly.

Nancy flung down the fashion supplement.

"But whatever I do," she protested, "Peter will think he did it himself, and if it should by any chance be wrong, he'll say I'm young."

"He will, my dear," I agreed, "for he is a man and a brother. But that won't stop you doing things, I suppose?"

She was already half way downstairs. Professor Harrington and Mr. Almy were just departing. We all shook hands warmly. Mr. Almy breathed kind thanks for my humble assistance, and hopes, which I shared, that we might meet again, either officially or unofficially. They were gone; and Nancy forthwith developed a burning enthusiasm for the key quest.

Julia mentioned some old mahogany boxes in her room which had always stuck fast and refused to open; Nancy said she didn't believe the key would fit any of them, though she had never seen them, but she would try it. She flitted away; then Julia turned to Peter and me. There was a new, sweet, serious determination on her face.

"I'm going to tell you both something; something I've known ever since last Monday morning; something—" she addressed Peter—"that you did for me, that you never told about and never would tell about, I know well—"

He fairly sprang from his chair. "Stop!" he interrupted, in frantic agitation. "I beg you not to speak; everything's over now; it's of no consequence!"

"It is of the utmost consequence," said Julia, firmly, "that I acknowledge what I owe to you. For last Monday morning, when I dashed up the aisle in Darrow's, and you, Mr. Burton, came rushing toward me, you saw this in my hand."

Dipping behind some books on the table, she held up the spring-lancet, to Peter's increased agitation. She went on calmly:

is in the latitude of Labrador. That country is not "warmed" by the Gulf stream, which is indistinguishable in point of heat half way across the Atlantic. Three-fourths of the possible points of the compass account for reasonably mild sea winds so far as Great Britain is concerned. In winter in New York more than half of the possible winter winds have come over thousands of miles of snow.—Barron's Financial Weekly.

Still in the Making

It takes patience and wise forecast to make one satisfied with the slow development of things in the world. So much is in the making. The present output may seem imperfect and uncouth, but wait; after a while the finished product, and it will please us much. It was on this account that a Scottish artist once said: "I never let bairns or fools see my pictures till they are done." It takes a mature mind to get along with immature things.

In the earthquake of 1882, 300,000 persons were buried in Peking alone.

"You saw more; although I instantly concealed the weapon under my cape, you saw its blades protruding slightly, as the kick of the mechanism always causes them to do. I reset the hammer at once, to throw off suspicion that my cousin had used the weapon, and sliding it to the floor under my cape, I kicked it as violently as I could, so it would land under that desk at the door. That kick was what bruised my foot: I stubbed my toe hard, and my feet were not protected by shoes."

"What?" asked Peter, surprised.

Julia smiled at me. "Miss Fuller could have told you that I had on black satin bedroom slippers," she assured him; "only she didn't tell anybody!"

"Good for you, Constance," said Peter; "I don't quite get all this, but slippers might have looked queer, eh?"

"Very. I'll tell you now how I came to wear them. As you know, my grandfather and I had a disagreement on Sunday. I made up my mind that he must tell me about my parents; so I told him I had been to the Richmond auction to see that book. He refused me all information, not too kindly. Next morning at breakfast he appeared all ready to go out; I felt sure he was bound for Darrow's. I don't go to my studio until ten o'clock. I had on a breakfast jacket and slippers, therefore, and had just time, after he had left the house to slip on a frock and hurry after him so I could keep him in sight. My slippers were black, so inconspicuous that I could take a chance that they would not be noticed. Yet they might have weighed against me, as showing that I had left the house in haste, possibly angry pursuit of my grandfather. Miss Fuller gave me the benefit of the doubt."

"And you, Mr. Burton, saw me in distress at Richmond, you suspected I had trailed that book to your shop, you heard me cry: 'He's dead!' and saw this weapon in my hand; yet you gave me, a stranger, the protection of your silence at the price of suffering to yourself. And finally, you cleared my uncle of all suspicion, forever. You don't think I'm going to let that all pass without a word, though I can never repay you?"

"Don't talk to me about repayment!" said Peter, sharply. "It's enough for me to have always believed in you."

"Well," smiled Julia, "you'll have to take credit, at least. When Mr. Almy brought my uncle here, I told both of them everything!"

Peter looked at her determinedly. "I don't want credit," he said.

So, as it was the day of rest and he had plenty of time, I gave him a chance to tell her what he did want.

CHAPTER XIV

They Have Their Reward.

Monday morning I awoke very early, and viewed the fading stars with regret that the lists of adventure should seem to have closed, however happily. A very few bits of the Colfax bookplate picture-puzzle remained to be fitted in; and then what? Well, at least work, and work was always an adventure to me. So, as I still had plenty of it to do after the previous interrupted week, I took an early train into town. A quarter past eight saw me walking down Fourth avenue through the pale fall sunbeams slanting over the low buildings. But when I reached Darrow's, to and behold! there were Peter and Nancy before me!

"Good morning, Constance. I want to talk to you," announced Nancy; adding as an afterthought, "so does Peter."

"I came early to get ready my report for Mr. Darrow on the Raynes Foreside sale," explained Peter. "It's going to be a wonder, but I suppose he'll pick me to pieces on principle, anyhow."

"He shan't," promised Nancy. "What I wanted to tell you, Constance," continued Peter, "is of special interest to you; it's about your boy friend Charles MacIvor."

"He has repented, I don't believe," I observed.

"At least he has been forgiven; I don't know just how you would work that, but anyway, it has been done. He came last night to say good-by to his cousin."

"Good-by? Where's he going?"

"To Buenos Aires, very soon. I guess they're going to let him off pretty easily, as the case against him isn't of the greatest importance. He did sell those bonds; but it seems they formed part of the estate he will inherit, and he has confessed and will make any reparation decided on. Besides, he gave the authorities much information that was useful in helping solve the Grosvenor mystery, including the fact that he was the poor boob who tried to pinch that book in Richmond—from me! So the demands of justice won't be too hard to satisfy, and he's due to clear out. Well, good-riddance!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

10 minutes ago—



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Enter Mr Liverwurst for Kind-Hubby Medal

Old Mace Liverwurst was asked why he didn't burn gas at his home. He flared up and said that was no one's business and went on to state that he was burning wood for the reason that it gave his wife some outdoor exercise when she chopped it. He says:

"You know she inhales lots of steam while washing clothes, and then when she has to cut the wood she puffs it all out again, consequently her lungs are kept as clean and spotless as her washings."

He then made the statement that he was going to try to make this the most prosperous summer for his wife that she ever has experienced—that he had already hustled three new wash customers for her and expected to get two more before the end of the week. Mace says the hotter it is the better his wife likes to work, and when she sweats freely he knows she is enjoying the best of health. He is certainly a kind and loving husband. —Altoona (Kan.) Tribune.

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Singers can't always keep from catching cold, but they can get the best of any cold in a few hours—and so can you. Get Pape's Cold Compound that comes in pleasant-tasting tablets, one of which will break up a cold so quickly you'll be astonished.—Ady

River Changes Beds

The Dracut river in France, a small tributary to the Somme, did the unusual thing of reverting back to its original bed of prehistoric times, which meant the lengthening of its course from three to nine miles. In the operation it flooded the country fields, farms and gardens, cut the highway in two points and surrounded a number of houses. When the flood subsided the river was running in the ancient course which had been previously traced by geologists. It was believed that the heavy rains had revived the ancient springs which were the original sources of the Dracut.

True charity is spontaneous and finds its own occasion; it is never the offspring of importunity, nor of emulation.—Hosea Ballou.

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The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"And Julia won't be alone, either, now," said I brilliantly. "She has her uncle—"

"She wouldn't be alone long, anyhow," observed Nancy, demurely.

A faint flush mounted to Peter's serene brow, but he offered no rebuke. So we all smiled with highly spontaneous cheerfulness, and he observed modestly:

"Well, I'm not likely to start anything I can't finish!"

Nancy snorted.

But here came a fortunate interruption. Outside, a motor rolled up to the curb, and in walked Mr. Darrow, wearing a portentous expression; something important was impending, to bring him to the shop at this hour. Being one of the employees he spoke to, I said, careful, however, not to be too forward or unconventional:

"Good morning."

He admitted my existence, but not Peter's nor Nancy's.

"Good morning, Mr. Darrow," said Nancy, sweetly. "Isn't it lovely out so early?"

"Delightful, indeed," murmured Mr. Darrow, with slightly uncertain overcordiality.

"You don't know me," said Nancy. "I am Miss Burton. Miss Wilkes is kindly giving me special training to become Miss Fuller's private secretary. This is my brother."

"Ah-h-h!" observed Darrow. "Back are you, Burton?"

"Yes, sir, assented Peter. Then, emboldened by our having survived Nancy's coup, he added: "I got a full set of the broadsides. Mr. Darrow; at a bargain."

"Ah!" observed Mr. Darrow. "You might come and tell me about it."

"He's a perfect dear, but he needs a lot of help!" sighed Nancy, viewing the retreating forms of the two gentlemen.

"Mr. Darrow needs help?"

"All men do, but I was referring to Peter. He's going to marry Julia."

"Is he?"

"Well, can't you see that? Is it always necessary to say everything right out? Aren't you glad?"

"If it proves to be true, I shall be very glad."

"Especially because you helped make it happen. Of course I did most of it; but you certainly helped."

"Do tell me how you did most of it, Nancy!" I begged.

"Well," began Nancy, with intense satisfaction, "the first night we were at Normandy terrace, the most terrible noise woke me up. It was Peter singing in his sleep; he does that sometimes, when he's very tired. I knew that trip to Richmond and the fuss about Malvina and his worry about me had just worn him out, and I certainly felt the pangs of remorse. But if he had gone on, Ernesto would have put us on the street; so I went to the keyhole and moaned like a banshee until he turned over very loud and was quiet. But that was not before I had made out what he was singing: a love song, and a slushy one at that! Peter—fancy! Then first thing next morning, he nearly swooned when he saw the paper, and tried to explain it by just mentioning casually that the young lady who fainted in the shop yesterday lives downstairs!"

"You thought there was more to it than that?"

"Rather, when I heard that that young lady wanted Virginia books, that her grandfather collected them, that he was attacked in the law-book alcove; especially when I remembered that my old friend Brandon Tower had been after a book in Peter's suitcase which was an old Virginia law book. I couldn't relate all these facts, I admit, until dear Daisy Abbott helped me. She caught me in the hall one day, and chatted lovingly, and asked me quite incidentally how Peter had met Miss Grosvenor before!"

"She had detective aspirations. I'll tell you about them, some time."

"She had matrimonial aspirations, too. I fixed them. I'll tell you how, some time."

"I told Julia about my elopement, so she would never be surprised at hearing of it indirectly, or think it was at all important, or that I cared a bit for him, ever. And she said I was a good sister, and rewarded me."

But here even Nancy had to stop a minute. Mr. Case arrived as vanguard of the staff, greeting us affably and passing on to his office with all the pleasant courtesy which had never deserted him during that past trying week, except once when old associations had been too poignantly aroused.

"Nice, notta?" murmured Nancy. "Some would say dull, but I say good."

"Correct," I affirmed. "How did Julia reward you?"

"She lent me this to bring here today," answered Nancy.

From her pocket she drew a small copper plaque, which she laid on my desk just as Captain Ashland, who had the moment before stepped out of a taxi, appeared in the doorway. One look, and with a shriek I bounded toward him, brandishing the plaque.

"The original!" I cried. "Colfax's own copperplate!"

He seized it, stared at it speechless. "I say!" he ejaculated finally. "Yes, here's the circled serpent quite in form . . . and the ship . . . and the pillars . . . and the instruments. Where did you get this?"

"I got it!" announced Nancy, loud and clear; "I got it out of the little sewing-table in Julia Grosvenor's . . . I mean Julia Harrington's . . . house."

I glanced nervously at the captain, sorry for the allusion, in his presence, to the Grosvenor mystery; but to my amazement, he looked more interested than ever. I stammered:

"Out of the sewing-table? But it was a dummy; it didn't open—"

"That's what everybody thought," returned Nancy, ignoring the captain temporarily, for it was no time to explain to him about sewing-tables; "but Julia's mother must have discovered otherwise. And I suspected that table all along, myself; it was so curious and striking. Julia thinks her mother probably hid the copperplate there to safeguard her copy of the bookplate—that is, so that her copy would never be shown up by some engraved one being struck from the copperplate; she must have realized that, with everybody thinking the table was a dummy, the copperplate would almost certainly never be disturbed, especially if she hid the key, too. I tried the sewing table yesterday after I'd tried Julia's boxes, and given her the chance she wanted to talk to you and Peter. And there was this copperplate, all carefully packed into the little drawer, so it would never rattle, with this paper!"

Dramatically she produced an old, stained, yellow sheet. Bending over it, she and I, the captain and I deciphered the following legend:

"To Dr. Charles Grosvenor
"from
"Hugh Colfax,
"this bookplate, in profound gratitude.
"In his peaceful home, may he recall
"the great days of the Macedonian
"and the Esmeralda."

This was pure Greek to me, but the captain started back in amazed recollection.

"The Esmeralda?" he cried. "Why, that ship's one of the most famous prizes in England's nava. history! She was captured off Callao by the British fleet that went to the aid of the revolutionists of Chile in 1820. We've got it at last, I believe! Colfax's son must have been there!"

"He was!" I cried. "Never mind how I know; that can wait. But afterward he fell a victim to yellow fever, and his life was saved by Doctor Grosvenor, then an American naval surgeon. Though just how he happened to be on the spot I don't know—"

"I do!" broke in Nancy, determinedly. "Julia told me. That ship on the bookplate is the Macedonian, the doctor's ship, which was on a voyage and lying off Callao at the time of the action between the Esmeralda and the British fleet."

"But," I objected—I had been examining the copperplate closely again—"the Macedonian was a very famous American ship, Nancy, and Captain Ashland says this is a British-built frigate—Oh, my gosh!"

Just too late I perceived that my wonderful memory had not been quite wonderful enough. The sincerity of

"You Don't Know Me," said Nancy. "I am Miss Burton."

my contrition was such that the inelegance of its expression was overlooked by Nancy, who saw that she must quickly forestall questions hovering on the wholly perplexed captain's lips.

"Speaking of prizes," she said lightly, "the Macedonian was one, too; it was captured in the War of 1812. Oh, you remember now, do you, Constance? I guess you didn't take many prizes in history, did you?"

That nice Captain Ashland smiled his sweetest smile; in fact, he laughed aloud.

"Then the last of the bookplate mystery's solved," he declared, "thanks to Miss Burton!"

"How?" I demanded, recovering speech.

"Since the Macedonian was a prize captured by America in the War of 1812, that accounts for its being British built."

"Oh, dear! Then we've finished with

the bookplate!" sighed Nancy, picking up the copper plaque regretfully.

"I haven't," said the captain. "How so?" she asked.

"Because I've really just begun on account of it. It had great influence, you see, in forming my decision to stay here."

"Here?"

"Yes, I'm staying indefinitely. My uncle always urged me to come, but my first morning here I wasn't very keen on it, I must admit. I felt put off a bit; safer in the war, what? But then you—and Miss Fuller, of course—drew my attention to—the bookplate, and so I've decided to stay and help in the business on this side. I telephoned my uncle my decision last night and I must be off now to see him, for he said he'd be here early to welcome me. I believe I'll have time to learn the business and do some other things I want to, now that Almy says he's through with me."

"Mr. Almy is through with you!" I ejaculated. "Why, what do you mean, Captain Ashland? You weren't helping solve the Grosvenor mystery, all this time? And I never knew it!"

"Helping?" repeated the captain, dazedly. "I say, were you in it, too? I had no idea!"

"Oh, I didn't do much," I demurred feebly.

"Nor I! Just made a nuisance of myself soothing my uncle, and begging for tea, and insisting on an original for that copy of the bookplate, and what not."

"See here," said I, severely; "how long has Mr. Almy known, anyhow, that that book was an object of interest to the Grosvenor connection?"

The captain chuckled delightedly.

"Good joke on all of us, what? Why, you know, his interest in the case started when he heard Professor Harrington was among those present; of course, he knew about him personally, but he also remembered that the police had been called in when Harrington's library was robbed, some years back. So he reads that case over, to refresh his mind; and then, when he walks into my uncle's office, last Monday noon, there's one of the very books that was stolen, lying on the desk! And then, with all the Grosvenor clan rushing hither and yon for Virginia, the rest was easy."

"Oh, was it?" said I.

"Of course it was, when he had so much help from experts!"

"Mr. Almy," observed Nancy, irrelevantly, "told me one day to take care of my fine brother. So I did."

"We were puppets in his hands!" I murmured.

"Positive puppets," beamed the captain. "Going up, are you, Miss Burton? Do tell me how you took care of your brother!"

So young England and young America departed, each with a prize; or perhaps America had two, for Nancy bore off the Colfax copperplate. "Miss Fuller, you see the paper this morn'g? A dark hand held out Daily Snapshots. 'Bookshop Mystery,' ran the largest caption: 'Clew's Denonement,' above an enlarged reproduction of the spring-lancet."

"Is that there a clew, Miss Fuller?" inquired Ulysses, indicating the instrument.

"Yes, Ulysses." With sudden determination I resolved to ask him one question; he seemed communicative, for him. "Have you ever seen Miss Harrington, too? I mean, as well as her grandfather?"

"No," didn't know her 't all," denied Ulysses. "We all knew Professor Harrington, of course."

"You mean, down in Virginia."

Fortune favored the bold. Ulysses proffered a single confidence:

"Yes; my old father, he lived with the Harringtons. They had elegant big white house all full of red-satin furniture. I loves grand furniture." Then he was gone with his Snapshots, leaving me with my thoughts and catalogue proof, which lasted me until late that afternoon, when, true to form, Mr. Roberts interrupted on the telephone.

"Are you busy?"

"No," I answered, also true to form. Then I was kindly to come to Mr. Darrow's office. Not once before in nine years had I been summoned to the Presence. I wondered why Mr. Darrow should take the trouble to fire me personally, but marched into his cherrywood headquarters and faced him and Mr. Roberts with all the composure I could muster.

"Ah! Miss Fuller?" said Mr. Darrow, as if he wasn't quite sure. "Sit down. Now, in reference to that bookplate—You know what I mean?"

"I think so," I murmured.

"Miss Fuller showed considerable intelligence in that connection," interrupted Mr. Roberts.

"All Almy's efforts seem to have been crowned with success," said Mr. Darrow, hastily. "I have been glad to exert my poor influence to obtain for him the vacation he has long desired to spend with his worthy aged parents on their picturesque Maine island. I would not see one who has exerted himself in behalf of the cause of justice and my house remain unrewarded."

"Then don't forget Ulysses!" said I. And, swearing both my astonished hearers to secrecy, I outlined Ulysses' epic of devotion, for such his whole course of conduct during the previous week had to be accounted. Without analyzing too closely the ethical aspects of his delay in identifying Mr. Grosvenor, it could be seen that it had won a certain advantage for Julia, by giving Ulysses time to sound Mr. Case and win his friendship for Mary Grosvenor's daughter. For he knew that Julia was also the daughter of Miles Harrington, without doubt. If the Harringtons had been his father's "family," if thirty odd years before,

he had seen the professor, then a boy, down in Virginia, he must have known Miles, too; and an old colored nurse, long years a Grosvenor retainer, who had tended both Mary Grosvenor and her little daughter, had been sent home to Virginia for giving that child information that was to be kept from her. Far more important information, confided by that dying mother to her old nurse, must have gone the rounds of the log cabins in Elliot's Crossing, and found its way north again to one who secretly knew the gray-haired professor as more than one of the details of life in Darrow's.

And finally, Ulysses, seeing the spring-lancet under my desk that Thursday, had undoubtedly recognized it in some way. Exactly how, would never be known. Yet it might be safely assumed that his old father, with the interest in bodily ills characteristic of his race and class, had told Ulysses over and over again of the fine young naval surgeon who once, long ago, by means of a strange little brass box full of knives, had cured him of pleurisy. And it was the more likely that Ulysses had heard this story frequently because this admir-



"Is That There a Clew, Miss Fuller?" Inquired Ulysses, indicating the instrument.

able doctor was so strangely one of these no-count Grosvenors no Harrington retainer would have had use for. And so Ulysses, seeing the spring-lancet under the desk, and knowing the suspicion hovering over Julia and the evil reputation of her grandfather, had kept the secret in her defense.

"He must be rewarded," proclaimed Mr. Darrow, as I finished. "His discretion has safeguarded the interests of my house in aiding a favorable outcome of the investigation, and he has been loyal indeed to the former benefactors of his family."

"He expects a set of red-satin furniture," said I.

"He shall have it at once. Your interesting story, Miss Fuller, confirms me in the desire I have to discuss with you a certain matter, since it shows you have won esteem in widely varied classes of society—an asset, indeed. By the way, you have heard of the gratifying offer I have received for Clarihew's 'Notes'?"

"Not yet."

"Magistrate Judges will give six hundred dollars for it. I let him have it for that figure; he desires it for a special purpose. He was particularly attracted to it by the significance of the substitute bookplate which you so astutely inserted, that bearing the motto 'Invictus,' most appropriate for his political purpose. You understand me?"

"Quite."

"I think, Miss Fuller, you do ordinary things rather well."

"Thank you."

"Now, with my nephew's most gratifying decision to remain here on my account, we shall unquestionably be in a position to increase our international business through his connection. He believes, accordingly, that it would be well if a reliable and experienced person could be sent to England very shortly for six months, to observe the conduct of Ashland's business, so that we might get their point of view as he is getting ours. Now, how do you feel about it? You understand me?"

"Captain Ashland's judgment is excellent, I am sure," I replied calmly, though nearly suffocating from heart failure.

"Ah! It interests you?"

"It sounds most interesting."

"Well, Miss Fuller, I am well impressed on the whole with your conduct in important matters during this past week. I am wondering if I could trust you with something larger."

"I should be so glad," I murmured humbly.

"I do not wish to startle you; but the fact is, I should like you to undertake this mission. I believe you have enough intelligence to serve my interests well."

"I'll say," said I, "you ought to believe it!"

"I assure you, Miss Fuller," said Mr. Darrow, soothingly, "you have my entire confidence!"

[THE END]

Statesmen and Warriors

Three United States Presidents fought in the Revolutionary war: Washington, Monroe, and Jackson, according to an answered question in Liberty.

Contending that there is no need of improvement makes improvement impossible.—New York Herald Tribune.



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoceticiacidester of Salicylicacid

The Kind Most Men Fear

Blinks—Are you afraid of storms? Jinks—Only when they are domestic.

The Easiest Way to Keep in Style

By MAE MARTIN



No woman would wear dresses, or blouses, or stockings of a color that's decidedly out of style or faded, if all of us knew how easy it is to make things fresh, crisp and stylish by the quick magic of home tinting or dyeing.

Anybody can tint or dye successfully with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes. Tinting with them is as easy as bluing, and dyeing takes just a little longer. New, stylish colors appear like magic, right over the old, faded colors. Diamond Dyes never spot, streak or run. They are real dyes, like those used when the cloth was made. Insist on them and save disappointment.

My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it now, to Mae Martin, Dept. D-143, Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vermont.

When a man's business runs down, the sheriff comes along and winds it up.

WOLF COYOTE, FOX and SKUNK

EXTREMELY RARE! Get 9 coyotes one night. Brought \$121.00. Free Circular. Free Formulas and Instructions. GEORGE EDWARDS, Livingston, Montana

Mammoth Bronze Turkey; Prize Winning stock. Mated pens or single birds. Prices on request. Hugh G. Stringham, Moroni, Utah.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise

ss "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30. Clark's 25th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc. Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; \$600 up. FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

TREAT SWOLLEN TENDONS

Absorbine will reduce inflamed, strained, swollen tendons, ligaments or muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from a sprain, side bone or bone spavin. No blister, no halt gone, and horse can be used. \$2.50 at druggists, or postpaid. Describe your case for special instructions. Interesting horse book 25¢ free. From a race horse owner: "Used Absorbine on a yearling pacer with strained tendon. Got all over lameness, though for a time, couldn't take a step. Great stuff."

For Old Sores

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Some Man-Made Seas

If the Boulder dam of the Colorado river is ever completed as designed it will have a capacity of 26,000,000 acre-feet of water. Some of the other great constructions of this character created storage as follows: Gatun dam, 4,410,000; Assouan dam, 1,865,000; Elephant Butte dam, 2,368,000, and Almaror dam, 1,318,000.

SCHOOLGIRLS NEED HEALTH



Daughter of Mrs. Catherine Lamuth, Box 72, Mohawk, Michigan

"After my daughter grew into womanhood she began to feel rundown and weak and a friend asked me to get her your medicine. She took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Herb Medicine. Her nerves are better, her appetite is good, she is in good spirits and able to work every day. We recommend the Vegetable Compound to other girls and to their mothers."—Mrs. Catherine Lamuth.

Daughter of Mrs. Eva Wood Howe, 1006 South H. Street, Danville, Ill.

"I praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for my fourteen-year-old daughter as well as for me. It has helped her growth and her nerves and she has a good appetite now and sleeps well. She has gone to school every day since beginning the medicine. I will continue to give it to her at regular intervals and will recommend it to other mothers who have daughters with similar troubles."—Mrs. Eva Wood Howe.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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